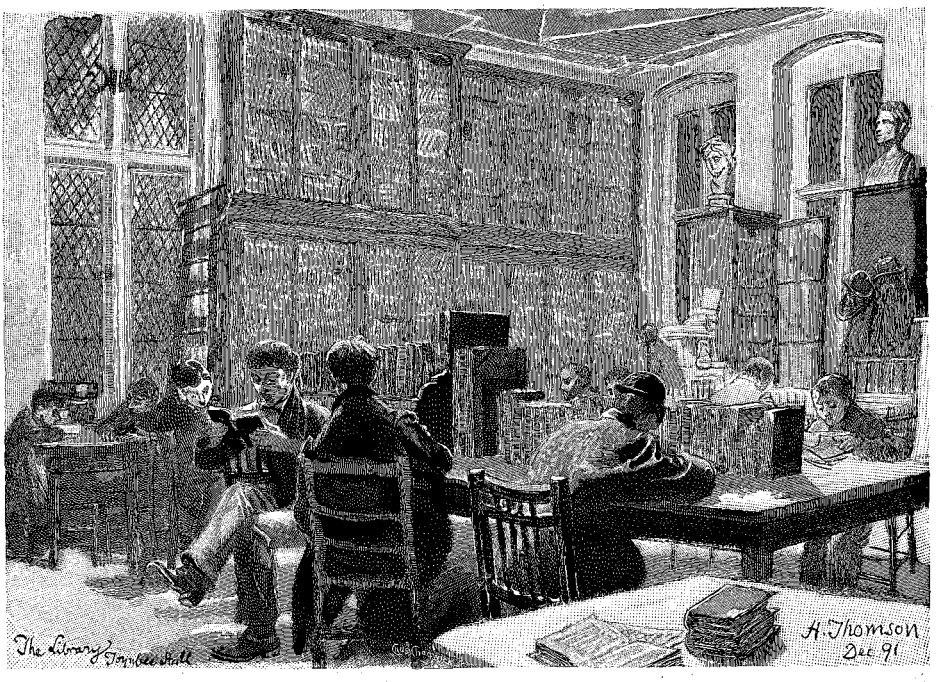
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XI. APRIL, 1892. No. 4.



THE POOR IN GREAT CITIES.

INTRODUCTION.

THE article which follows is the first of a series—by authors whose work embodies personal experience and close and sympathetic study, and by artists whose drawings have been made among the life they represent — upon one of the most vital and (what is by no means the same thing) one of the most widely-discussed subjects of the time. It is, indeed, the central subject of all social questions; for all of these, under whatever name, deal with the means of improving the conditions of life and with the relief of suffering as the necessary forerunners of all other reforms; and whatever may be the difficulties of those conditions, or the amount of that suffering in rural communities or among special classes away from towns, it is only in the centres of population that they present their great general problems to the observation of all people alike, and compel an answer to the question of their remedy.

Any series of papers on the Poor in Great Cities will have had many predecessors—has indeed in England a whole literature behind it, of whose master-

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pieces some show their practical results to-day in different individual directions, and some have become, so to speak, the literary classics of their subject. The famous series in the London *Morning Chronicle* in 1848, on "London Labor and the London Poor" (perhaps the first to attract wide attention), the "Parson Lot" papers of Charles Kingsley, the publications of the group of men of whom Frederick Maurice was the centre, and a long succession down to the "Bitter Cry of Outcast London" in our own days, are of the former class; passages in Carlyle, "Alton Locke," and of late years Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," are in the latter. All of them dealt with the suffering and the problems of a single city; and all but the last named in each list dealt with conditions altogether different from the present. Each was an appeal to an unawakened audience; and each had a condition complicated by centuries to show in colors that could not be too dark, without any remedial experiments to discuss—for none worth the name had been tried; and without any comparisons of its facts with others—for none had been made.

The conditions are quite different now. Awakening is not needed. Every thinking man has thoughts upon this matter. And along with this realization has come practical experiment, in many places and on an immense scale, toward its solution. Americans especially are to be congratulated on the fact that they receive the question, at the moment when the conditions of their large cities begin to make it vital to them, with much of the light of older experience upon it, and (even with the peculiar difficulties with which unrestricted immigration complicates it), in by no means its most hopeless form. It is at our doors; but not in a shape, if we recognize fully its difficulties and take hold of it in earnest, where we may not hope to prevent its dominating us in any sense. We have Mulberry Street tenements and "Hell's Kitchens," sporadic and the growth of a generation or two; it is largely our own affair whether we shall some time have Tom-All-Alone's as a permanent institution, or the century-old sediment of Whitechapel.

What we need to know is what is doing, here and elsewhere, in the general and efficient activity that has been the growth of the last few years; and especially, what are the facts with which our own efforts are to deal, and how facts elsewhere compare with them. It is hoped that the present series will tell this with a new vividness and force—the vividness derived from actual experience among and keen sympathy with the poor, and the force from a strong conviction of the fitness of this moment for intelligent and vigorous effort. The contributors of the articles—varying in literary experience from Mr. Besant to those who now write for the first time publicly upon the subject—have that qualification and conviction in common.

If a word need be said as to the illustration of the articles, it may best be an assurance of its accuracy, since its other qualities, it is hoped, may be made to be their own commendation. The artists who have co-operated in the series have made their studies in the places and among the life described, by sketches and by drawings after photographs made under their own supervision or the author's.

Among the articles in this series, to be published in later numbers, are the following: "A London Riverside Parish," by Walter Besant; "Life in New York Tenements, as Seen by a City Missionary," by Rev. William T. Elsing, Minister of the DeWitt Memorial Church, New York; "The Children of the Poor in New York," by Jacob A. Riis, author of "How the Other Half Lives;" "The Andover House Work in Boston," by Professor William J. Tucker, of the Andover Theological Seminary; "Among the Poor in Chicago," by Joseph Kirkland, author of "Zury;" "The Schools for Street Arabs in Paris," by Edmund R. Spearman, an English authority; "The Poor in the Great Cities of Italy," by Madame Mario; and "Laws and Agencies to Protect the Poor and Prevent Pauperism," by Oscar Craig, President of the State Board of Charities, New York.

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THE SOCIAL AWAKENING IN LONDON.

By Robert A. Woods.

THERE is a place in London — as Leadenhall Street, coming from where the East India House was, runs into Aldgate—where in a few steps one parts company with the decreasing number of merchants and clerks, and is swept into the strange current of East-End humanity. One feels a sudden chill, as when passing out of a warm breeze into another with a touch of coming winter in it. Aldgate is still, almost as distinctly as when the wall stood, the limit in that direction of the old City of London ; while the movement of life from the East End turns sharply to the north there, going up through Houndsditch, the region of old clothes, trafficked in through brokers and exchanges after the manner of other lines of commerce.

From this point several miles eastward, from the water several miles northward, live a million people, whose existence is very largely taken up with a close struggle against poverty. A hundred thousand East Londoners rise each morning with little or no assurance as to where their daily bread may come from. Another great region, equal in size and population to the East End, and on a par with it as to social conditions, stretches off to the south from the river Thames. So much of London may fairly be said to be given over to poverty. But this is not to say that poverty is absent else-

Auctioning Fish in the "Bitter Cry" District of London.

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where. It is never far away in London. The Seven Dials, like the Five Points in New York, has lost its old identity; but such regions as Chancery Lane still remain, and St. Luke's, and even the quarter which stands in contrast to the nation's historic glory at Westminster.

Rev. Samuel A. Barnett, Vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, and Warden of Toynbee Hall.

But the East End will still continue to be thought of in a special way as the nether London. It has a clearly marked life of its own. South-London life is characterized by a pathetic monotony. East London has its gloom lit up by many picturesque features. A walk down the broad High Street on a Saturday evening, among the dockers, with their slouched caps and flannel neckcloths, the factory girls in their plumage hired by the week, and the many curious types of people — gazing into the glaring shop windows; inspecting and variously testing the wares of the booths set up by the roadside, which have gone far on the way of all earthly treasures, moth-eaten, rusted, if not indeed stolen; listening to the noisy fakirs; or joining in the sports of the improvised fair — gives one a strong sense of the romantic side of existence in the East End.

It is this quality, in addition to the extremity of its need, that has done so much toward making East London, for the world at large, the classic ground of poverty. The new efforts for the elevation of East Londoners, of which nearly everyone has by this time heard the rumor, are confirming the claim to an undesirable pre-eminence. Toynbee Hall and the People's Palace are now entered in Baedeker, and one wonders whether the majority of their visitors are not made up from the one hundred and fifty thousand Americans who in the early weeks of summer populate the great hotels and the lodging-houses of Bloomsbury. It is a good thing if it is so. In America they are kept from a full sympathy with their poorer brethren not only by the barrier of different social position, but by the more impassable barrier of alien race. In London the faces of the poor have the familiar Anglo-Saxon lineaments. One of the unsuspected reasons for that home feeling which all intelligent Americans experience in London is that there they are able to see themselves in tatters. It is this fact especially which causes the average American to return from even a carriage ride in the East End with some new care for the men and women who have to pass their lives in a great city's closely crowded quarters.

The little tract, "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London," which in 1883 precipitated the agitation as to the condition of the poor, took its facts very largely from South London, from a region where the London Congregational Union has one of its outposts. Collier's Rents, as it is called, seems like an eddy in the vast current of London life. It has drawn in those who could hardly

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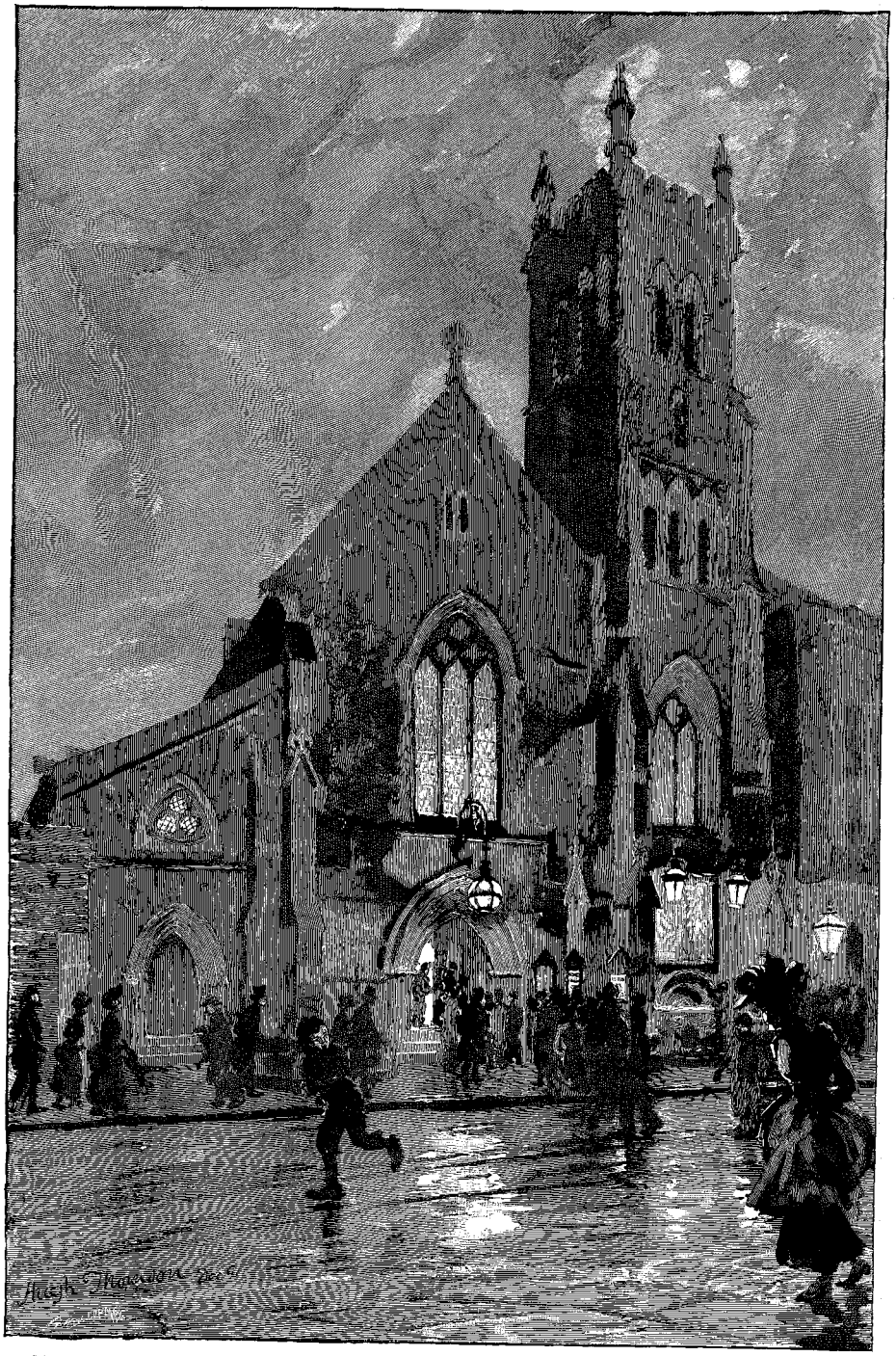

DRAWN BY HUGH THOMSON. ENGRAVED BY G. DEL'ORME.

St. Jude's Church at "Worship Hour," 8.30 p.m.

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float with the tide. It is at a distance from any main avenue of travel. Long Lane is its thoroughfare and avenue of trade in stale provisions; and its side-openings are noisome alleys and dark, winding passage-ways. A night journey through Collier's Rents, under the guidance of a missionary, gives one enough to see to assure him that the picture of existence given in the tract is in no way overdrawn. One also has the feeling that English people, in their concern brought on by the knowledge of such a state of things, have not estimated too greatly the shame of it, and, in the higher sense, its danger.

The social awakening began in an agitation. All classes were moved by it. The state of the London poor was felt to be to English civilization something like an imputation of failure. It touched British pride, and, by the very greatness of the difficulty, stirred that wonderful reserve energy which distinguishes the British race. Each of the various elements in the life of London felt the summons. And so the social awakening has several phases. It includes one of the most significant labor movements in the whole history of labor since the Egyptians lost their Israelitish slaves. There is a social movement from the universities; there is a social movement in art; a strong social movement in politics; and a social movement, having much of the impulse of original Christianity, in the Church. These all, according to English nature, go their several ways. They know little about each other. They do not hold joint conventions, nor organize bulky federations—each sacrificing much of what makes it worth while, in order to unite with the rest. Each is rather inclined to minimize the influence of the others. And yet they are having a united influence which is bound in a large degree to make over the life of London, making it prolific in resources for the educational and moral advancement of the people, and for comprehensive economic and political administration.

Making Tambourine Frames at the Salvation Army Factory, Hanbury Street.

The East End of London as a field for work among the poor was in undisputed possession of the Church, at least from the time of the Franciscans, who had a mission station just inside the wall, down to the present generation. If its work has but slightly met the problem of London poverty, it has at least held its ground until in these last days there has begun to be a feeling that other elements in society also owe a debt to the two great cities of the poor which are included within the limits of the metropolis. The Church, in all its branches, is meanwhile learning to magnify its office to the people. It finds that those whose life is almost filled with the struggle for physical existence, who know as yet hardly anything about the human side of life, are in no way the fit objects of a merely religious ministry. They must be sought

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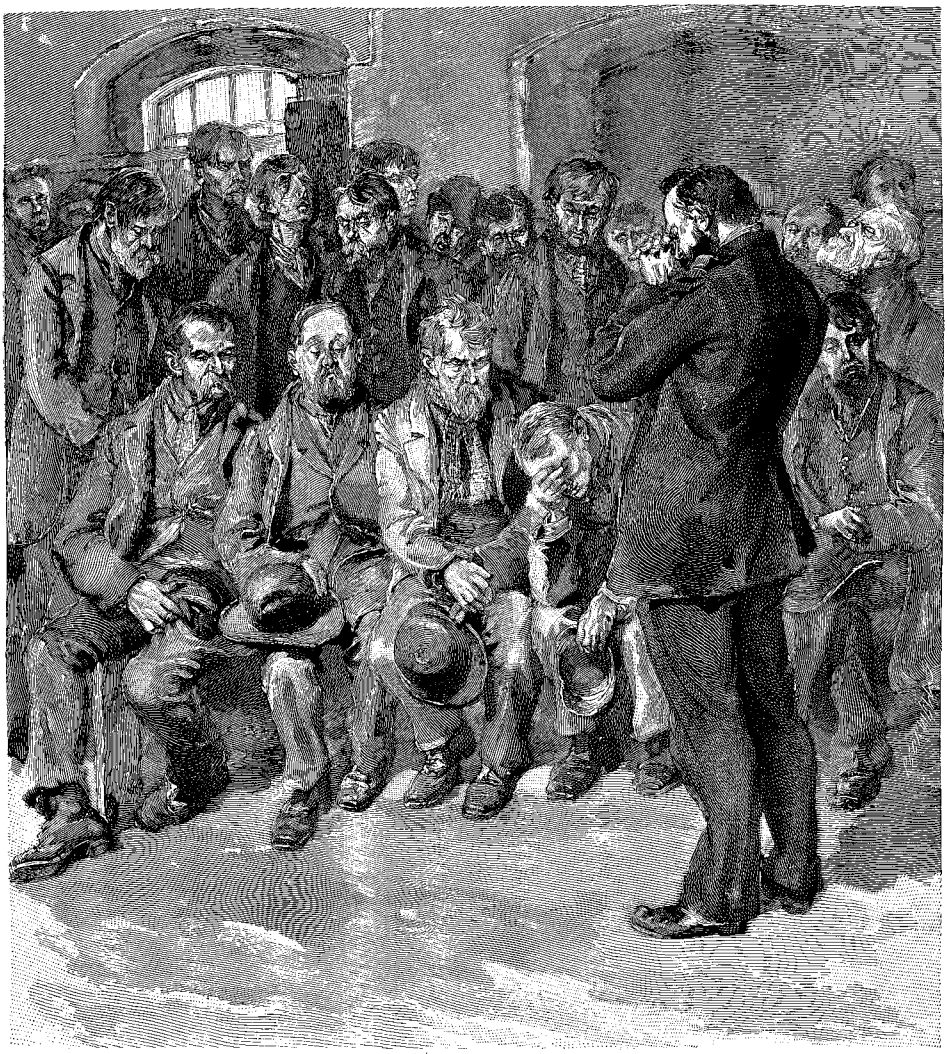

Prayer Meeting at a Salvation Army Factory.

where they are. They must be helped toward a healthier and happier state of being, before they can be sensitive to appeals to the finer nature. And so churches in the poorer parts of London are fast coming to fill the highly Christian use of centres for every influence toward the better life. So far as he has light and power, a clergyman in East or South London is, in a very deep sense, eyes to the blind and feet to the impotent. In another point of view, he often shows much of that new kind of statesmanship which aims to organize a body of people, larger or smaller, for the enjoyment of all that anywhere makes life more fully worth the living.

The churches of the Establishment in London enter upon their social work with the great advantage of the parish system, by which each church has a definite responsibility for a certain district; and of the long tradition which makes it natural for a church to have a number of workers with a variety of occupation. But otherwise they are not more forward than the Nonconformist chapels and mission societies, in entering upon the new duties which new occasions have brought.

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Everywhere the work of charity—which has always been a conspicuous part of the activity of Christian churches—is being done with increasing wisdom and effectiveness. The sick among the poor are ministered to by regular visitors, and in many cases by trained nurses assigned to special districts. Social clubs for men, for women, and for young people, relieve the hardness and monotony of existence from day to day, and counteract the fascination of evil. Some churches invite trades-unions to meet in their parish rooms, and thus save them from accepting the hospitality of the public-house. The matter of recreation is being taken up in a way that our Puritan churches in America can as yet but dimly appreciate. Of two very ritualistic churches, one has occasional dancing in its parish house, which seems none the less enjoyable on account of the young cassocked ascetics who stand solemnly by; and another, in a criminal quarter, has a large boys' club, with new applicants constantly begging to be admitted, whose main feature is prize sparring contests. At St. Jude's Church, in Whitechapel, of which the Rev. Samuel A. Barnett, founder of Toynbee Hall, is the vicar, there is every year a picture exhibition lasting for three weeks, including Sundays, which was visited the last time by seventy thousand people. This same church has a unique musical service called "The Worship Hour," on Sunday evening, at which the seats are nearly all taken by an audience including even some of those hapless castaways of humanity, such as are seldom seen in church, even in East London. From this kind of service, and the frequent organ recitals, and oratorios given in churches, to the brass-band concert which forms part of the exercises at the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes's great Wesleyan West-London Mission, and even to the timbrels of the Salvation lasses, music is found to be one of the essential means of grace.

General Booth, Commander-in-Chief of the Salvation Army.
(From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.)

It goes almost without saying that the churches in London are still far from meeting the critical facts of life under the extremes of poverty and degradation. The Salvation Army, with all its grotesqueness, stands for a sympathetic and thorough-going attempt to meet these facts, before which the churches are standing powerless. The Army acknowledges the failure of merely evangelistic methods. And now first for London, afterward wherever its soldiers go, the enthusiasm of this unique and wonderful organization is to run

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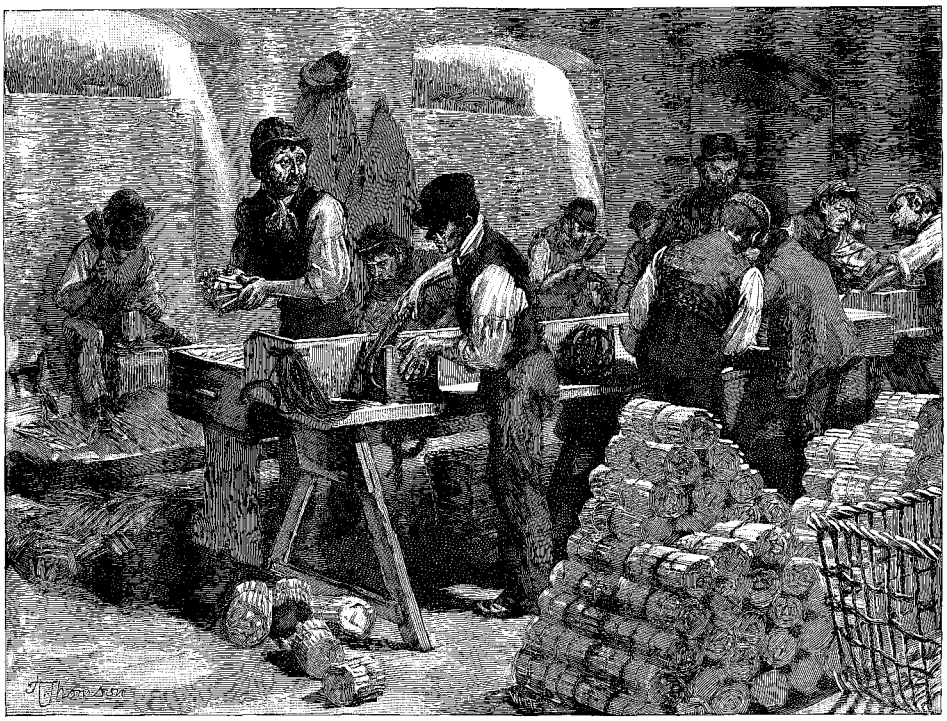
in the channels of social activity. Ever since 1884 the slum sisters have been freely going in and out like sweet angels among the haunts of the lost. For as long a time, the prison-gate brigades have been setting discharged convicts on the way to manhood again. But the large scheme of the book "In Darkest England," of which an encouraging yearly report has just been published, is intended to be a comprehensive mission of helpfulness to all the elements of people in the lower social grades.

The food and shelter depots, which have displaced the meeting-halls in several instances, take care of those who are without other resort, at a charge of fourpence for supper, lodging, and breakfast. Thence the men are introduced into the Army's factories and workshops, where they are put to wood-chopping, mat-making, carpentering, and other industries. The women are employed at sewing and laundry-work, and in the match factory. There are homes specially provided for the wards of the slum corps and of the prison-gate brigades, where they are given work suitable to their skill and strength. The general city colony has already found its outlet in a large rural community, which is to be a training place for farm work and shop work; for the different tasks which the living of life imposes, and for some of the consolations which it affords. Aside from the united force which the discipline of the Army gives it for undertaking such a movement, its followers, more than any other type of person in these days, are moved by a passion for the outcast and distressed. In the presence of so rare a feeling of humanity, the technical objections that have been urged against the scheme have seemed rather empty.



Making up Bundles of Firewood at the Salvation Army Factory, Hanbury Street.

One cannot but believe that there is a suggestion in this scheme of other better schemes which shall lead us toward that devoutly to be wished consummation, the abolition of poverty, of which, even so judicious an authority as Professor Marshall bids us not to despair.

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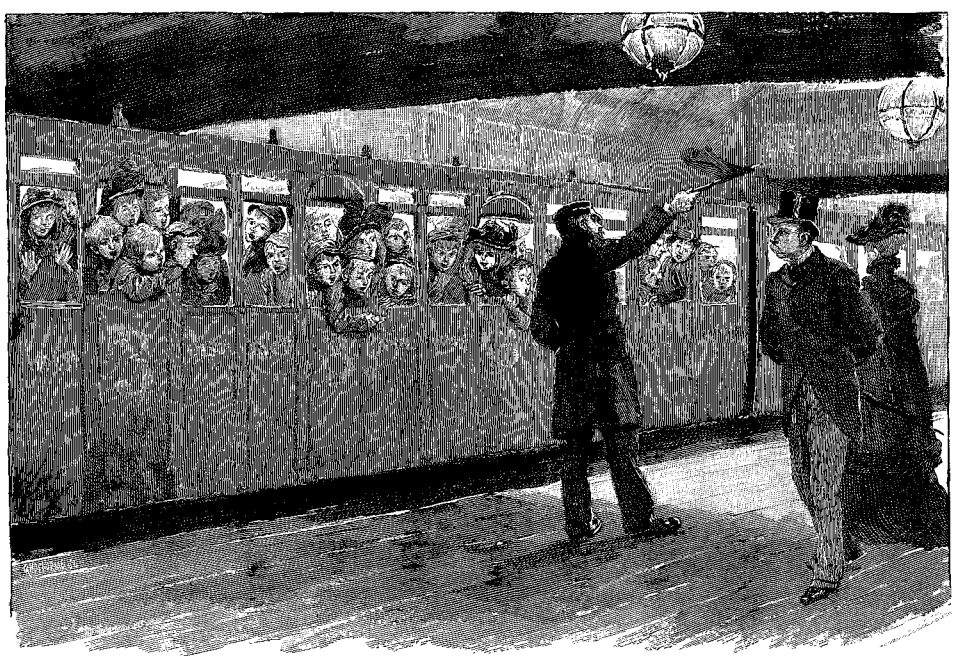
The effort to reduce to the semblance of a system the almost infinitely various and numerous charities of London has been continued through the past twenty years with really encouraging success. Every district in the metropolis has, in addition to its public relieving office, a head-quarters for the administration of voluntary charity. The district secretaries are coming to be persons of special skill and training. Each local committee is composed of representatives of the charitable agencies at work in its district. In the East End the members of committees are largely men and women who live in other parts of the metropolis, but take up a sort of partial citizenship in one or another poor district. The influence of charity organization in banishing beggary and whatever would confirm the poor in pauperism has been very marked. It is almost a part of popular ethics now in London to refrain from themselves how the poor live, and of helping them as their deepest needs require.

Charity organization is taking a wider scope as it progresses. It is making its framework available for those better forms of charity which have to do with prevention. It has given a clue to various associations for befriending children and young people. Among these is the Country Holiday Fund, which, every summer, sends twenty thousand slum children singing through the underground tunnels on their way to the sunny fields. The Charity Organization Society also lends facilities to a most useful society which is taking in charge the question of the sanitary conditions of tenement-houses. Indeed, the newer tendencies of organized charity begin to impart to this kind of work a kind of attraction such as one has not been able to feel before. The leaders are now going forward in the attempt



The Work of the Country Holiday Fund.
(Underground train filled with little gamins singing "Annie Rooney.")

giving without due investigation. And many have arrived at the higher stage where they can see the importance and the human interest of learning for to make each district committee include representatives of every agency working in any way for the bettering of the local community — churches, schools,

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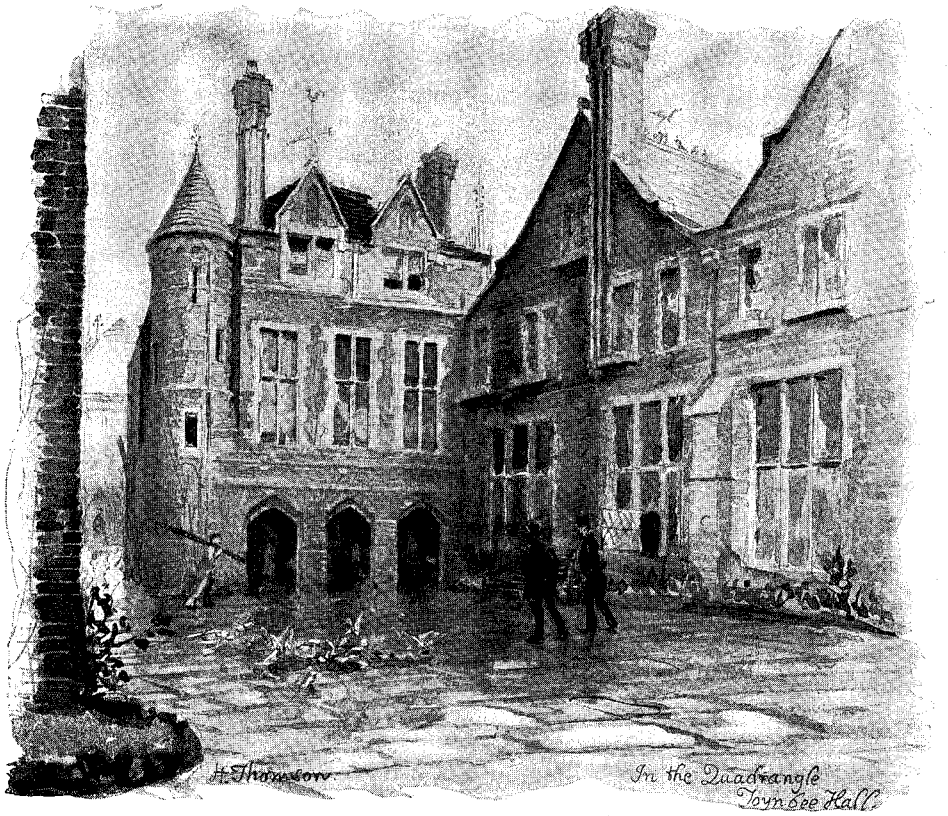

parish officials, relief societies, workingmen's provident organizations, trades-unions, co-operative stores. With the combination of these forces the aim is to have each committee take in hand the whole social situation in its own district, endeavoring to bring the people to a true understanding of this situation, and to a willingness each to do his share toward making existence in that district wholesome and enjoyable.

With this comprehensive system, centred in one metropolitan council, it becomes possible for the Charity Organization Society to wield a considerable influence upon matters that affect the conditions of life in London. There is only one regret about it all. It is that the methods of the Society lack, to a degree, the element of sympathy. So much of its work has all along had to do with curbing harmful sentiment, that it is likely to be suspicious of sentiment in any form. A man holding a high position in the Society, who acknowledged the difficulty, is responsible for the statement—which I hope it may not seem unchivalrous to repeat—that the women members of the committees were oftener unsympathetic with their "cases" than the men. The explanation of this anomaly seems to be that when the finer feelings are put under restraint, as must be in the administration of charity, women come more completely than men under the letter of rigid precepts.

The special signs of the social awakening among the more favored classes are to be found not so much in the development of previously existing agencies as in the making of new experiments. These at first are necessarily on a small scale, and affect only their own particular localities. But already the success of some of these experiments has suggested that it is practicable to repeat them in the different working-class districts of the metropo-

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lis. As a result, there are now taking their place in the life of London new kinds of profession, new forms of institution, new lines of education, new phases of literature. How much it means for the future that the idea of social duty and an interest in social activity are beginning so largely to give character to thought and work at the universities!

The social movement originating at the universities has had a quality of the moral picturesque from which neither cynicism nor fashionable cultivation has been able to take away the charm. The appeal to the imagination which it has made has exercised a most potent influence in removing the impression that work among the poor was dulness and weariness, and that utterly. The power to make social service truly interesting, one might almost say has been the determining factor in the present great changes that are going on in England. It was this power that constituted the great distinction of John Ruskin. Every department of social activity in England has been stirred by his message. The men who founded the first university settlement are in a special sense his followers.

But the settlements stand for certain principles that are quite out of the scope of the criticism that is always waged against the sentimental side of such a movement. They stand distinctly for the fact, not before accepted, but now growing more and more clear, that social work demands the close, continued care of men and women of the best gifts and training. They show that if society would start afresh the glow of life in its far-out members, it must bring there the same fulness and variety of resource that is needed to keep life glowing at the centre. They are also the beginning of a better understanding of the truth which is

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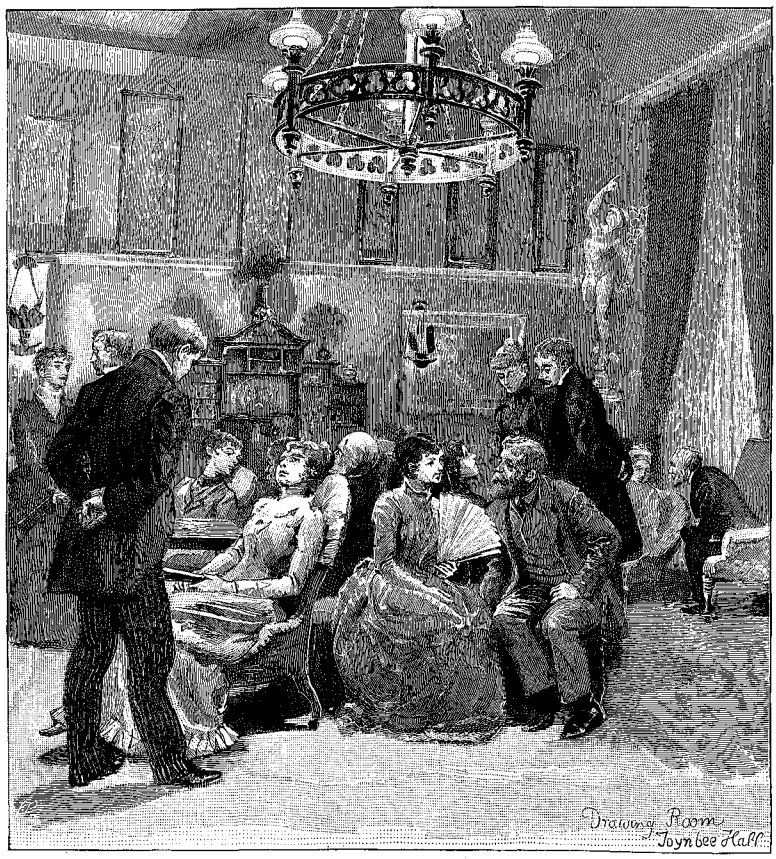
confessed, but not believed, that where one member suffers all the members suffer with it. In a just view of the case, the massing together of the well-to-do over against the poor, neither group knowing how the other lives, involves as great evil to the one side as to the other.

In 1867 Edward Denison, a young Oxford man, born to that inclination toward public duty which characterizes the high-class Englishman, conceived the purpose of endeavoring to meet some of the problems of poverty by taking up his abode in the midst of the poor. He went into the parish where John Richard Green, as vicar, was heroically at work. Denison died in a few years, and in 1875 Arnold Toynbee, a young tutor at Oxford, first took up his residence in Whitechapel during the long vacation. Several summers were spent in visiting as a friend among the people and joining with working-men in the management of their clubs. But failing health compelled him to relinquish his social work, and in 1883 he, too, came to an early death.

It was just when Toynbee's friends at Oxford were planning, in devotion to his memory, to take up some of the work which he had left unfinished, that the feeling of anxiety caused by "The Bitter Cry" was at its height in London. And Mr. Barnett, who had been working for ten years in Whitechapel, came to Oxford and met this little circle in a college room. He told them that it would be of little use merely to secure a room in East London where University Extension lectures might be given, as they were thinking of doing. He said that every message to the poor would be vain if it did not come expressed in the life of brother-men. With this, he proposed his plan for a



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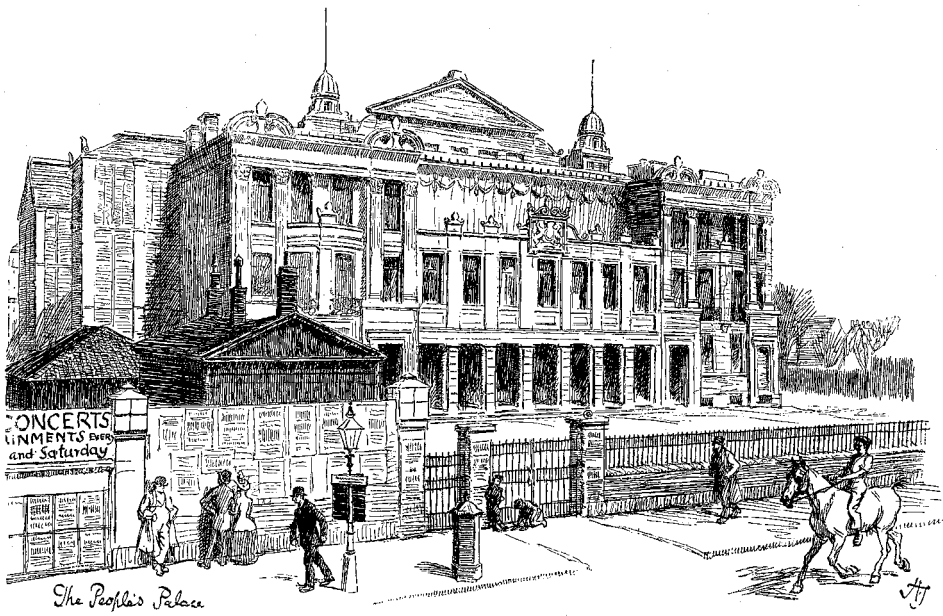
settlement of university men, where a group should reside together, and make their home a living centre of all elevating influences. There was that touch of inspiration about the plan which is able to bring into form and substance a somewhat vague and transcendental idea. A small settlement was at once begun in temporary quarters. The co-operation of Cambridge was soon secured. In a little more than a year a suitable building was completed, and the work of Toynbee Hall began.



The People's Palace

Toynbee Hall is essentially a transplant of university life in Whitechapel. The quadrangle, the gables, the diamond-paned windows, the large general rooms, especially the dining-room with its brilliant frieze of college shields, all make the place seem not so distant from the dreamy walks by the Isis or the Cam. But these things are not so much for the sake of the university men as of their neighbors, that they may breathe a little of the charmed atmosphere. For this purpose Toynbee Hall becomes a hospitable home. All that it includes of earnestness, learning, skill, and whatever may rise out of a spirit of friendliness, is meant to be put at the service of the people of the East End. Every one that is in any way in relation with what goes on at the Hall, is now and then the guest of the residents at some informal gathering. Particular provision is even made that the residents may ask their new-made friends to break bread with them.

The fifteen or twenty men constantly at the Hall, together with a considerable body of associate workers, by the skilled direction of Mr. Barnett, have been able to accomplish some valuable results for the improvement of politics and social life in Whitechapel. There is a public library in Whitechapel today — beside the Toynbee Hall library —voted for by the local constituency as a result of political canvassing from Toynbee Hall. The great improvement in facilities for housing the people, in the administration of charity, and in the respect for law and order, shows striking results of the work of the warden and residents. As for the increase of the healthful pleasures of life which has been brought about in that joyless region, it is alone enough to justify the faith of the founders. The lines for a people's university are being broadly and soundly laid. A long list of courses of study is carried through, to the advantage of thirteen hundred

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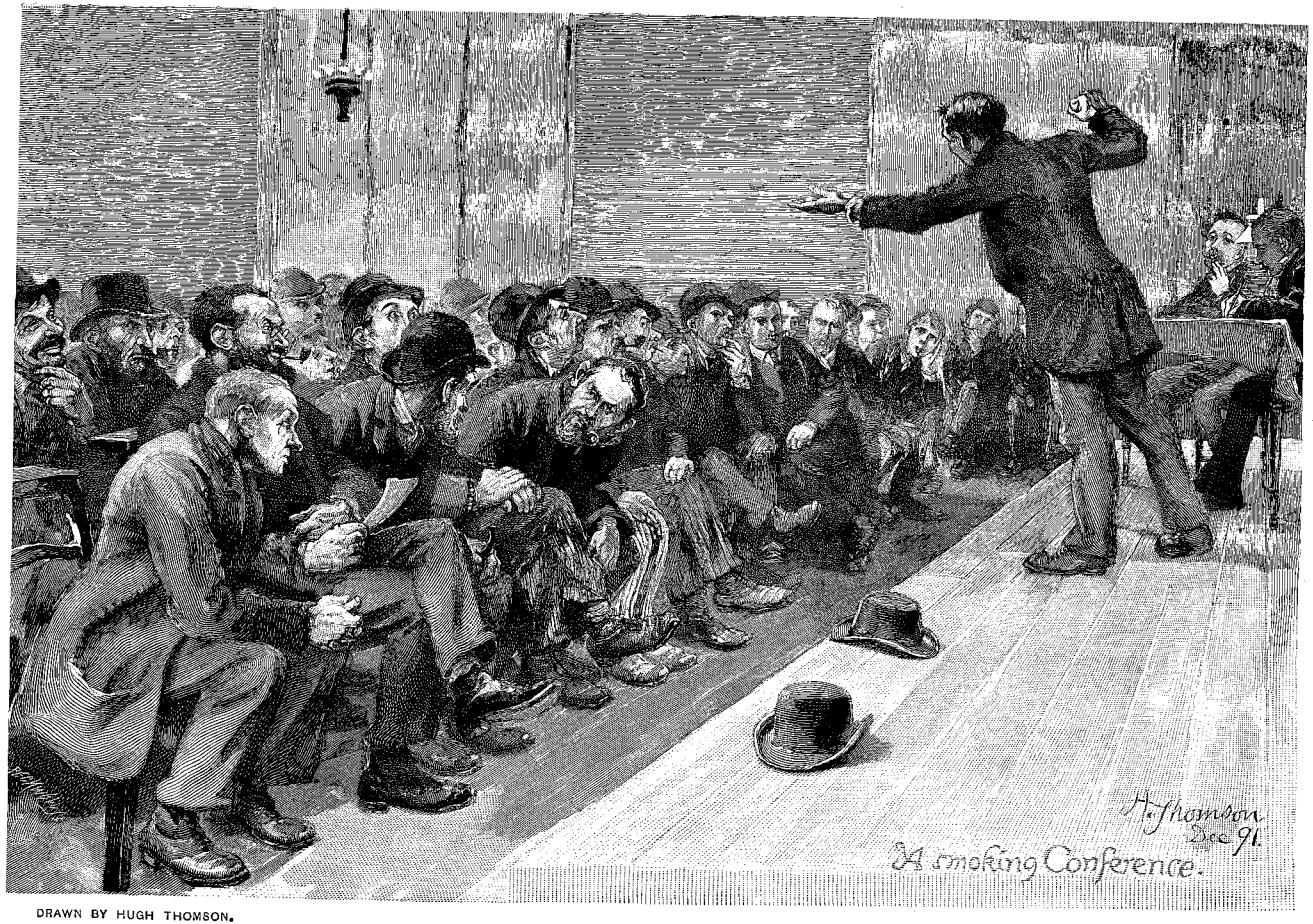

DRAWN BY HUGH THOMSON.

ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKWELL.

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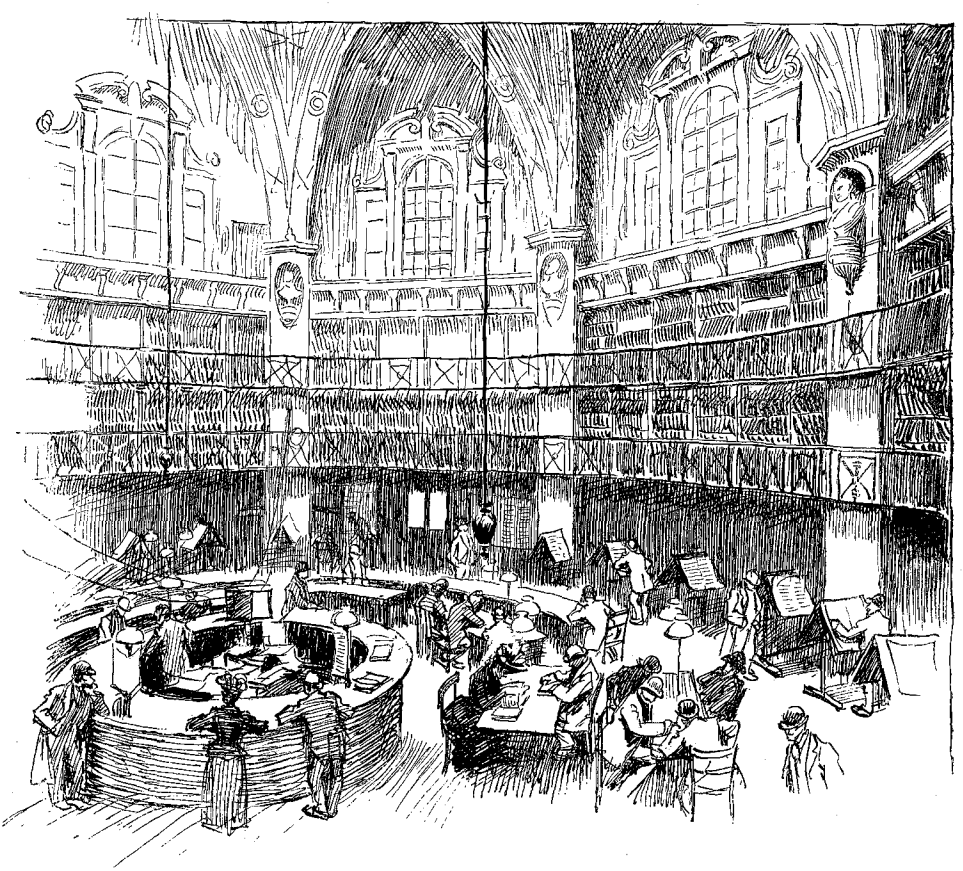
students, male and female. The facilities for study are gradually being improved, and there are now two houses adjacent to Toynbee Hall where forty young men, members of the classes, live a kind of college life. In addition to all the classes, each week during the winter there is a concert, two popular lectures, and a smoking conference. At the smoking conference specimens appear of nearly every sort of East Londoner—all brought together by the general instinct for debate, which is only a turn of the old unconquerable spirit of the Briton.

The second settlement—the Oxford House in Bethnal Green—took a more distinctly religious basis. In addition to carrying on many efforts similar to those at Toynbee Hall, the Oxford House men enter actively into the work of the neighboring churches, preach out-of-doors, and have Sunday services and addresses in their own hall. The University Club, which is carried on under its auspices, is the most successful working-men's club of its kind in London. It has about fifteen hundred members, and includes a great variety of features. It is kept from being lost in its extensiveness by having the constant support and direction of Mr. P. R. Buchanan, a City merchant, who lives in Bethnal Green with his family for the sake of entering into an intimate, helpful relation with working people. The club building has thus far been the head-quarters of the larger activities of the Oxford House, and the residents have occupied a disused parish-school building. But they expect by midsummer to enter the new Oxford House, which will be well suited to all the needs of the settlement.



The Library of the People's Palace. (From a photograph.)

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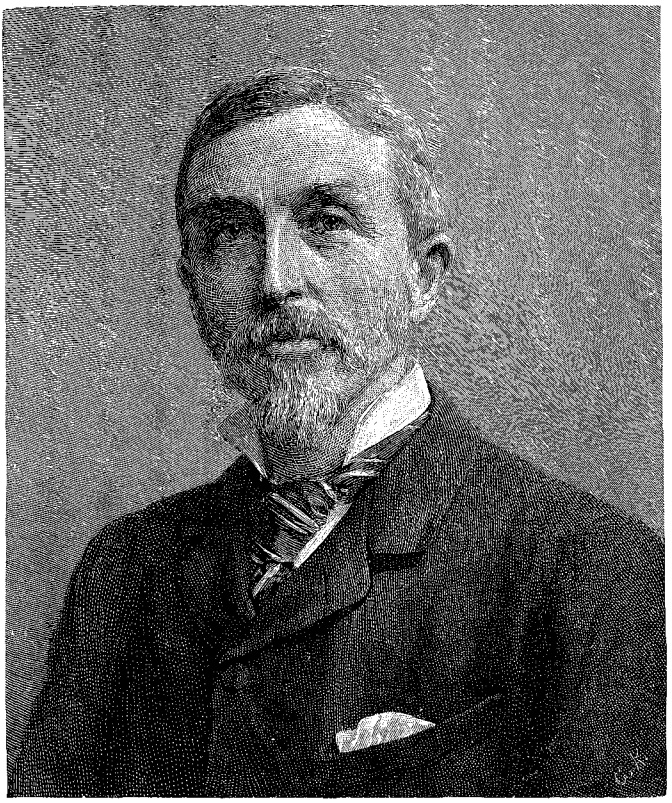
In various parts of London there are college missions, some of which were carried on before the university settlements were established. Altogether they number more than twenty. In most cases a mission is merely kept going by funds from the college or preparatory school for which it is named, the missioner being a graduate; but now the missions are more and more coming to have groups of residents. For the rest of the settlements, there are: the Women's University Settlement in Southwark, which has suggested the Mayfield House in Bethnal Green; St. Jude's House in Whitechapel, and a new women's settlement in Canning Town; the Mansfield House, begun by Oxford Congregationalists in Canning Town, and Browning Hall, begun by Cambridge Congregationalists in Walworth; a Wesleyan settlement in Bermondsey; and Mrs. Humphry Ward's University Hall, at a little distance from the British Museum. Some educated young Jews have recently proposed taking quarters in the midst of their brethren of Rag Fair and Petticoat Lane. And no man can see where the end will be.



Charles Booth, Author of "Labor and Life of the People."
(From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.)

The novel philanthropy which has attracted the greatest attention is that of the People's Palace, which is the result, in the first instance, of the turn given by Mr. Walter Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" to a bequest that had already been made for establishing an institute for working-people in East London. The People's Palace is essentially an institution. At Toynbee Hall they resent the term. The People's Palace is now not much different from a great technical school, where boys and girls may receive instruction in nearly all lines of art and skill. It has ample facilities for rec-

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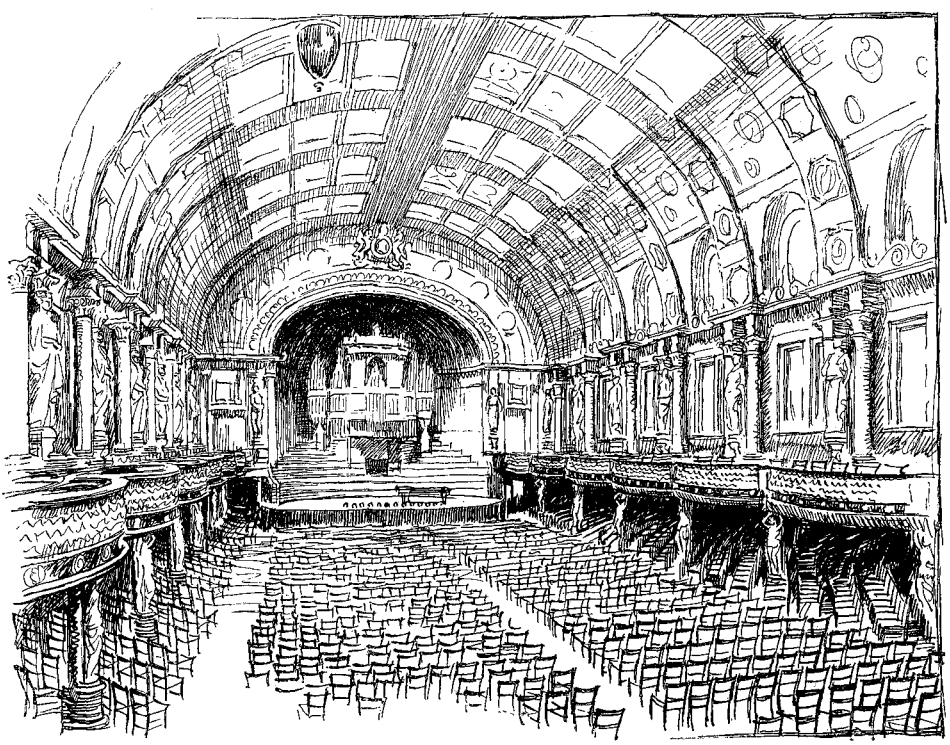
reation — a gymnasium and swimming-bath, one of the most beautiful halls in London for concerts and other entertainments, a large winter garden, and a well-supplied library and reading-room. The People's Palace, under the care of Sir Edmund Currie, was conducted so that it seemed to be filling out the dream with which it began. But too much was attempted at once. It became involved in financial difficulties, and necessity constrained its managers to seek the powerful aid of the Drapers' Company, one of the old City guilds which exercise a perfunctory charity as a tribute for being permitted to continue a rather luxurious existence. The management of the Palace is now directed from the office of the Institute" in large letters, and "The People's Palace" in small.

Yet one ought not to make too much of the partial failure of this noble scheme. The People's Palace, as it is, brings a great enlargement to life in the East End. And there is still sufficient reason for believing that the idea, as it was at first held, is a practicable one. It is indeed determined upon that the plan shall be undertaken in London on a very extensive scale. The Regent Street Polytechnic, through the generosity and devotion of Mr. Quintin Hogg, has achieved a settled success at the points where the People's Palace has, up to the present, failed. And there is now in hand a plan by which a part of the vast accumulated



The Queen's Hall in the People's Palace
from a photograph

Drapers' Company, and shows that lack of appreciative sense which one might expect under the circumstances. The circulars have "Drapers' Company's resources of the old City parishes is to be given for the purpose of establishing a polytechnic in every considerable district of the metropolis, putting each

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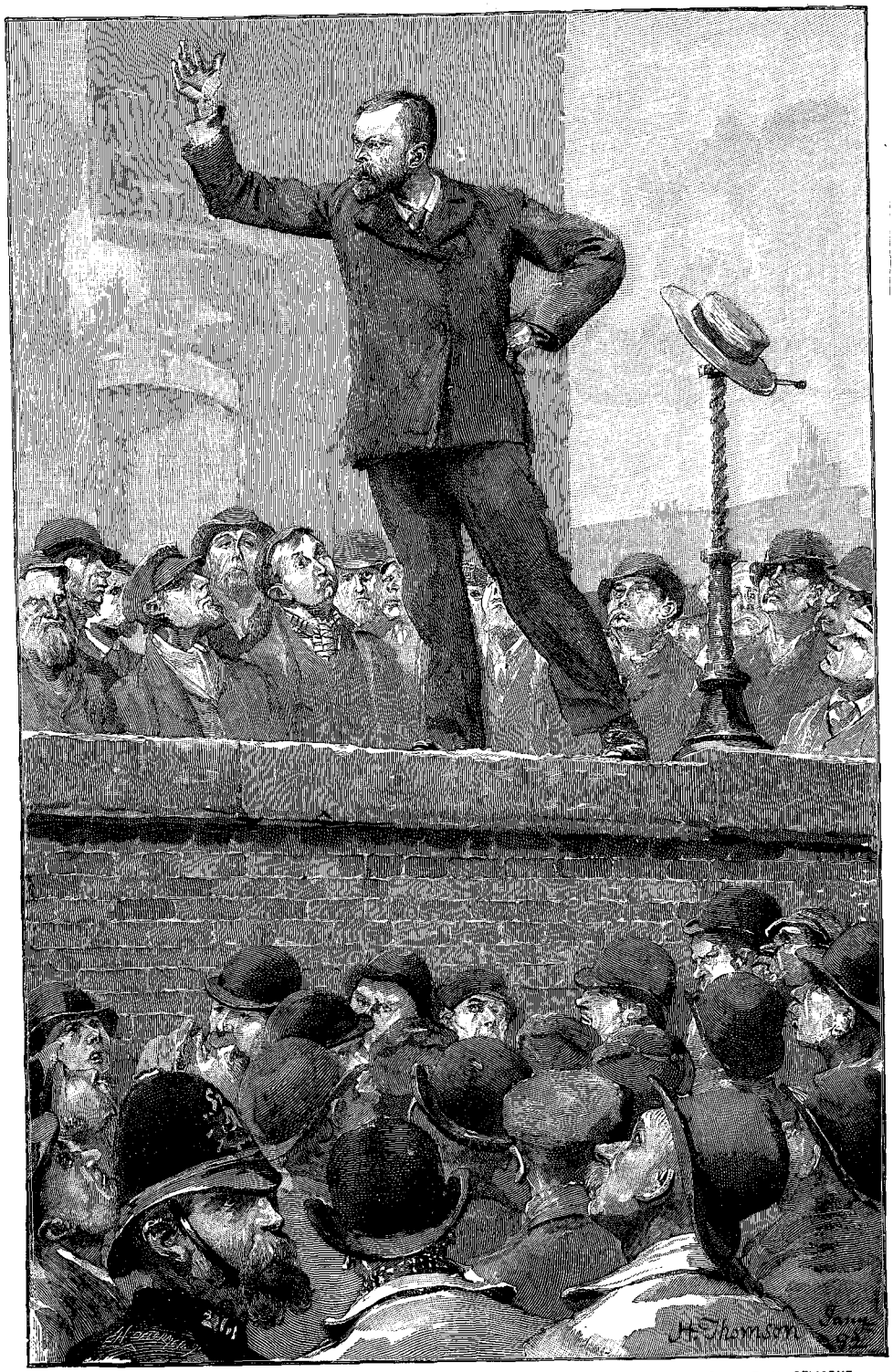

DRAWN BY HUGH THOMSON. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

John Burns addressing the Dockers on Tower Hill.

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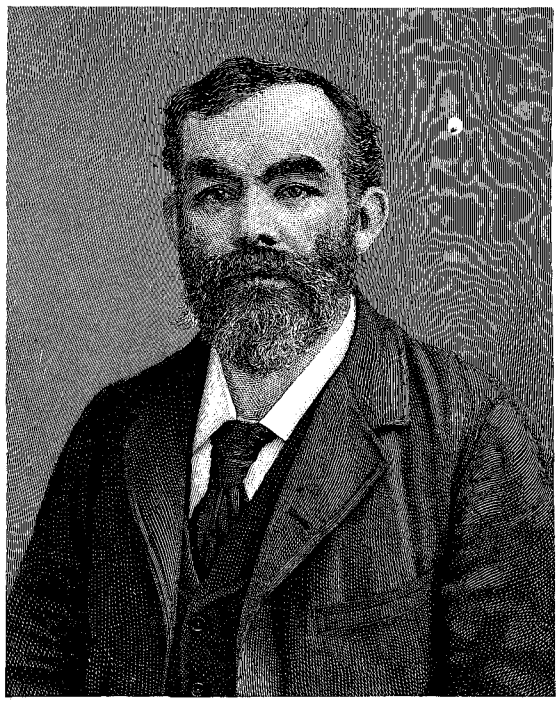

John Burns.
(From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.)

one, to a large extent, under the responsible control of people living in the district, or in some way connected with its interests. It is not too much to hope that, gradually, through failures and successes, all the more gloomy regions of London shall be lit up with veritable Palaces of Delight.

The university settlements and the polytechnics in their work draw deeply upon the æsthetic impulse for ways of cheering and elevating the poor. But quite apart from them is the unique movement which begins distinctly from the artist's point of view. Ruskin is its prophet. It has two quite different, though not mutually exclusive, phases. On the one hand is the effort, which has a strong element behind it in the artistic circles of London, toward social reconstruction as a necessity if the mass of the people are ever to be saved from the degradation that comes from surroundings of wretchedness. Among its supporters are, William Morris, revolutionary socialist; Walter Crane, moderate socialist; and Burne Jones, socialistic radical. On the other hand is the simpler and more immediate programme for "bringing beauty home to the people." The Kyrle Society makes this its special object. The members of the Society busy themselves with adorning working-men's clubs, girls' homes, and mission halls. Some beautiful mural paintings have recently been executed in such places. There is a musical section which gives concerts and oratorios in working-class districts; a branch for the distribution of good literature; a branch which works actively for securing and beautifying public parks and open spaces, and seeing that they are managed for the enjoyment of the people. The Kyrle Society is under the special direction of Miss Octavia Hill, who has carried on such a courageous warfare against the evils of London poverty for almost a generation. It includes in its membership many leading artists and patrons of art.

By far the most stirring social developments in London, during the last five years, have been in connection with strikes and socialistic agitation among

Tom Mann.

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the working-men. There is an intenseness and reality about these facts there, even to the minds of people in the upper classes, which can be but dimly understood by those not living on the scene. In London, more than in any other great city in the world at the present moment, different social creeds, are committing themselves definitely to the cause of the fourth estate in its demand for justice. Many of these persons have themselves felt the bitterness of poverty; others have been moved by a more distant sympathy. But it is certain that the

the near interests of the majority of the people are slowly rising into a solitary prominence. And the main tide of the influence toward democracy comes not by the way of charity of any kind, but directly out of the working-class itself. Close alongside the working-class movement, and often mingling with it, is the increasing tendency among men and women, not of the labor ranks, who, with radical social attitude of a large body of educated men and women in London comes not merely from what others have suffered. They belong to what is called the "literary proletariat." With the ever greater crowding of the professions in the metropolis, especially as women are increasingly entering into the competition of one form or another of intellectual work, there is a con-

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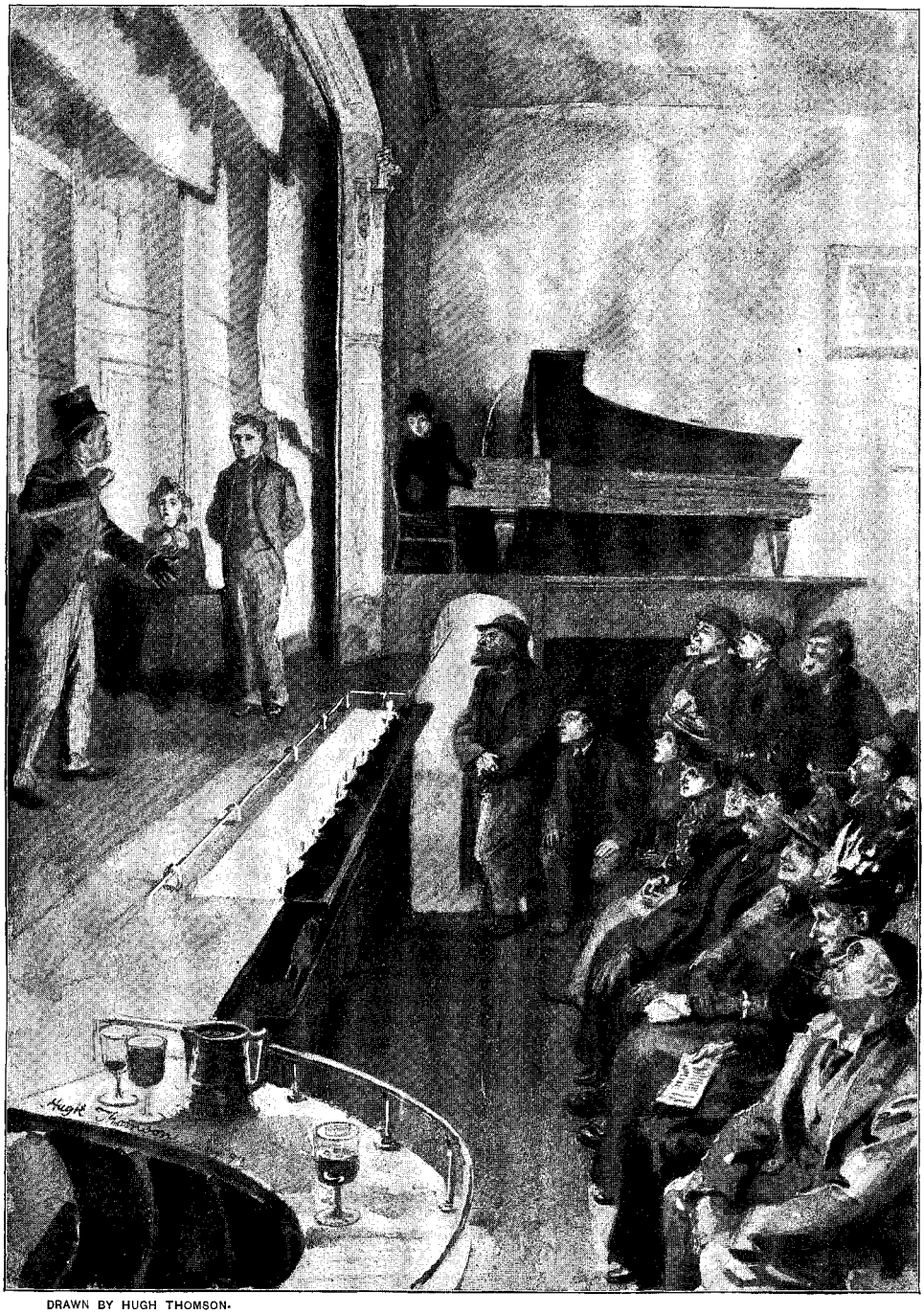

DRAWN BY HUGH THOMSON.

Dramatic Entertainment at the Boro' of Hackney Workingmen's Club.

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stantly growing number of persons of trained mind and delicate sensibilities who find themselves hard pressed in the struggle. Even after success in it, the keen remembrance of its pangs lingers. Events have already shown in London, and are bound to show still more clearly, the profound significance of this personal sense of social wrong which is creeping in among those who have the power that knowledge, skill, and influence give them to attack what they find to be false in social conditions.

London has been behindhand in the matter of movements of importance among the artisans. It is among the strong, self-reliant North-country men that the old trades-unions and the co-operative stores have made their great attainments. The working-men of London are of a less sturdy race, though that is in part because the industries of the metropolis call for skilled labor in a smaller proportion than do the northern towns. In general, the northern towns have the factories; London, the warehouses and the docks.

In 1886, under the lead of the Socialists, who were then more violent and less powerful than they now are, the agitations of the unemployed began. The unemployed represent the two or three most helpless grades of poverty. Some of them belong to the idle and vicious, but a large proportion of them are willing to work according to their power. At any rate, it appeared clearly enough that they represent a serious problem. Trafalgar Square, at one of the main centres of traffic, was made a forum for the expression of their demand for the means of subsistence. These meetings took so threatening a turn that several efforts were made by the police to disperse them. They continued intermittently during three years. In addition to the Trafalgar Square demonstrations, there were parades to district poor-houses; church parades in which Lazarus came to the portal that Dives, going in to worship, might see him; and even some riotous marches in which the windows of clubs in Pall Mall and of shops in Piccadilly were made havoc of. By the summer of 1889 these agitations had died away. But the temporary lull merely gave time for shifting the scene of action to the principal seat of the difficulty at the docks.

The long miles of docks down along the north bank of the river, beginning at the Tower, which are so great a source of England's wealth, contribute to East London life little more than a grudging partial support to the vast body of casuals and hangers-on whom they bring there. They are the last miserable hope of the unfortunate and shiftless of every calling. A certain number of men are regularly employed. After that, however, it is open to every man to come with the rest in the morning, and join with them at the dock-gates in fighting like wild beasts to see which ones of the number shall get in to secure a day's work — every man's hand against his brother, with bread and starvation for a wager. The dock-owners had been taking advantage of this situation by paying a miserable pittance by the hour, sometimes even dismissing men in the middle of the day, thus getting the full use of men's fresh force.

Things became so unendurable that some of the stronger spirits among the dockers decided to ask John Burns, who is a skilled mechanic, to come and see if there was not some help for them. Burns had just been leading a successful strike of gas-workers; and, before that, had been one of the speakers at Trafalgar Square. In the face of seeming impossibility, the men being wholly undisciplined and completely dependent upon their employment for the bare necessaries of life, John Burns determined to call out the thousands of dock-workers of London. It was an act of surpassing courage. It was not mere reckless daring. He saw that the market was rising, so that the dock-owners could with difficulty hold out against the demands of commerce. He knew from recent strikes, especially from one in which the woes of the match-girls had been brought to light, that public sentiment was turning strongly toward the support of down-trodden toilers. And he believed that the working-men of England would uphold him with their hard-earned shillings. These things all acted in his favor. Large

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quantities of relief-supplies were sent in by the people of London every day. More than a quarter of a million dollars were contributed to support the strike. English trades-unions gave ninety thousand, and twice that sum came by telegraph from Australia. The rest of the work was accomplished through Burns's marvellous power to hold great masses of men with his voice —there were over one hundred thousand men on strike at once — and through the statesmanlike inner direction of the strike by his friend and fellow-craftsman, Tom Mann. After six weeks of daily speaking, systematic distribution of food and strike-pay, proposing and rejecting of overtures, and withal no little apprehension on the part of good citizens of some violent disturbance —the great strike was won, and a beginning made of the organization of the great army of the unskilled, which has progressed steadily from that time to this. In less than three years the Dockers' Union, and two other unions of the unskilled, have come to include upward of three hundred thousand men in the United Kingdom. Under the general name of the New Trades-Unionism, with Burns and Mann for leaders, they have won continual victories, extended aid to weaker unions, pushed their policy to the front in the Trades-Union Congress, and gained a political power which will give them at least John Burns for a representative in the next House of Commons. If John Burns and Tom Mann should both be elected Members of Parliament, there would be among the nation's legislators no men of truer hearts and more temperate lives, and few of greater native ability than these heroes of the masses.

Organized Socialism, out of which the movement of the laborers sprang, has, as a result of this success through peaceful methods, become steadily more moderate. One hears, even in Hyde Park, where, on Sunday afternoon, advocates of every cause hold noisy rivalry, less of fiery harangue and more about uniting for the sake of keeping up wages and of putting representatives into the County Council and into Parliament. William Morris's Socialist League, which still represents the poet's impatience of all mechanical methods, and clings to his fantastic revolutionary hope, has been growing weaker and weaker, until it has now dwindled almost down to the single group which has a meeting in a hall back of Morris's house, in Hammersmith, on Sunday evening, and sups in common afterward.

The rising tide of Socialism in London, so far as it goes in the channels of organization, lies in the progress of the Fabian Society. This unique association of Socialists is now in the seventh year of its existence. It has about two hundred members, most of whom are cultured people. Mr. Grant Allen, a year or two ago, deserted the banner of Mr. Spencer, and became a Fabian. Mr. Walter Crane is on the list of lecturers. The Rev. Stopford Brooke gives his adhesion, and occasionally takes up his strong poetic prophecy at Bedford Chapel, with denunciation of the present state of things, and aspiration toward all that can lead to a better.

Pursuing the policy of masterly delay which the old Roman advocated, the Fabian Society has exerted a marked influence in London through its fortnightly meetings, its tracts, and the volume of essays by its leading members. These essays, which have had a very large sale, were first given as lectures at the Society's meetings, and may be regarded as the best published exposition of Socialism from the point of view of enlightened Socialists. The Society is gradually coming to be a political power in the metropolis. This is partly because some of its leaders have become acknowledged specialists as to questions of advanced municipal administration; but it is more largely because of a series of campaigns in the workingmen's clubs. There are two hundred of these in London, on a wholly independent basis. Outside of the entertainments which are provided, the members of the clubs seem to be most attracted by political and industrial discussion. At least once a week in all the larger clubs some person is present to lecture. The men smoke their pipes, drink beer out of huge pewter mugs, and listen. The Fabian Society has detailed a

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group of its ablest speakers for this special service, and the result has been, through influences direct and indirect, that the working-men of London—who but a few years ago all supported Mr. Bradlaugh and his unsatisfying political radicalism—are now well-nigh unanimous in favor of the programme of immediate social legislation which the Fabian Society is proposing.

The variety of social work in London is, it is true, almost endless, and each department has but little relation with the others; yet it would be far from the truth to represent the general social situation as being a mere confused mass of expedients, of turnings hither and thither. In fact every year shows in metropolitan life a marked increase in the aggregate result of philanthropic and industrial movements. It is certainly a new and remarkable exhibition of the English power of achievement that, notwithstanding the vastness of the problem, and its intangibleness, and the plausible claims of superficial reform, the steady impulse from the beginning, on nearly every side, should have been toward attacking the problem at its centre, and toward devising broader plans of remedy as rapidly as the working out of any actual results could suggest them.

The governing bodies of London are showing themselves ready to undertake large social schemes based upon previous approved experiments. The County Council, by its fair way of treating men working under it, has established a "moral minimum" for wages, and a "moral maximum" for hours. It has greatly developed the "lungs" of London—the parks, open spaces, and playing fields. In the way of new kinds of municipal administration the Council has in charge a very large building enterprise in Bethnal Green, for model tenement-houses which shall accommodate several thousands of people; and it has recently voted to assume control of one of the leading tramway lines. The School Board requires all of its contractors to comply with trades-union conditions as to wages and the length of the working day, and provides dinners for ill-fed children at the schools.

The extensive investments of private capital, for the sake of improving the housing of the working-people, have resulted in completely wiping out many unsanitary and criminal quarters. In nearly every part of London one now sees great model tenement-houses, constructed after the most recent patterns, and sometimes with much architectural beauty. The buildings give a return of four or five per cent. on the capital. The coffee-houses of London, besides being one of the best of temperance measures, have proved advantageous business investments. Even the newest form of peoples' café, the Tee-to-tums, are conducted so that expenses are covered. These unique institutions are the creation of Mr. P. R. Buchanan. They combine the features of a coffee-house, supplying a variety of good food and non-alcoholic drinks, with those of a club, having numerous facilities for improvement and recreation. The patrons of each Tee-to-tum are organized by skilled social workers, who direct their amusements. Mr. Buchanan well illustrates the new type of man now coming forward in England, who, with intelligence, means, and energy, shall devote himself and his possessions to working out plans for widening the circuit of life for the toiling majority of his countrymen.

Of this same fine public spirit is Mr. Charles Booth, a wealthy merchant, who at the time when feeling was highest went alone to the East End and took lodgings for the sake of making a careful study of the whole situation. Enlisting the aid of some able young students of economics, and engaging a regular staff of clerks, he began his great work, in which he is putting together a most painstaking, unbiassed, and lucid account of the labor and life of the people of London. Two volumes, of which Mr. Booth, with undue modesty, stands merely as the editor, have already appeared, giving a close description of the homes of the poor in different degrees of poverty, and of the condition of work at the different trades. With these volumes are colored maps indicating the character as to poverty and wealth of every street in London. The remainder of the work will treat of all the trades-unions and organizations for self-help among work-

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ing people, and of the efforts toward social improvement in the way of charity and philanthropy.

With the publication of these volumes the social problem of London begins to be understood and realized in its length and breadth. "The Bitter Cry," the agitations of the unemployed, and the great strike, served to arouse the sense of social responsibility. The efforts of many sorts and conditions of people, with diverse points of view and concerned about different social evils, have gradually been showing the methods for success under specific conditions. And now comes this quiet, patient man, having worked along through the years of turmoil and novelty, trusting implicitly to the truth which the facts might express, and presents the whole of the metropolis as an intelligible object of social study, and makes it easy to see how in each neighborhood, according to its needs, there may be free course for whatever agencies have been found to be of value in any other.

The first stage of the social awakening is over—that of scattered experiments and of general investigation. The next, and even more significant stage, the stage of expansion, is already entered upon. There is sufficient reason to expect that the County Council will not stop in its undertaking of social administration in the interest of the people, until it has assumed the complete ownership and direction of the gas and water supply and of the tramway lines. The replacing of large unsanitary tracts of buildings with model tenement-houses, will have to be continued in several other places after the work in Bethnal Green is completed. There is coming to be a marked increase of efficiency in the local parish boards, which are charged with executing the laws for sanitation and poor-relief. The co-ordination of all more obvious charities, and their comprehensive working in each district, will go on until there shall be as well organized checks against pauperism as there now are against crime.

With the field in general thus laid out, there is already full promise that each considerable section of the metropolis will have at least one public institution for the recreation and higher education of the people. The churches and the university settlements may be looked to for the gradual development of all less formal and more personal influences toward making life healthier, happier, nobler. Meanwhile the long, slow struggle of the working-men, rising into dramatic interest in its fitful outbursts, is destined to bring them to a position of independence, and in so strong and pure a democracy as the County of London, ultimately, as they become worthy of power, into a position of control.

AN EGYPTIAN BANQUET.

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

A CROWDED life, where joy perennial starts;
The boy's pulse beating 'mid experience sage;
Wild thirst for action, time could ne'er assuage;
Countless sad secrets, learned from weary hearts;
New thresholds gained, as each full hour departs;
Long years read singly, each an opened page;
Love's blissful dreams and friendship's priceless gage;
A name grown famous through the streets and marts;
Knowledge advancing; thoughts that climb and climb;
Aims that expand; new pinions that unfurl;
Age that outstrips all promise of its prime;
Hopes which their prayers at utmost heaven hurl;
—Till in an instant, in a point of time,
Death, the Egyptian, melts and drinks the pearl.

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THE REFLECTIONS OF A MARRIED MAN.

By Robert Grant.

IV.

IT must have been about three months later, toward the fag end of the season, when Josephine said to me impressively one evening after our return from some festivity:

"If a woman is really in love with her husband she cannot expect to have a very good time at a party. She may enjoy herself after a fashion, but in order to thrill as she did as a girl it is necessary to be interested more or less in somebody else. Which proves," she continued, turning her face fondly in my direction, "that you are a dear, darling duck."

I was detaching a rose-bud from the lapel of my dress-coat at the moment, and was therefore too busy to acknowledge this compliment appropriately; but I took upon myself to inquire what she proposed to do about it.

"I don't see that I can do anything, that's the difficulty," she answered dolefully. "So long as you continue to be tolerably nice, I suppose that I must be content to be more or less bored when I go anywhere; not always aggressively bored, perhaps, but comparatively so, considering the nice times which some married women seem to have. If only I were able to flirt," she added, with a despondent little sigh, "I should get on famously."

I begged her not to abstain from anything of the kind on my account.

"Don't flatter yourself, my dear," she said. "The melancholy fact is I have tried already and failed — failed signally."

"Tried what?"

"Tried to flirt, Fred. I have tried desperately; but it is no use. I will confess that for purely social purposes I have done my best to imagine that I hate you, and have stuffed my ears, metaphorically speaking, with cotton wool so as to obliterate you from my inner consciousness; but it has been a ghastly failure; you would keep popping up in my mind just as I was beginning to become a little interested. Hence my conclusion, at which I have arrived gradually and with great reluctance. Kiss me, dear."

It had not escaped my observation that up to this time Josephine had been exceedingly non-committal regarding the mild succession of receptions, dinners, and other evening entertainments which we had been attending. In fact she had been inclined to put me off with an evasive answer whenever I inquired whether she had enjoyed herself. Consequently I had divined that she was by no means carried away by her intercourse with the gay world. But I had not been prepared for these gloomily philosophical deductions, which were peculiarly interesting to me from the fact that they were more or less germane to my own.

"In case my death would be any accommodation——" I began.

But my wife interrupted my would-be flippancy to say: "I am not com-

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plaining, mind you, Fred. There are plenty of women of my age who don't have half so pleasant a time in society as I do, but—but—" she added, with an amused laugh, "it has taken me until now to get accustomed to the idea that it is impossible for me to enjoy myself as I did as a girl. The flirting was the last resort, and now that has failed. Fred, you must be very good to me for the rest of my life.

"You see," she continued, presently, with a soliloquizing air, "when I went to a party before I was married there was always someone on whom I could count to speak to me before the end of the evening, and for whom I was secretly on the lookout, as it were. There were apt to be certain men who, without being in love with me necessarily, were so far disposed to drift in my direction that I was kept perpetually buoyed up while talking with stupid people by the hope of seeing them, and absorbed after they did speak to me by delightful uncertainty as to the future. But now there is no uncertainty at all; everything has happened that can happen; a view of the case which never occurred to me until lately when I was trying to realize why I didn't find society more interesting. I did have rather a good time at Mrs. Badger's reception, and the first two or three subsequent parties from the sheer novelty of seeing people again after so many months. Everyone was very cordial, and what with the lights and the dresses and the joy of being able to waltz again I didn't miss the fact that no one was particularly devoted to me. But as time went on and the novelty wore off I began to be painfully aware that though my men friends of by-gone days would be ready to jump overboard to rescue me in case I was in peril of drowning, or to get up a subscription for me if in pecuniary distress, I couldn't count on them to take the least genuine interest in me or to talk other than the dreariest platitudes. They were superficially polite enough, and now and then one of them would take me out in the german and give me a woolly lamb or a tinsel star" —indicating a small collection of toys of this description on her dressing-table, husbanded for the benefit of baby —"but almost invariably I was made to feel when one of them strolled up to me with his hands in his pockets and emitted a few commonplace sentences, that he did it out of charity, and that he meant at the same time politely to give me to understand that having made my choice I must abide by it and not expect any very great exertion on his part. I was provoked by this at first, but after reflection I realized that I had no real right to complain; yet finding it excessively dull to pass evening after evening in this wise I was spurred to discover a remedy, and the remedy dawned upon me one day all of a sudden when my gaze happened to light on Mrs. Gregory Scott and Philip Blair looking into each other's eyes in an alcove. 'There,' said I to myself, 'is a married woman who really enjoys herself.' And I reasoned in the same breath, 'It is because she is able to forget that she is married.' And then, Fred, if you will believe it of me, I caught myself asking whether I also couldn't manage to lay the flattering unction to my soul that I was nobody's wife, and forget you, if only for an evening or two. Not that I wished to consign you to oblivion for all time, as I am afraid that Mrs. Scott has practically done in the case of Gregory; but I was painfully conscious of an immediate intention to try to become a little more like my old self, cost what it might."

"While it is doubtless a less simple matter to obtain a divorce in this commonwealth as compared with many of the Western States, still I think, my dear, that any judge——"

"Wait until I have finished, Fred, and when you hear how utterly I was disappointed, you will agree that I have been punished sufficiently. After making up my mind to carry out my fell design, I cast about me for a victim on whom to exercise my powers of fascination and an opportunity for exercising them. Among the men I used to know before we were married, Reginald Robbins has been the least indifferent since. I never knew him very well, but I have always rather liked him, and he has been growing steadily handsome, so when he happened to speak to me at Mrs. Sloane's musicale a few evenings

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later, I said to myself, 'Why won't he do?' He has naturally a gallant manner, and somehow it seemed to me that evening when he bent down to speak to me that he had quite the air of devotion. At any rate, I tried to appear correspondingly gracious and glad to see him, and I astonished myself by the spritely, not to say flippant, style of my conversation. I felt my heart going pit-a-pat from excitement at my efforts, and I kept saying to myself, 'Now you mustn't think of Fred, or baby, or anybody, but just go ahead and enjoy yourself.' As for Mr. Robbins, he looked astonished himself at first, then puzzled, and then a strange gleam of animation came over his features, and he gazed at me in a way which showed me that he thought he understood. Someone began to sing an ardent, tremendous piece from the Italian, and through it I was conscious of his eyes riveted upon me, and when the song was finished he bent down and whispered in my ear in the confidential fashion which the men who are devoted to other people's wives ordinarily assume. What he said was commonplace enough, but the way in which he said it sent the blood flying to my cheeks. I felt that everyone in the room must be looking at me, and I was conscious of thinking how disagreeable it was, and was glad to have him just then offer me his arm to take me into supper. At supper he was my devoted slave, and I employed the intervals while he was gone to get me things in soothing my ruffled spirit and trying to persuade myself that I found him entrancing. Fortified by a glass of champagne, I submitted to take his arm again and be led away from the world at large into the conservatory, where we established ourselves mysteriously in a corner as I had often seen Mrs. Scott and my other prototypes do. On the way he let fall two or three complimentary speeches, each one of which affected me like so many bits of ice dropped down my back, in spite of my predilection to find them charming, so that when we faced each other after sitting down I felt like a ramrod. Still determined to persevere, I resolutely wreathed my face in a complacent smile, and put my hands, metaphorically speaking, over my ears to shut out the still, small voices which seemed to be whispering, 'What a fool you are, what a fool you are!' Then he began to talk, giving me to understand, in a low, confidential tone, that his life was not what it might be for the lack of a controlling influence, and ever and anon he would bend his dark eyes upon me in an ardent way, ostensibly in search of the sympathy which I was expected to bestow, and indicating, as plainly as could be, short of actual speech, that I might become that controlling influence if I would. Here was exactly the situation I had longed for; and yet, struggle as I would to pump up a corresponding degree of enthusiasm, I found myself sitting tongue-tied and coldly indifferent. My emotions of disgust had given place to mockery, and instead of being absorbed and thrilled by the confidences of my victim, as I had expected, I was conscious of thinking how ridiculous he was, and I could not help comparing him with you and reflecting how infinitely nicer you were in every way, and what a goose I was to be sitting there. All this, my dear, when I ought to have been yearningly interested and encouraging. You may imagine what a come down it was for me. I had wished with all my soul to be sympathetic and to thrill with the pride of conquest, and the outcome was that while he murmured to me about his past life I could scarcely keep my eyes off his nose, which he has a way of twinkling like a bunny rabbit, a peculiarity I had never noticed before. It was simply terrible to be sitting there scrutinizing him in cold blood after leading him on; and yet the intenser he became, the more hilarious I grew inwardly, and I don't know what would have been the upshot—I am afraid I might have laughed in his face—had I not happened to spy you in the distance and sprung to my feet saying that you were looking for me. An expression of surprise and disappointment came over my victim's features at my abrupt termination of our *tête-à-tête*, but he whispered with eager earnestness, 'On what afternoons shall I be likely to find you at home?' seeking at the same moment to retain my hand with an endearing pressure, a symptom

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of his regard so little to my fancy that, looking him steadily in the eyes, I answered, with a cold precision which he could not mistake: 'I am never at home in the afternoon, Mr. Robbins.' Poor fellow! His devotion to me since has been limited to very distant bows; but I—I am a blighted being, Fred; and, as I said to you just now, you will have to be very good to me for the rest of my life. And I am getting gray, to cap the climax," Josephine added, holding up to the light for close scrutiny a single long hair detached by the sweep of her comb.

As I have already hinted, these observations on the part of my wife were of peculiar interest to me at this time, for I was in process of mulling over in my mind my own experiences of society as a married man. Having admitted that she was much to be pitied for the forlornness of her state, I ventured to remark, with a tentative air:

"Does it not seem to you, my dear, little short of inhuman that married people should be incapable of deriving pleasure from the society of their fellow beings of the opposite sex merely because they happen to be devoted to each other?"

"It is true of you, then, also?" queried Josephine, with a little gush of happiness. "I was not sure how it would be in the case of a man."

"I was stating the problem hypothetically," I replied, with gravity. Josephine regarded me narrowly, and said she had noticed that I had been singularly non-committal.

"Surely I have complained often enough of being bored," I answered.

"At first, perhaps; but recently I have been struck by the fact that you were perking up. Who, pray, gave you that rose-bud?" she added, indicating the single trophy which I had carried away from the german of that evening.

"Mrs. Guy Sloane."

I spoke with an affectation of indifference which was inconsistent with the confusion of my cheeks.

"Precisely! I have no doubt," continued Josephine, with sardonic deliberateness, "that she would be very proud to add you to her collection."

To the married man the members of the society in which he moves possess an identity more distinct than for the young buck who still fancies that he may any day set out on an exploring expedition to the North Pole, or decide to settle in Seattle. The Benedict arranges them and dockets them in his mind's eye with much the same unconscious cerebration with which the accustomed whist-player sorts his hand. To a discriminating taste Mrs. Guy Sloane is unquestionably the most attractive and interesting of all the young married women who are socially significant in the society to which Josephine and I belong. She is not a flibbertigibbet and purely volatile like Mrs. Gregory Scott, nor aggressively worldly like Mrs. Willoughby Walton; but she lacks neither the piquancy and dash of the one nor the enterprise, graciousness, and magnificent proclivities of the other. Mrs. Scott is a rampant waltzer, and when there is no dancing to be had is perpetually in corners. Mrs. Walton is nothing if not ultra fashionable. Her costumes are marvels of the dressmaker's art, if somewhat scantier than occasion requires. She entertains superbly, participates ardently in everything in vogue, from a grand reception to a mysteriously conducted Chinese theatre-party, and manages at the same time to inspire more or less curiosity in the social mind as to the nature of the intimacies which she wages with successive members of the male sex. But no breath of scandal has ever dallied with the name of Mrs. Guy Sloane. She is no less genial in her tendencies than Mrs. Walton; her establishment is even more complete in that it is artistic and original. One who dines with Mrs. Willoughby may count on caviare and terrapin, but it is only at Mrs. Guy's that you are liable to hear the centrepiece of flowers suddenly discourse sweet music, or find yourself masticating a genuine Japanese repast — snails, seaweed, raw fish, and saki water—served by maidens from the far East on their bended knees, after the most approved Oriental fashion. But it is not merely that Mrs. Guy is delightfully unconventional; a more salient charm is the

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refined and refining cast of her intelligence. She is a patron of the arts, a student of books, and a promoter of culture; she is prodigiously prominent in philanthropy and tenement-house reform; celebrities from abroad bring letters to her, and her domestic circle of admirers includes the brightest minds of the community.

Unlike Josephine, I had returned to society free from roseate anticipations and almost under protest. I had not expected to be amused, and even my untoward experience with pretty Polly Flinders left me pensive rather than sore. I drifted aimlessly from house to house, nursing the scarcely concealed consciousness that I would infinitely rather be at my own fireside with the wife of my bosom than gallivanting in the gay world. In talking to the unmarried girls I labored under the dread that I was obstructing prematrimonial billing and cooing, and I found the average married woman of Josephine's age complacently ruminant as a milch cow and disposed to enthusiasm only at the mention of her husband's name. However much you may admire a man it is scarcely exhilarating to be obliged to listen to a recapitulation of his virtues and opinions until you are enabled to stifle the flow of conjugal eloquence with chicken-salad and a roll. After two or three experiences of this kind I suffered myself, by way of preference, to be buttonholed, on the plea of a glass of champagne, in the supper-room after nearly everybody had left it, by Gillespie Gore, whose views on the tariff, though wearisome, are encyclopædic; or I would establish myself by the side of some middle-aged mother so absorbed in keeping an eye on her daughter as to be unaware if I was passably somnolent.

But the most devoted husband must feel impelled at last, by dint of purposeless drivel on his own part, if by no other motive, to try to make the best of a distasteful situation. Heaven knows I had no inclination to flirt with anybody, as did my darling, according to her own confession, and not once did it occur to me that I wished myself unfettered by the vows of marriage. I was too radiantly happy to desire to obscure or blot out for a moment the image of Josephine from my social retina. But, on the other hand, I was distinctly weary of wandering from drawing-room to drawing-room without a purpose, and just as Josephine's attention gradually centred itself on certain women with a view to emulating their behavior, my starved state of mind turned for recreation and companionship in a similar direction.

The three women to whom I have already alluded stood out conspicuously from the rest as the leading social spirits of the hour. I hesitated briefly between them, but only briefly. A few words with Mrs. Gregory Scott sufficed to convince me that though she might grow in favor with me, I should never do for her. We had been acquaintances in former days, before either she or I were married; but we had never been particularly sympathetic. She had been inclined, I think, to regard me as a little slow, and though she received my present advances graciously enough, her small, snapping eyes seemed to say that whoever aspired to stand high in her regard must be in attendance early and late, be prodigal of flowers and small attentions, be ready to fetch and carry and make himself generally useful. My need was companionship, not servitude; accordingly I made my bow and turned elsewhere.

On the other hand, Mrs. Willoughby Walton, with all her social prestige, impressed me as aspiring chiefly to reproduce the type of fashionable woman who figures in the pages of contemporary Parisian fiction; and just as the bastard imitations of the French novelists written in our mother tongue seem to me wholly to lack the fascination of their Gallic prototypes, the reflection was forced upon me that I should find an affair with Mrs. Willoughby no less insipid than compromising. The world may pardon a man who is enthralled by a woman who knows no scruples, but it justly jeers at one who dangles at the heels of a woman who merely pretends to be bad. The trouble with Mrs. Willoughby Walton is that she only makes believe; she does her very best to let people suppose that she is stupendous-

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ly immoral, and yet the world is well aware in its secret soul that when brought to the scratch she has the virtue of a nun. In her case all is smoke and there is no fire. She reminds one, by her general attitude of depravity, of those nervous, fiery-looking steeds which snort and sidle and caracole and champ until they reek with foam, but which can never be induced to run away. Women of her type are, so to speak, neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. Indeed it would seem not altogether unfitting if the Deity in His infinite wisdom were to consign them in the great hereafter to a limbo, neither heaven nor hell, similar to that which confined the caitiff choir of angels in Dante's Inferno, who neither were faithful to God nor rebellious.

"The heavens expelled them not to be less fair,
Nor them the nethermore abyss receives,
For glory none the damned would have from them."

But, as I have already intimated, no charge of indiscretion had ever been brought against Mrs. Guy Sloane. As I watched her furtively I recognized that she was neither shallow nor fast, that she was alike cultured and uncompromising. I may have reflected also that Josephine, though eminently intelligent and well educated, did not profess to be a clever person, and that it would be interesting to discuss the phases of advanced thought with one who manifestly aspired to keep abreast of the times. Since my duty to my wife and the world at large required my occasional presence in society, why not seek companionship with so edifying a personage, instead of kicking my heels in semi-somnolence? In my bachelor days, although we had been acquaintances, I had rather avoided Mrs. Sloane from the fatuous diffidence which often restrains a youth from accosting a woman of so much consideration. It was consequently delightfully reassuring that she should receive me without a trace of haughtiness or reserve on the occasion when I made my first advances to her. We talked together only for a few minutes before she was appropriated by someone else, but later in the evening, while I was standing aimlessly among a group of other husbands waiting for their wives, who were dancing the german, she chose to beckon me forth to receive the rosebud which it was her privilege to bestow. After conducting her to her seat I lingered for a few minutes in conversation, and when I rose to go she said, with sweet, frank graciousness, which withal savored of confidence:

"Do come and see me."

Hence it was that when Josephine unbosomed to me the conclusion at which she had arrived, I inquired if it did not seem to her little short of inhuman that married people should be incapable of deriving pleasure from the society of their fellow beings of the opposite sex merely because they happened to be devoted to each other. I had made up my mind to call on Mrs. Sloane, and so far as my own sex was concerned was not altogether prepared at this juncture to agree with my darling.

V.

"Come and see me" is the supplicating formula ever on the lips of the married women with social proclivities. The other woman's husband to whom it is addressed instinctively replies that he will make a point of doing so, but in nine cases out of ten never goes. Verily, if a married man were to try to sip afternoon tea at every hearth where he is confidingly invited to make himself at home, he would soon be bankrupt in days and hours.

To the married man who is busy down-town all day an afternoon call is a serious circumstance. It involves feverish hurry, if not the expense of a cab, in order to get up-town and make himself presentable before it is too late. You bound up-stairs two steps at a time, change your shirt, boots, and necktie, slip on a black coat, and deaf to domestic outcries, bolt from the house, and at about a quarter past five halt, perspiring and breathless, at the desired threshold.

You find your hostess in an artistic drawing-room, where a freshly-kindled wood-fire sputters invitingly and the waning daylight has given place to a

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pink or saffron atmosphere provided by a trio of lamps with festive shades. You are likely, if the house-maid be careless, to detect a faint aroma of kerosene, otherwise of violets. A posse of spotted china dragons gapes at you from the fireplace, and an array of small silver ornaments twinkles at you from low plush tables; you catch a general glint of vellum-bound volumes and photographs of wan-eyed women in queer frames, and sundry sepia etchings on the wall, and a variety of brilliant-hued cushions disguising the discomfort of numerous quaintly-fashioned chairs and sofas, and forth from her shadowy corner the mistress of it all, blithe, sinuous, and gracious, stretches a welcoming hand and waves you to a seat with soft-toned greetings.

You recite the current news of the hour while the mechanical, mysterious man-servant establishes the burnished urn and the Japanese tray resplendent with the daintiest silverware and cups and saucers. In silence you watch your hostess saturate the tea-leaves with sphinx-like preoccupation, as though she were performing a sacrificial rite, and it is only when she has left the chemical process to fulfil itself and has dropped back among her cushions that you feel words to be seemly. And then you talk, you and she also—talk of anything and everything, of the book of verses close to her hand, of the ethical considerations governing divorce, of the latest phase in art, of Christian science, of Heine, of the sweating system, or of the Australian ballot law. The conversation flows with the quiet intensity of a river, the battle-door and shuttle-cock of argument proceeds with delightful agility on either part. You marvel at your own fluency almost as much as at the felicity and cleverness of her diction, and you realize that you are being spurred to put your best foot forward. You are conservative, naturally, being a lawyer, and as a man of the world inclined to be sceptical and materialistic; she, on the other hand, leans toward ideality, or truth, as she delights to call it, and she rebuts the blows of your cold logic with fervid syllogisms. A Christian worshipper, she yet has a warm corner in her heart for Buddha; an allopath and, in her own words, a humble devotee of science, she smiles like a seraph at mysterious cures; and her interrogative eyebrows perpetually fend from satire the splay-foot of the impressionist.

How deftly she remembers your prejudices in respect to cream and sugar when the chemical process is complete and she proffers you a cup of tea! A man's wife may live to be a hundred and yet never be certain whether he takes one lump or two; women like Mrs. Guy Sloane need to be told but once. And while you dally with your cup and munch a delicate shred of bread and butter or a biscuit of evanescent and fairy-like thinness, she pursues her argument with a glib and wistful intensity which holds you in its thrall until another visitor arrives or the tones of the clock warn you that your dinner hour is approaching.

"You will come again soon," she says, wistfully, as you bow low over her outstretched hand, and you murmur that you assuredly will, and as you scurry home, so as to be in time for the family mutton, the odor of violets is in your nostrils and you shrink from ugliness and squalor (pronounced squālor) with the sensitiveness of one whose æsthetic instincts have been gloriously catered to.

So it is the first time and the second, and so it is substantially the fifth, and then there comes a change; a gradual one, but nevertheless a change, and on her part, not on yours. You have found each recurring call as enjoyable, if not more so, than the last, and have come to regard these five o'clock meetings as one of your most agreeable diversions from workaday routine. She has lent you books bristling with modern thought, and you have read them, and you have bent the full blast of your intelligence on the tenement-house problem and the development of the stage, and learned to distinguish between an artist and a painter, so that you are a perfect arsenal of eager, combative opinions on these several subjects. Yet you are asking yourself why it is that, though you are far better equipped and consequently a much

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more interesting companion than at first, she manifests a certain listlessness while you are talking, and instead of appreciating and endeavoring to answer your subtleties shows a disposition to avoid discussion. She wears, too, an air of gentle, cold melancholy, as though she were disappointed in you, which is puzzling and disconcerting. You interrogate your inner consciousness as to how you can possibly have offended her, and you remain nonplussed. It seems to you, as she sits toying with her teaspoon, that her eyebrows have become almost scornful. What is the matter? What have you done?

But for Josephine the cause might never have been revealed to me in my own particular experience with Mrs. Guy Sloane. As it was, I remained completely mystified until our intimacy had faded into commonplace acquaintance. There was never any breach between us, never a disagreeable word; yet little by little the emanation of her chilling, listless disdain reduced me to wondering silence. Conscious that my conversation was listened to with perfunctory politeness, I became tongue-tied and moody in my turn, and so far ill at ease that on one occasion I devoured involuntarily the entire supply of thin shreds of bread and butter, whereupon she summoned the mysterious man-servant, and with a haughty, pitiful smile bade him bring a fresh relay. There was a perpetual sadness in her expression which told me more plainly at each successive meeting that I had been weighed in the balance and been found wanting, a sadness which seemed to imply that she had put her trust in me in vain. At one of our last interviews, when she was more than commonly plaintive, and I was beating my brain to discover the cause of my unworthiness, I asked myself the question, if it could possibly be that she expected me to clasp her in my arms and fold her to my breast after the manner of M. de Camors and other worthies; but I dismissed the idea as out of the question. Had it been Mrs. Willoughby Walton—*absit omen;* but it was sacrilege even to formulate such an idea concerning Mrs. Guy Sloane.

"She would have screamed if you had, and there would have been a terrible scene, and she would never have spoken to you again," said Josephine, when I laid the matter before her. "Still she would have forgiven you in her secret soul, which she will never do now," she added, with gentle jubilation.

"What have I done?"

"Done? You have committed, Fred, the unpardonable sin—to a woman—of seeming more interested in the subjects you were discussing than in her, of forgetting her in your enthusiasm for a notion or idea."

"But she was interested in the subjects herself at first, fully as much as I. It was her enthusiasm which aroused mine."

"Poor simple innocent! Are you so guileless as to suppose that a woman like Mrs. Sloane is content to have a man call upon her once or twice a week simply to discuss subjects? I grant you that she is interested in subjects, or rather that she interests herself in them, but they are by themselves merely so many husks in her intention. I can see you, Fred, completely engrossed in the consideration of some grand problem to the utter forgetfulness of everything else, and under the goad of genuine conviction pouring out a torrent of speech with the impetus of a steam fire-engine; I can see you, dear, I can see you. And you flattered yourself, I dare say, that your logic was unanswerable and that your argument was knocking hers into a cocked hat, and you never dreamed for one moment of the cold shower-bath effect which your magnificent harangue was having upon her sensibilities and hopes."

"Hopes of what?"

"Don't interrupt me, Fred, and don't misunderstand me. Mrs. Sloane is a woman whose good name is above suspicion. As I said to you a minute ago, if you had kissed her she would have screamed and been mortally offended; an avowal of passion would have shocked and distressed her irreparably, for she never harbored such an expectation in her life. But, on the other hand, in admitting you to her intimacy she had definite hopes which you have failed to satisfy; hopes of sympathy, of mutual confidences as to

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your and her most secret and personal affairs, of inducing you to substitute her for me as an intellectual companion so far as was compatible with entire respectability; all of which might have been extremely harassing for poor me had you not been the delightful, obtuse, true-to-your-own-dear-wifey darling that you are. In short, Fred, she asked for bread and you gave her a stone."

"In other words, she expected me to fall in love with her?"

"Call it 'sympathize with her;' 'love' is such a strenuous term. She expects the individuals who belong to her collection to be sympathetic, that's all. She and her husband, though they preserve outward appearances, agreed to disagree long ago, as everyone knows; and accordingly she is lonely, poor soul (what would she say if she knew that insignificant little I had ventured to pity her!), and in her loneliness she reaches out after other women's husbands for sympathy, somewhat as the cuckoo usurps the nests and sucks the eggs of other birds. She's a sort of social cuckoo, Fred, but of the most refined, fastidious, delicate kind. She would be incapable of creating a scandal in the heinous sense of the term, and had she succeeded in getting you into her clutches your duties would not have been severe. You would have been expected to divine that she was unhappy—she would have given you to understand it in a variety of ways without ever condescending to tell you so in express words—and to imply by your manner that did not other ties on her side and yours forbid, matters might be very different. You would have been expected to hint at my little failings without actually mentioning them, so as to give her an opportunity to rhapsodize exaltedly on the sternness of fate and the pathos of disjointed wedlock. You would have been expected to follow her moods—to rejoice when she was glad and to be lugubrious when she was depressed — and to be at her beck and call sufficiently to be willing to fill places at the last minute at her dinner-parties (by which means she would be able to dispense with my society excepting on the one or two formal occasions in every year when she would invite us both together), and to pass examinations on the marked passages in the books she lent you. And in return, Fred, she would have vouchsafed you on every occasion her most yearning smile and her most gracious hand-pressure, and she would never have wearied of holding forth to you, beside her dainty tea-table by subdued lamp-light, upon all the osophies."

"Dearest," said I, as Josephine, having concluded her exposition, regarded me with a suspicion of mockery in her dark eyes, "you should have put me on my guard; you should not have subjected your Frederick to such untoward liabilities."

"So I did. I warned you at the start — the evening she gave you the rose-bud—that she would be proud to add you to her collection. But what use would it have been to warn you?" Josephine added, eating her words with the sweet complacency peculiar to the female logician; "you would not have believed me. Have you forgotten your haughty refusal to subscribe to my proposition, that married people who love each other cannot expect to have a very good time in society?"

"And I have suffered for it," I replied, meekly.

"We have both of us suffered in making the discovery; but it is a genuine discovery. Hold up your right hand, Fred, and repeat after me to show that you are thoroughly contrite and convinced: Married people—who really love each other — cannot expect to have—a very good time in society."

I did as I was bid, and I was tempted to add a heart-felt amen, which evidently suggested to Josephine that I had derived from her formula hopes of emancipation beyond her purpose, for she hastened to add, with distinctness:

"All the same, we shall have to continue to accept invitations now and then; we owe it to ourselves and to baby to do so. And I am rather inclined to think that, having once and finally dismissed all roseate anticipations and made up our minds to expect very little, we shall really enjoy ourselves tolerably well."

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"Just as people who have lost a leg gradually find life bearable in the teeth of being obliged to hobble."

"What an unpleasant analogy, Fred! No, dear, I expect to reap my enjoyment from the consciousness of how very much nicer you are than other men and from being glad that it is so."

VI.

Said my predecessor in ownership of the house which I occupy, as we were walking away from the registry, just after the title had passed, "You asked the other day why we wished to move, and I told you we needed more room. That was true enough; but the controlling reason is my wife's conviction that we shall never have a boy so long as we live in that block. She began saying so when our fourth girl was born, and we have five girls now. It is a girl block. We have lived there eight years, and during all that time there has been but a single boy baby born in it, and he died within twenty-four hours. As I tell my wife, by moving we can only have another girl at the worst, and on the other hand a change may break the succession. But very likely you prefer girls."

My preferences on this score at that period were very vague, yet, in spite of my freedom from superstitions in general, I could not avoid the reflection that it would have been more considerate of my vendor to mention this flaw in the title before the papers were passed, if he felt it incumbent upon him to do so at all. Accordingly, when my wife divulged to me, one day about a year later, that the couple in question, who were living in an adjacent street, had been blessed with twins, and girl twins at that, I was ungenerous enough to wave my dinner napkin around my head and to chant a pæan.

"Perhaps that will remove the spell from our block," said Josephine, yearningly.

"Who knows?" I answered, snatching at the suggestion, for, to tell the truth, by reason doubtless of the very fact that ours was said to be a girl block, we had both set our hearts on having a boy. And although the appalling character of our predecessor's statistics had been somewhat modified by the discovery that of the twenty houses in our row several were occupied by old maids, and one by an elderly single gentleman, and several more by people who had no children at all, and at least four by couples whose children were too old to have been born within the specified eight years, the most searching investigation on the part of Josephine had failed to invalidate his testimony regarding the gender in the households where there had been births. As a consequence she had confided to me more than once that she felt in her bones it would be a girl, and, though I wore a confident front in her presence, the serenity of my brow could not always dispel the haunting recollection that I had seen men at the club lose a dozen games of whist running by obstinately sticking to the same seat. Analogously, was it not highly probable that by braving destiny I had entailed upon myself a long line of daughters?

The birth of little Fred in the teeth of local tradition and parental foreboding was followed at a comparatively short period by the arrival of another son, whose angelic presence — such is the contrariness of human nature — evoked from his mother, after she and he were comfortably out of the woods, an insinuation to the effect that there might be too much of a good thing.

"You mustn't think for an instant that I would wish baby to be other than the sweet little cherub he is" — these were her exact words — "but if we should ever have another, Fred, I do hope it will be a girl."

"If we should have another!" The tentativeness (as the novelists say) of the expression betrayed that even Josephine, with all her eagerness for a daughter, was not without some qualms on the score of adding to our joint parental burdens. It is a common device, both among people who have nothing to do and those whose mission it is to stimulate thrifty instincts in the young, to call attention to the enormous sum total of pennies which results from beginning with a penny, and

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then doubling the penny, and after multiplying the product by two to continue doubling the successive multiplications once a day for a calendar month. The product is in the millions, if not billions. While it cannot be said that the responsibilities and expenses of the modern parent mount upward with quite the same fatal facility as in the case of the pennies (let the unmercenary or merely arithmetical substitute horse-shoe nails), there is certainly considerable analogy between the two processes. Leaving aside as too pathological for mention the circumstance, including a monthly nurse at ever so much a minute and meals by herself, which attends the ushering into existence of each successive little stranger, the modern paterfamilias may be said to lay the apex stone of his inverted pyramid by the purchase of a baby-carriage—to be relined and refurbished for each new-comer. And then, O ye gods! mark how the pyramid mounts and spreads! From the baby-wagon to the rattle and the woolly horse; from the woolly horse to the balloon, the tricycle (or a doll which will shut her eyes), and two extra quarts of milk daily; from extra quarts of milk daily to extra chops and eggs daily, boots and shoes, the kindergarten, rabbits, and puzzling interrogatories to be answered concerning the Infinite; from puzzling interrogatories to the safety (?) bicycle (or a doll which will talk), manual training in carpentry, the dancing academy, and patent-leather pumps, plates for the teeth, the whooping-cough, a miniature steam-engine (or a doll's house which is broader than the door-sill), and a detective camera; from a detective camera—prithee, is it not a goodly pile already? And yet its proportions are still but a tithe of what will follow. Upward and ever broadening mounts your pyramid until its surface rivals in magnificent area that famous hat of the Quangle Wangle Quee of Leer's ditty:

"For his hat was one hundred and two feet wide,
With ribbons and bibbons on every side,
And bells and buttons and loops and lace,
So that nobody ever could see the face
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee!"

Verily the married man of to-day with a rising family becomes frightened if he allows himself to ponder the situation. He lies awake at night and is disposed to offer a chair to every life-insurance agent who intrudes upon his privacy. And, as Josephine often says, the worst of it is, there is really nothing to be done about it. Would you have the children wear the same thin flannels all the year round? Do you relish the idea of seeing little Fred arrive at man's estate with crooked front teeth, when by the outlay of a few paltry dollars at the present time they can be made regular as a palisade? Are the sons of Tom, Dick, and Harry to be sent to a summer school in the Adirondacks and ours made to breathe sea-air all the year round? Is little Josephine to go without a kodak when her dearest friend, Polly Dolly Adeline, is pressing the button from morning until night? Assuredly not. Against luxuries we turn a stony countenance; but who will deny that warm underwear, regular front teeth, occasional change of atmosphere, and development of the artistic instincts are not necessaries which parents are bound to provide for their offspring?

When destiny finally matched our two boys with a sister apiece — not twins, thank you—discussion between us as to whether sons or daughters are more to be desired became in a certain sense futile for Josephine and me; and yet the theme is one which crops up between us with tolerable frequency from the very reason that we are confronted by both horns of the dilemma.

"I don't think I should have had any particular preference at the beginning for a boy rather than a girl but for that horrid man," said Josephine, on one occasion. "Of course when he tried to make out that this was a girl street, I became just crazy for a son. Perhaps it *is* rather more satisfactory on the whole to have a boy at the head of the family; he is impressed early with a sense of responsibility, and that he must look after his sisters for the rest of his life. However, it doesn't matter very much which comes first, provided you have both. But if you could only have one kind and you had to choose which—fortunately it is decided for us—I should

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find frightful difficulty in making up my mind. For your sake, Fred, I suppose I should choose a boy. I know it is popularly asserted that fathers are fonder of their daughters than their sons; but, on the other hand, nearly every man has a sneaking vanity to preserve the family name from dying out, which would determine him if it came to a choice."

"It might be preferable to have the family name die out rather than to see it dragged in the dust. There is always that risk with sons," I answered, with sententious gravity. "In our walk of life a girl cannot readily misbehave herself to any appreciable extent."

"You would not, however, allow anyone else to suggest the possibility that your boys could turn out badly," said Josephine. "On the contrary, although you have never said so in precise terms, I am sure you will be disappointed in your heart of hearts if one, or both of them, does not prove very remarkable—a Michael Angelo, or a Darwin, or President of the United States."

"Rather than see a son of mine President of the United States——" I began, diverted from our theme by the invocation of the standard spectral hope which is used to prod the imagination of every youth in the country; but Josephine interrupted the ancestral curse trembling on my lips by remarking, succinctly:

"Nonsense. You don't believe a word you are going to say, Fred." She continued, with a reflective air, "I admit that girls are not liable to fail in business, or forge, or drink more wine than is good for them. On the other hand, men can take care of themselves; but what is there more pitiable than a decayed gentlewoman? It is all very well to consider the enlarged sphere for feminine activity, and try to comfort one's-self by the thought that they can be hospital nurses, or amanuenses, or reporters, or doctors, or even theatrical managers—I am confident that my girls would shine in any of these capacities if it were absolutely necessary—but I, for one, can't persuade myself that they are intended for that sort of thing, and I am morally certain that you men will see that they do not grow rich and famous too rapidly in the work to which they are called. It may be that my great-great-granddaughter will be President—not 'lady' President, if you please—of the United States. But that is a long way off, and in the meantime I should prefer to have my daughters and their daughters protected by a bulwark of railroad shares from the cold world of competition in manual or mental labor. Decayed gentlewomen were pitiful enough when they were able to eke out their livelihood by putting up peaches and plums and strawberries; but now that preserves—and really just as good preserves—are put up at factories by the wholesale, they must starve if they stay at home. Oh, Fred, I sometimes think that you ought to alter your will so as to leave everything to the two girls; but then I recollect how important it is also that boys should have a little something, so that they need not sacrifice their natural gifts and tastes to the exigencies of bread and butter. A few hundred dollars a year might be the determining factor which would enable one of them to become the second Michael Angelo or Darwin of your fancy, instead of a humdrum bank president, or lawyer, or doctor."

Although I, for one, have not quite such inflated notions regarding the evolution of my sons as my wife would make out, nevertheless the married man who has renounced delusions on his own account feels at liberty to indulge his imagination to some extent on the subject of his offspring. Not merely the married man, but the married woman also. Whatever Josephine may asseverate to the contrary, I am confident that she cherishes quite as ardent hopes as I on the score both of her boys and of her girls. We may be a pair of fools, but we cannot avoid a secret conviction that little Fred has a remarkable head and brow which suggest the contour of a Webster, and that our second daughter is likely to take drawing-rooms by storm if her features preserve their present exquisite regularity until maidenhood. Then take our younger boy. I admit that he has neither the masterly physiognomy nor the commanding aspect of his brother, but it is from just such habits of ab-

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sorbing industry and from just such original traits that the capacity of a—a—well, call it a Michael Angelo or a Darwin and be done with it—is developed. Then again there is our elder daughter. She could not be called handsome to-day perhaps, but those who deem her plain and say that she is all legs and arms may well afford to bear in mind the story of the Ugly Duckling which from being the butt of the barn-yard proved to be a swan. And even if she fail to be strictly beautiful, a girl with her serene intelligence and vitalizing enthusiasm is almost certain to make her mark in this era of feminine progression.

When comparing mine with other children I freely confess to a sensation of pride, which Josephine has assured me is common to parents in general. She declares that our opposite neighbor, who has seven girls—a listless, lanky set—is not a whit less proud of his progeny than I of mine. I could scarcely believe this to be the case until I happened to condole with him one day, when we were walking down-town together, on the size of his family and the circumstance that he had no sons. To my astonishment he replied:

"Bless your heart! I wouldn't part with one of them. And between you and me and the post, my dear sir, there are not seven other girls their peers in the entire country. Boys? If I had a son I should live in constant dread that he would blow his head off or be drowned while he was growing up, and when he was grown up that he would go to the demnition bow-wows. Boys? No, thank you, neighbor."

Two or three rebuffs of this kind have inclined me to believe that whatever the predilections of parents beforehand, they accept the inevitable with a fortitude which soon becomes fond devotion to their fate. I have rarely seen seven less attractive girls; yet when I say so to Josephine she is apt to taunt me with the insinuation that our friend across the way probably entertains similar views on the subject of our darlings.

"But in the first place, my dear," I murmured, "we have four, two boys and two girls—an ideal combination—and he has seven long, lanky girls, and no boys at all."

"He has told you plainly that he would not part with one of them for the world, and that he abhors the sight of a boy, and he is thoroughly in earnest in what he says."

"Surely, Josephine, you don't maintain that there is any comparison in point of looks, manners, or brains between our children and his?"

"Not the slightest, Fred. You know my opinion regarding those girls perfectly well; but you can't blame him, poor man, for not seeing that they are an unattractive, homely set any more than people would be disposed to blame you because you are convinced that little Fred will some day set the world afire."

"But he is likely to; or—er—if not to set it afire exactly, to——"

"Of course he will, the darling!" broke in my wife, with a bubbling laugh. "You are too delicious for anything, Fred. You insist not only that your geese are all swans, but you expect the world to agree with you. Now I am just as confident as you that our children are remarkable, and no amount of argument could abate a jot or tittle my faith in their future; but at the same time I have not the hardihood to demand that other people should take the same view. You are a veritable parental ostrich, Fred; quite as complete a one as your friend across the street, who is very likely at this moment to be priding himself on the fact that none of his seven have red hair, and pitying us because David and Josie have conspicuously gory locks."

"Pooh!" I answered, stiffly. "Josie's hair is a beautiful shade of auburn; any one of his girls might be proud to have hair like it. And as for David's, it is a good, honest color, if it is red."

"There you go again, my dear. So are blue and green honest colors, and yet you could scarcely call——"

"Pshaw!" I interrupted, with a slightly irritated air. Even Josephine has a way of arguing at times which is decidedly nettlesome.

Faults? Imperfections? There are days when the most completely infatuated father looks gloomily askance at

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his offspring; when it seems to him that their disadvantageous points stick out so prominently as to overshadow their attractions, and he almost wishes they had never been born. A cold in the head, an unbecoming costume, or nothing at all will transform my namesake into a stolid-looking little ruffian whom I find difficulty in recognizing; and as Josephine says, the children are sure to look their worst when you wish them to look their best She declares that I always select the most unpropitious times for exhibiting them; for instance, just after they have finished supper or been on their hands and knees in the nursery all the afternoon, and she is disposed to rate me for exhibiting them at any time on the ground that nine people out of ten who come to the house would prefer not to see them. However this may be, I have noticed that, whereas they will be excruciatingly polite to any chance person who happens in, they seem to take a fiendish satisfaction in ignoring or merely grunting at your bosom friend or the judge of the Supreme Court whom you have asked to dinner. And if, by some happy freak, they acquit themselves creditably so far as manners are concerned, is not one invariably tempted to apologize for little Fred's suddenly developed squint or Winona's unusual lack of color?

It is on the occasions when the children are looking and behaving their worst that visitors are most apt to call attention to their resemblance either to my wife or me. However much you may inwardly resent such an imputation at the moment, it is not easy in these days, when the law of heredity is on everyone's lips, to escape noting with considerable horror, as time goes on, the reproduction of your own or your mother-in-law's peculiarities. When Josephine says that little Fred will not sit up straight at table because he inherits my rooted tendency to sprawl, I am apt to reply, if in a pesky mood, that David gets his red hair from his maternal great-grandmother. In this matter of inherited traits, be it said, a man can bear with far more complacency the reappearance of his own ancestral failings than those which appertain to his wife's family tree. Though there may be room for argument as to whether little Fred's furious temper (he had a way when small of lying on his back and kicking at the least provocation) was transmitted through Josephine's blood or mine, there is not the slightest doubt that our eldest daughter derives her double chin from the old lady, my wife's great aunt, whose portrait in a turban hangs in our dining-room. If it be tolerably dispiriting to note one's own foibles coming to light in the second generation, it is far more so to encounter idiosyncrasies with which you have no association, and for which, therefore, you keep no tender spot in your heart. I have a fellow sympathy with little Fred's tendency to sprawl, and his disinclination to get up in time for breakfast; but I tell Josephine, when she accounts for Winona's abhorrence of oysters by the tradition that two of her own aunts could not abide shell-fish in any form, that they were a precious pair of donkeys.

"If they were your aunts, though," said Josephine to me one day with some warmth, "you would think it the most natural thing in the world, just as you always grandiloquently describe your ancestor who used to execute people as 'the sheriff of the county,' whereas, if he had been mine, you would be sure to speak of him as a common hangman."

There are occasions when Josephine betrays a degree of excitement disproportionate to the necessities of the situation.

(To be continued.)

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THE NEW PARKS OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

By E. S. Nadal.

IN April, 1883, the Legislature of New York passed an act authorizing the appointment of a commission to select one or more parks beyond the Harlem River. This commission was duly appointed, and they marked out the sites of the three large parks—Pelham, Bronx, and Van Cortlandt—and of the three little ones—Crotona, Claremont, and St. Mary's. [See Map of Parks, page 453.] In June, 1884, the Legislature passed an act giving possession of these parks to the city of New York and directing the Supreme Court to appoint a commission to appraise the lands. This was done, and the lands became the property of the city at a cost of about $9,000,000.*

There was much opposition to the measure. It was claimed that the purchase of the parks would be a heavy expense to the city, and that the money was needed for other objects. Certain legal and constitutional objections were urged against the scheme. One was as follows: By the constitution of the State a city cannot issue bonds to more than ten per cent. of the value of its total assessable real estate. The value of the total assessable real estate in 1885 was estimated at $1,203,491,065. The gross debt, as it was called, of the city at that time was $131,601,103. If the parks were to cost $10,000,000, and bonds to that amount were to be issued, the city debt would be more than ten per cent. of the total assessable real estate. But of this gross debt more than $38,000,000 were city bonds, which had been bought up and paid for, and which were part of the Sinking Fund. The Court of Appeals took the side of the friends of the parks, and decided that a debt once paid has no existence, and that the true debt of the city was its net debt. The actual debt of the city was therefore something over $93,000,000, which left an abundant margin for a sufficient increase of the indebtedness to pay for the new parks.

Another objection was this: One of the proposed parks lay outside the city limits. The act of the Legislature empowered the city of New York to condemn and take possession of property in Westchester County. It was alleged that Westchester County was as much outside of the control of New York City as Erie County, and that the Legislature could not confer upon the city of New York the right to condemn and take possession of property outside of its own limits. The decision of the Court of Appeals was against this plea, and the act of 1884 was maintained intact.

To the objection that the money required for the purchase of the new parks was needed for other objects, it was answered that the acquisition by the city of the parks would raise the value of real estate in their neighborhood, and that the city would profit by the increased taxable value of the property. This was shown to have been the case in regard to Central Park. That park was bought in 1856. It extended from Fifty-ninth Street to 106th Street. The part extending from 106th Street to 110th Street, which was the creation of Mr. Andrew H. Green, was obtained in 1859. From the increased taxable value of the property near the park, the city was able to pay both the principal and interest of the Park bonds, and to have $17,000,000 over. This property increased in value thirteen times between 1856 and 1881. Of course this rapid rise was due in part to the peculiar shape of New York and the increase of population; but the Park no doubt had a great effect upon it.

* The area of the districts acquired is as follows:

	Acres.	
Van Cortlandt Park	1,069	65.100
Bronx Park	653	
Pelham Bay Park	1,740	
Crotona Park	135	34.100
St. Mary's Park	25	35.100
Claremont Park	38	5.100
Mosholu Parkway	80	
Bronx and Pelham Parkway	90	
Crotona Parkway	12	
Total	3,848	39.100

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But the friends of the new parks were able to adduce the experience of other cities in support of their belief that parks would be a profitable investment. The Secretary of the South Park Commission of Chicago wrote that the immediate effect of the location of parks was to "double and quadruple property." The Boston Commission wrote that the "Back Bay Park is not a tax upon the city at large, but the increased taxes from the surrounding property pay its cost." Other towns have had the same experience. The expectation of the friends of the new parks has been realized. Since the purchase of the property the ratio of taxation in the neighborhood of these parks has risen.

The Commission for selecting the parks consisted of Luther R. Marsh, President; Waldo Hutchins, Louis Fitzgerald, Charles L. Tiffany, George W. McLean, Thomas J. Crombie, William W. Niles, and John Mullaly, Secretary—nearly all of whom had been active and conspicuous in the movement from the beginning. The press gave very effective assistance. That the measure was ultimately carried through was due largely to the energy of Mr. Mullaly.

The region of country in which the new parks lie has a history worthy to be briefly recalled. The land comprised in Pelham Park was originally the property of the family of Pell. Thomas Pell, of Connecticut, obtained a grant of land in this neighborhood from the Indians in 1664. Pell had obtained license to make the purchase from the authorities of Connecticut, but this region of country was in dispute between the Connecticut English and the Dutch of the New Netherlands. And the Dutch do not appear to have acknowledged the proprietorship of Thomas Pell. When the English got possession of New York, Pell's purchase was confirmed. Thomas Pell died in 1669, and was buried in Fairfield, Conn. He willed his property to his nephew, John Pell, in England, the only son of his only brother, the Rev. Dr. John Pell. This John Pell, who was supposed to have been lost in his yacht off City Island in 1702, was succeeded by his son Thomas, whose descendants were proprietors of Pelham down to the time of the Revolution. Joseph Pell, the fourth and the last Lord of the Manor, as he was styled, died in 1776. There are many descendants of this family.

But there had been before Pell another proprietor. This was Ann Hutchinson, who in 1642 had, with her family, fled from the persecutions of the Puritans, and settled down in this dangerous and solitary place. Here she and her family were murdered by the Indians; a young daughter alone escaped, who was carried off. Her old Puritan acquaintances appear to have taken her melancholy death as evidence of the Divine anger at the woman's heresies. One of them, remarking that such outrages by the Indians were rare, says: "God's hand is the more apparently seen herein to pick out this woful woman to make her and those belonging to her an unheard-of heavy example of their cruelty above others." The stream south of the park is called Hutchinson Brook, after Ann Hutchinson. It was formerly called Black Dog Brook.

Bronx Park is, of course, named after the river. The Bronx River was named after a settler, Jonas Bronk, who resided on the bank of the river. It is probable that he built a mill and laid out a farm, as early as 1639, about three miles from the mouth of the Bronx, and just opposite the village of West Farms. Here was situated the Lydig property. Mr. Lydig's house is no longer standing. The property of Mr. Lorillard in the park has upon it a substantial and handsome house.

Van Cortlandt Park is so named because it includes the property belonging to the family of that name. A house built by this family about the middle of the last century is standing, and will no doubt be preserved. The house was for a time Washington's head-quarters, but was for a much longer time in the possession of the British and the Hessians. This property must not be confused with another Van Cortlandt property, which is in the town of Cortlandt, in the northern end of Westchester County. The ancestor of the Van Cortlandts was attached to the military service of the Dutch West India Company,

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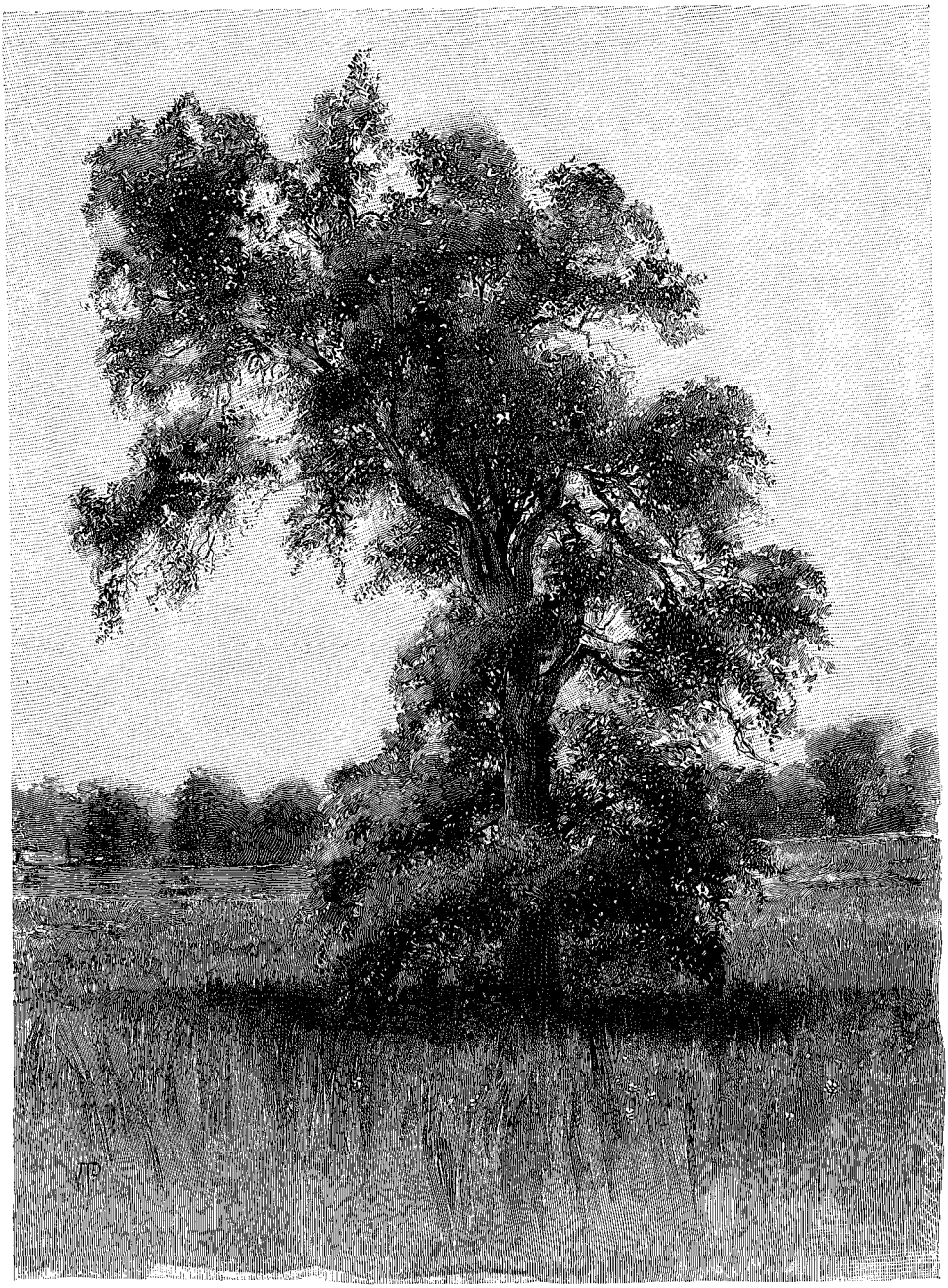

Treaty Oak, on the Pell Place, Pelham Bay Park.

and came to New York in 1637. He remained in New York and became one of the most considerable and prosperous men of the town. His property in Westchester County he obtained from the Indians, and he was confirmed in possession of this by the English, when the New Netherlands became a province of the British crown. The English made the property into a manor, of which the Van Cortlandts had the lordship. The lords of Cortlandt had the privilege of

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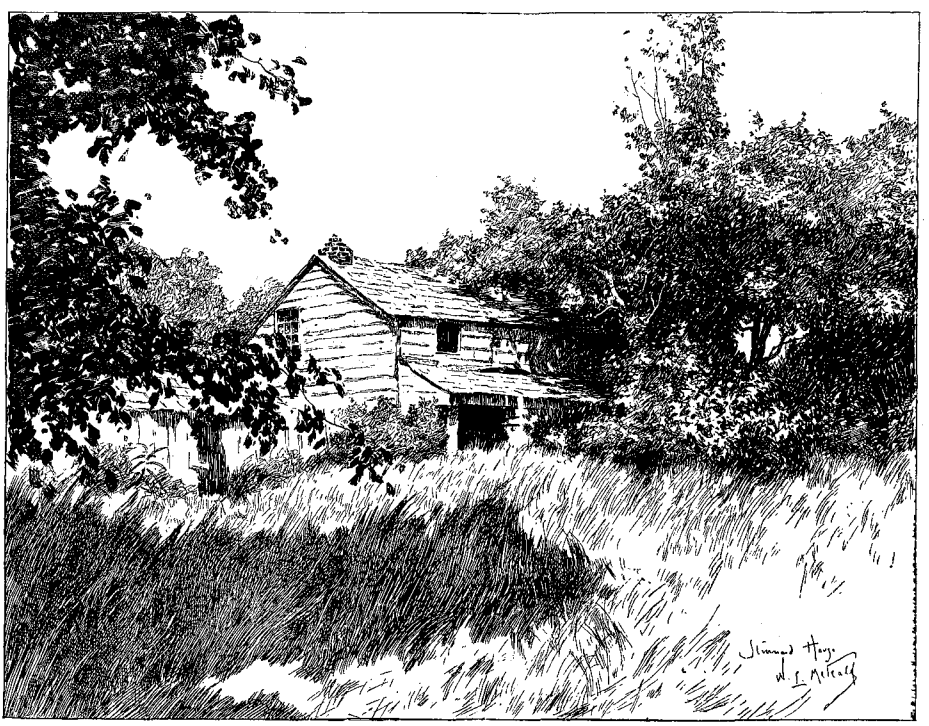
sending a representative to the Provincial Assembly, and the manor was held by a feudal tenure, for which the rent of forty shillings was paid annually to the crown on the feast-day of the Annunciation. The property now composing Van Cortlandt Park was originally in the possession of Jacobus van Cortlandt, and has remained in the hands of his descendants down to the time of its purchase by the city. The late proprietors, however, were descendants through the female line, who had assumed the name of Van Cortlandt. The house just referred to was built in 1748 by Frederick van Cortlandt, who refers to it in his will, written in 1749, as "the large stone dwelling-house which I am about finishing." Two eagles surmounted the posts of an old gateway, which are said in Bolton's "History of Westchester" to have been spoils taken from a Spanish privateer, and presented to the house by a British admiral. These eagles have disappeared since the sale to the city.

Of the occurrences which took place during the Revolution on the ground now occupied by the new parks, perhaps the most important were the battle at Pelham Neck and the manœuvres which preceded Washington's movement on Yorktown. The battle at Pelham Neck took place on October 18, 1777. In this fight the British much outnumbered the Americans. The British force of about four thousand was the advance guard of the army of General Howe, whose brother, Admiral Howe, commanded the fleet in the Sound. The British troops landed at Throgg's Neck and were on their way northward to New Rochelle. A body of some eight hundred Americans opposed them. This little force was disposed in detachments behind successive stone walls. The British, who were not expecting resistance, advanced and were fired upon with considerable effect by the ambuscade behind the first stone wall. The detachment then fell back upon that at the second stone wall, where the British,



Stinnard House, Pelham Bay Park.

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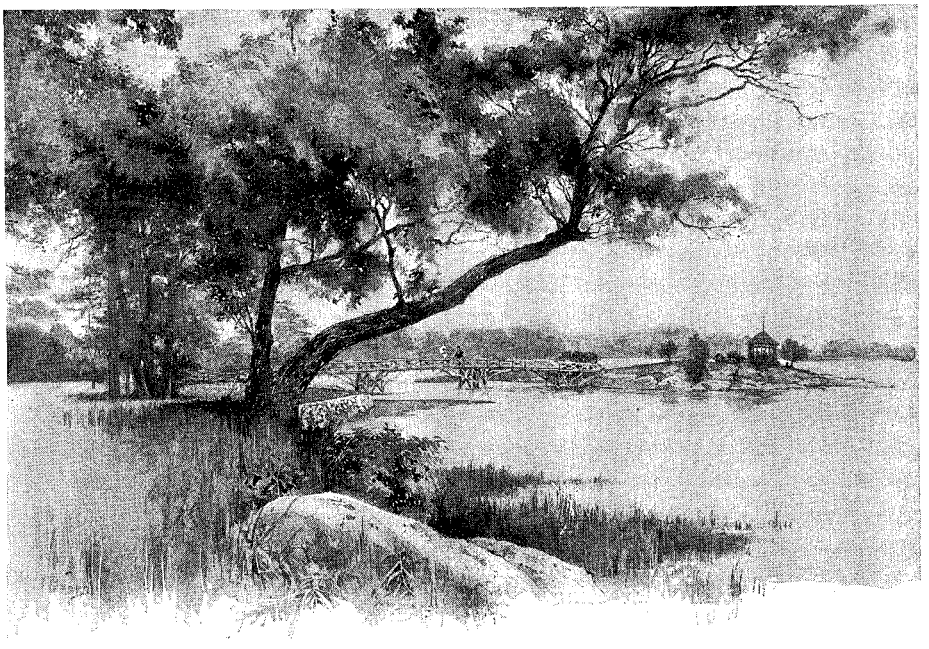
who had expected no further resistance, were received by a still more disastrous fire. The manœuvre was repeated several times, with the result that the British loss was very heavy, being said to be as high as a thousand men, while that of the Americans was only twelve. The British force was moving northward in the direction of White Plains, at which place, a few days later, they gave the patriots one of those drubbings, the story of which is so depressing to the American school-boy.



Summer House, Ellis Place on the Sound, Pelham Bay Park.

It was upon the ground near Van Cortlandt Park that Washington, by his manœuvres, deceived the British at New York as to his intended movement upon Yorktown. Vault Hill, upon which it is related Washington lighted camp-fires and ostentatiously displayed a few troops while the great body of his forces were on the march southward, is in Van Cortlandt Park. Vault Hill was so named because it was the burying-ground of the Van Cortlandts. The vaults of this cemetery served a curious purpose in 1776; Augustus van Cortlandt, who at that time held the office of clerk of New York, secreted in these vaults the records of the city, for fear of their seizure and destruction by the British. In connection with Bronx Park, people, in looking at the little stream, will be sure to recall the familiar tradition about the British fleet which was ordered to sail up that river.

The old houses which have been bought with the parks, and which will be left standing, recall a social life which has long ceased to exist. The leading Dutch and English families in the neighborhood of New York had, down to near the middle of this century, very much the position of small *noblesse*. Singularly little remains by which people of the present day can tell just what kind of people they were and what sort of life they led. Very little in the way of novels or sketches exist to give an idea of that society. But little correspondence of the period has been published. The life led must have been a curious compromise between diverse and incongruous elements. Many of these people had all the essentials of refined life—education, competence, and traditions extending through several generations

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of life in this country, and some of them could boast of a gentle origin and connections in the old lands. The best of them, no doubt, shared with the upper classes of European society those fine manners which have disappeared, or are disappearing, all over the world. But the old society of the neighborhood of New York, and which I have described as a sort of *noblesse*, had certain peculiar features and relations. It is evident, from some of the old houses, that the life was exceedingly simple, not to say narrow. Many of the people, no doubt, were uneducated. The men, especially near the city, were usually merchants or in professions. In Europe, arms, or some other employment in the service of the state, is the only occupation possible for men of this class. But it was not so here. A few of the men lived the life of country gentlemen, but most of them were in some sort of business. There exist, no doubt, plenty of letters — of course the best material from which to construct a truthful impression of a society which has passed away—and these, when properly studied, will afford a representation of an interesting social condition, the most striking quality of which perhaps will be a curious compromise between inherited or imitated European ideas of class distinction upon the one side, and the inevitable facts in the life of a new country upon the other.

This region has, then, recollections interesting to the observer of politics and society. To the poet, on the other hand, perhaps the most significant associations of any piece of American soil are those which connect it with its aboriginal inhabitants, its primeval forests, and those ancient facts of history written in the face of nature. The American Indian is a monotonous creature, when considered only as a scalper and torturer. When associated with sentimental notions untrue and foreign to him, he is also tiresome. But the truth is always interesting, and the Indian becomes attractive when we consider him as what he was, a being with nothing above his head but the sky, and nothing beneath his feet but the grass. The Westchester country has a great deal of Indian history. In preparing the parade ground in Van Cortlandt Park, about a hundred skeletons were dug up, presumably Indian, from the shape of the skulls.

The changes which the vegetable and animated life of this region of country have undergone would make a good subject of study. Within two centuries wolves have been a great pest in this neighborhood. The Provincial Assembly enacted that in the county of Westchester twenty shillings should be paid for a grown wolf killed by a Christian, and ten shillings for one killed by an Indian, and half that sum respectively for a whelp. The remains of wolf-pits are still, or were very recently, to be seen not far from Pelham Park. Besides the deer, the wild turkey existed in great numbers on the verge of the forest. It is said that flocks of them used to fly from the ridge west of Van Cortlandt Park across Tippett's Brook to a hill east of this little stream. The flight was always begun by a large black cock, and was made at sunset. The leader gave the note and the flock were at once on the wing. Beavers were at one time very common on the Bronx. The last of them was seen there about 1790. It is said they at one time changed the course of the Bronx by a dam. Of course beavers knew how to build dams long before men did; if the current was feeble they saved themselves trouble by building the dam straight across; but, if it was strong, they built the dam in a convex shape, so as to resist the strength of the water. It was therefore possible to tell the force of a stream from the shape of the beaver dams.

The vast primeval forest which once covered this country may still be studied among the mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina. Scarcely any vestige of this forest remains in the Westchester neighborhood. There are great trees, which perhaps in their infancy may have seen it. But they do not resemble the tall columns of the ancient woods, which, owing to the pressure upon them of other trees, did not throw out great branches laterally, and which, because of the want of sun, had, except at the top, a scant leafage; those trees sought the sky, growing upward rather than outward. The ancient woods were very august and noble tem-

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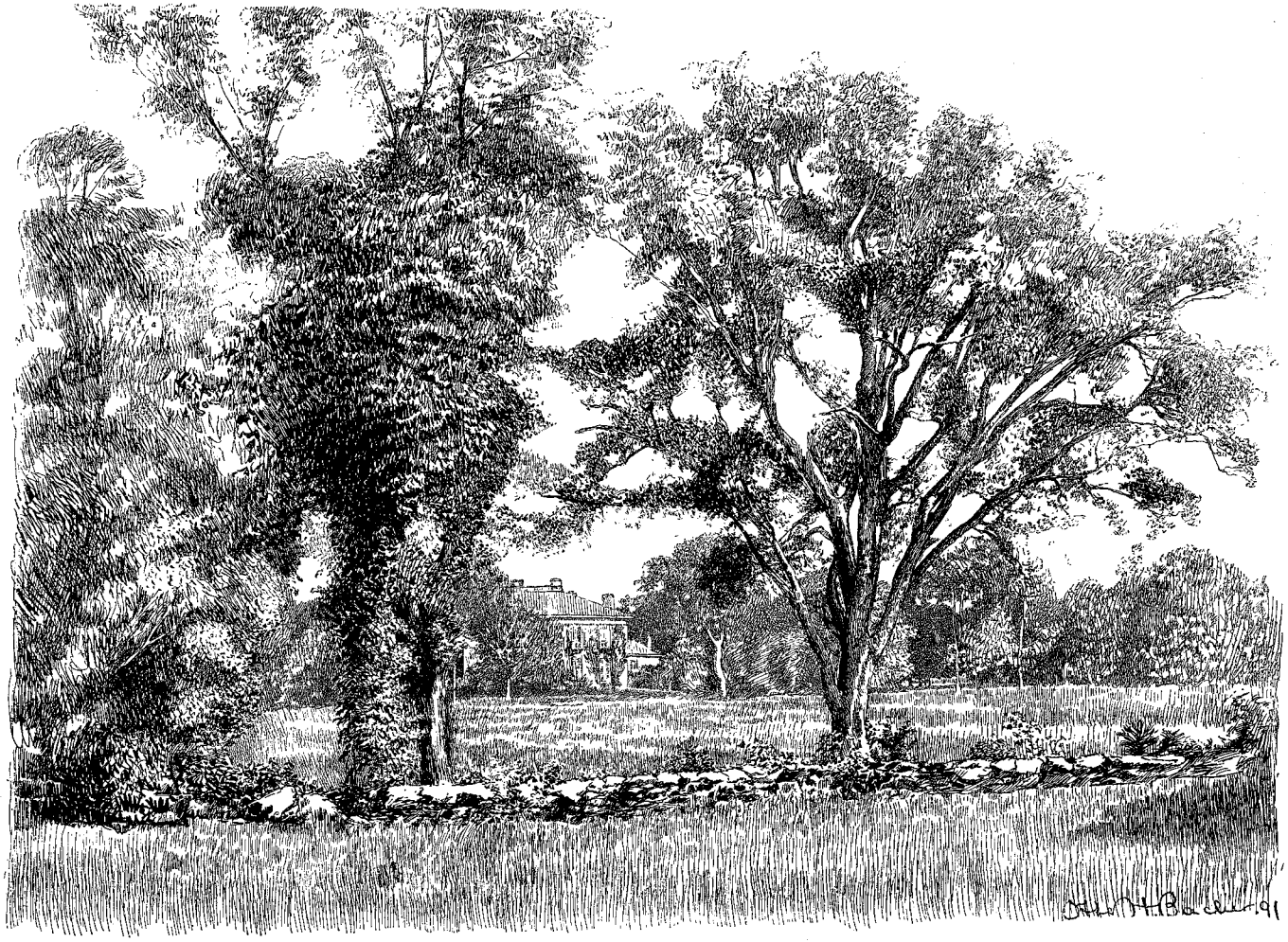

DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

The Pell House, Pelham Bay Park.

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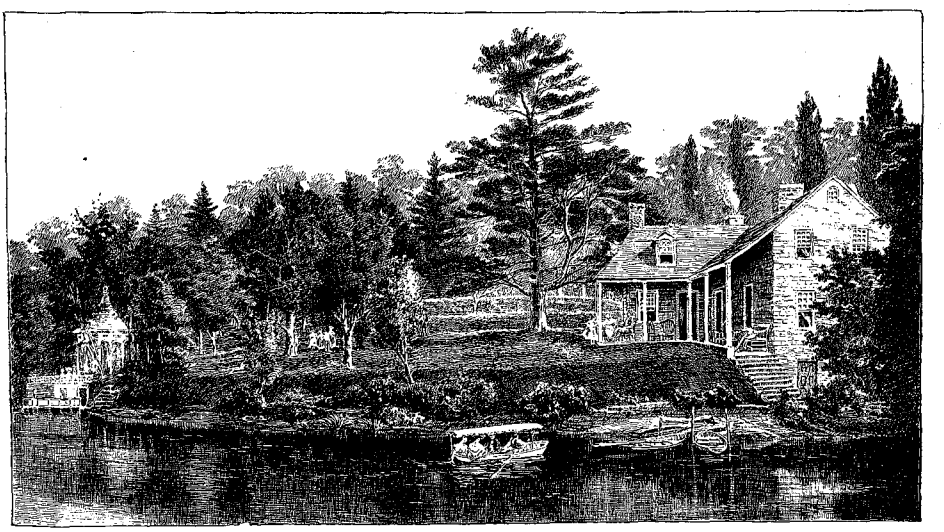
ples, proper places for Druid worship, but I doubt if they would have been so suitable for a public domain as the new parks are in their present condition. It is said that the old woods were silent, that the birds only sang in them near the clearing and cabin of some settler. The present parks, with their green grass, dog-wood, and lilacs, are better suited than these sublime scenes would have been to a townsman out with his family for a day's recreation. The parks treat him sufficiently to the "surprises" of nature, a word of which the poets are never tired. He finds on each new visit that the grass and leaves are really green, that in May this green has an orange hue, and that birds really do sing. Nature as modified by man is better suited to the general run of people than aboriginal nature. The orchards in the park are sure to be a general source of pleasure. The Japanese think much of cherry-blossoms, make great use of them in their parks, training them into all sorts of festoons. The Puritan apple-blossom is, no doubt, less tractable; but what is more characteristic than an old-fashioned, good-for-nothing apple-orchard, beset, when in blossom, with bees, and conscious of the neighborhood of a cheerful and many-colored brook? There are many of these orchards in the parks; we presume, of course, that they will be kept, and that even the stone walls will be left standing.

The new parks are natural parks. This is, of course, a great economical advantage. The constructors of Central Park have had very untractable material to deal with. The same thing may indeed be said of the city of New York. I have heard Mr. Green say that it has cost more to get New York in readiness to be built on than it has cost to build Philadelphia. Very little need be done to the new parks. The only considerable work proposed is upon the parkways, six hundred feet wide, connecting them. They are to be laid out with two or three rows of trees, grass-plats, carriage-roads, and foot-paths, etc. It would, no doubt, be well to have a bridle-path, or a space left which might become one, when needed. It is certainly an advantage to have a bridle-path by the side of a carriage-road. This is a great need in Central Park. The bridle-paths there are very pretty, but there should also be bridle-paths alongside the carriage-roads. People on horseback like to see the carriages and their occupants. In Rotten Row, for instance, the crowd always is at the end where the carriages are. I



Lydig House, Bronx Park.

(From a painting in the possession of Judge Charles P. Daly.)

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may here be allowed a moment's digression to say that it is still possible to correct this mistake in Central Park; by lowering the bridle-path east of the Reservoir a ride can be had superior to Rotten Row. The space between the Reservoir and Fifth Avenue is ample for a ride, a drive, and foot-paths. I have the authority of the Superintendent of the Parks for the statement that this change would be entirely practicable.

Falls on the Bronx River, near the Lorillard House.

It may not seem to come within the scope of this article to consider the propriety of certain purchases of park lands which have been proposed, but have not yet been consummated. Some of these propositions, however, have been very interesting. One very grandiose and picturesque idea has been to buy up the water-shed of Croton Lake and make it into a public park. The population in this valley is increasing, and it is feared that, with the building of villages on the banks of the lake and its tributary streams, the sources of the water-supply of New York may be contaminated. It is said also that this region has great advantages for a public park. It has beautiful scenery. It has hills from one thousand to one thousand two hundred feet high. It is full of lakes; there are perhaps twenty-five of these little lakes. Croton Lake is itself a pretty sheet of water. The word has such prosaic associations, such a suggestion of spigots, that it is somewhat difficult to understand that the familiar element might in its native region, if in sufficient quantity, have the properties of reflecting moonlight and exciting pleas-

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ure in the minds of poets. Ex-Mayor Edson considers that either the water-shed, or the land a quarter of a mile back from the streams, should be bought. It is alleged against the proposition that it is not practicable. The water-shed contains some three hundred and seventy-eight square miles, or some thirty-seven thousand acres. To be sure, this is not so big as Fontainebleau, but it is pretty big. It would cost perhaps ten million dollars to buy the land, and the city may not be able to spend that much for such a purpose. The population is estimated, on what appears to be a good authority, at twenty-five thousand. These people would have to be deported something after the manner of the Acadians in Longfellow's poem.

Lorillard House, Bronx Park.

Another proposition for the purchase of park land, and one to which less objection may be made, is to set apart land in the extreme north of Manhattan Island. This is now a particularly beautiful piece of country. It is very high and rolling, and the view which it commands of the Hudson and Harlem Rivers is really noble. Its natural features will, of course, soon be effaced, unless it should be very quickly bought up for the public use. If the reader will look at the map, he will see that there is need of a park area in that neighborhood. The east side of New York is fairly well provided with parks at present, but on the west side there is very little park land between Central and Van Cortlandt Parks. He should some day take the cable car from 125th Street and see for himself what charming scenery and what a fine prospect the northern part of this island affords. There is little fear that we shall have too much park land. New York, as compared with the other great cities of the world, is even now not particularly well provided with parks. These propositions, especially that about the Croton water-shed, may seem ex-

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travagant, but things which seem a little wild and foolish as propositions have a way of looking very sensible and quite right when they have once got themselves done. The fact that the old-fashioned American freedom of access to private property is every day being more and more curtailed should incite us to provide ourselves betimes with public lands.

In reading the history of the purchases of public lands, one is reminded of the story of the Sibylline books. Delay means either greatly increased expense or a lost opportunity. In 1807 De Witt Clinton, who was then mayor, proposed the purchase of a park bounded by Twenty-third and Thirty-fourth Streets and Third and Seventh Avenues. This park will be seen on the map of that year as a parade ground. But the people of that day did not appreciate Clinton's suggestion. All that is now left of his proposed park is Madison Square. The late Judge Ingraham, who was a member of the Board of Aldermen, was a man of wise perceptions. He recognized that New York needed to preserve a broad avenue northward for railroads and commerce, and he proposed widening Fourth Avenue, which is the old Boston Road, to one hundred and fifty feet and constructing a wide thoroughfare through the Bowery to Broad Street. But he could not get the Board of Aldermen to acknowledge the wisdom of this measure. Both of these propositions, particularly the latter, would have been of great service to New York if they had been carried out.

It is intended to introduce into the parks certain public institutions. In Bronx Park it is proposed to establish a botanical garden. The Legislature has passed a bill incorporating a society to establish and control such a garden, and directing the erection by the city of the proper buildings, when the society shall have raised $250,000. The objects of the garden will be to

On the Bronx River.

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cultivate and to display such plants of our own country and of the world as can be grown out of doors; to display native and exotic in-door plants; the investigation and study of the vegetable kingdom; the supplying of other parks and public gardens with plants, and of the public schools with specimens. The great success of the Kew Gardens is one of the strongest considerations in favor of such an enterprise here. Kew is a great school for gardeners. It supplies 120 institutions of learning, of which 100 are common schools, with 3,000,000 plants; these plants are sent out in wagons. As evidence of the attraction which flower exhibitions have for people at large, it is said that more than a million people visited the Kew Gardens in 1890. At a late flower exhibition at the Madison Square Garden, in New York, there were 27,600 visitors during the five days, at an admission price of a half-dollar.

It is not known to everybody that New York had a botanical garden as early as 1801. This was the Elgin Garden, established by the generosity and zeal of Dr. David Hosack. Its site was near that of the Catholic cathedral, at the corner of Fiftieth Street and Fifth Avenue. The spirit of science was very active in the United States in the early years of the republic, and many learned institutions and societies were started. Dr. Hosack's adventure was one of these. Hosack was the Professor of Botany in Columbia College. His custom was to use the garden for the instruction of his students. Dr. John W. Francis, who was one of his pupils, says that it was the professor's custom to conclude his spring course of lectures by a strawberry festival, which took place in this garden. "I must let the class see," said the teacher, "that we are practical as well as theoretical. Linnæus cured his gout and protracted his life by strawberries." "They are a dear article," observed Dr. Francis, "to gratify the appetite of so many." "Yes, indeed," he rejoined, "but in due time, from our present method of culture, they will become abundant and cheap. The disciples of the illustrious Swede must have a foretaste of them, if they cost one dollar a piece."

But the city was scarcely in a condition in the first decade of this century to support such an institution. The State bought the ground after the war of 1812 and gave it to Columbia College, on condition that the garden should be kept up, and that the college should remove there, whenever it did remove. The college was, later, relieved from these conditions. The property extended from Fifth Avenue nearly to Sixth Avenue, and from Forty-seventh to Fifty-first Streets. This property is now the principal source of the college revenues.

The suggestion is made that a zoölogical garden be established in Pelham Park. This site would be as good as any in the new parks, and would be especially favorable for marine animals and the maintenance of an aquarium. There would be an advantage in having it definitely settled that a zoölogical collection is to be made in one of the new parks, if for no other reason than to put a stop to the attempts every now and then made to take up some new part of the Central Park for this purpose. This attempt has been made with singular pertinacity in the face of repeated expressions of the public disapprobation of such a measure. For the proper housing and exhibition of a really good collection of animals a great deal of ground is required, and this cannot be spared in Central Park. As long ago as 1859 a serious effort was made to establish some such zoölogical collection as is now contemplated in the new parks. The plan was to place this institution under the control of a private corporation. Such institutions in Europe are, with scarcely an exception, administered by private societies. It was, however, intended that the society should have such assistance from the city as might be judiciously given, just as is proposed in the case of the Bronx Botanical Garden. This enterprise failed for the reason that the incorporators were not got together within the time specified by the law. The project might now be renewed to advantage, and no doubt will be.

The subject of the new parks has relations to those of the tenement-houses

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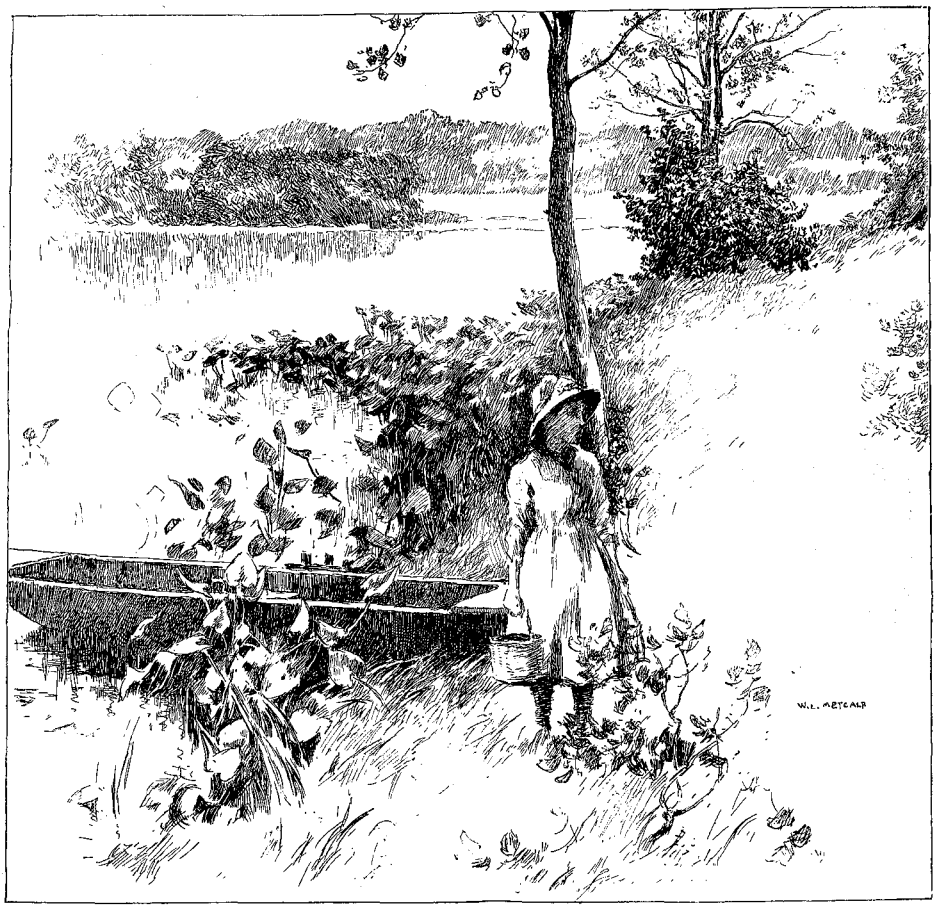
and rapid transit. The new parks will be used by the poorer classes for excursions and picnics, and they will also be of great service and attraction to them if, in the future, they should get more, when they are out of work they are paying the cheaper rent and do not have the expense of transit. But whatever may be the disposition of the occupants of the tenement-houses, they have



Van Cortlandt Lake in Van Cortlandt Park.

homes in the neighborhood of these parks. People who have made a study of the tenement-house question say, in contradiction of the usual cynical opinion, that the poorer classes are willing enough to live in separate houses in the suburbs, where such houses can be obtained; but that the expense of transit and the length of time occupied in getting between their houses and their places of work, are obstacles in the way of removal to the suburbs. The expense of transit is not a great consideration, because they more than make up for that by paying less for rent; furthermore, not been able to go into the country, because there are no houses to accommodate them, and because the needed facilities of transit have not been provided. Of course the two subjects of transit and lodging are closely related, for the lodging will not be provided until the means of transit has been secured. Should such arrangements be made as will enable the poor to live near the new parks, the parks will be a great pleasure and service to them. Of course the land immediately about the parks will be too expensive to be occupied by the houses of the poor, but they will be near

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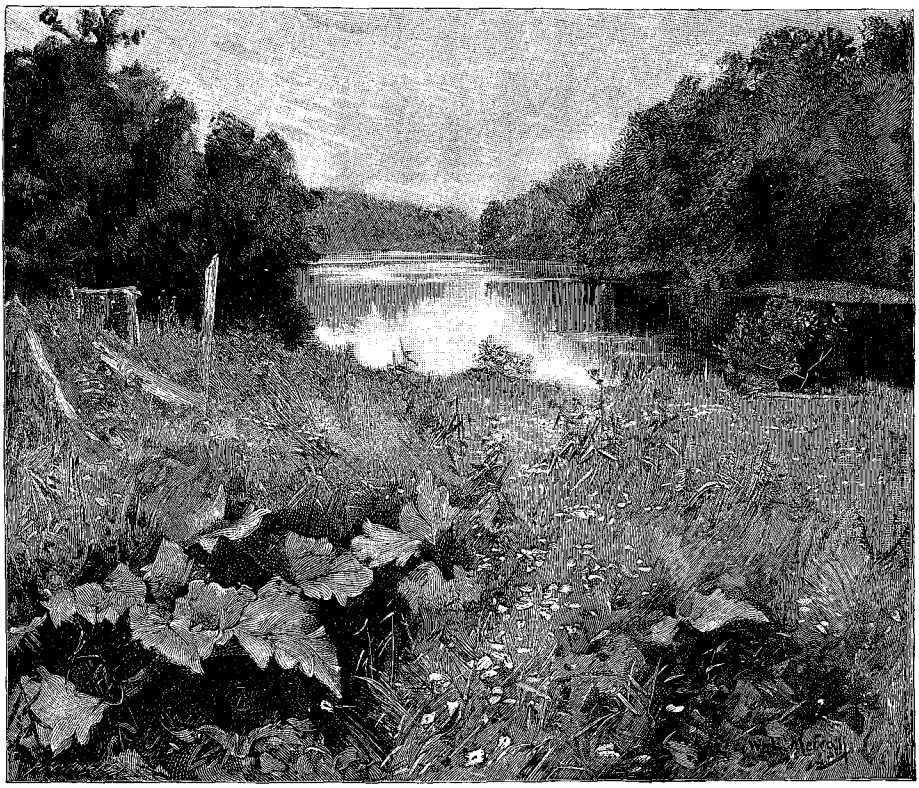

The Bronx River, near Lower End of Bronx Park.

enough to the parks to use them and enjoy them. Pleasant approaches to the parks from the districts occupied by them might be provided. This, by the way, is a subject now receiving a good deal of attention in England There the movement is toward the preservation of lanes and by-ways. As everybody knows, English towns are full of pretty lanes, and they are much enjoyed by laboring men who are out with their families for a Sunday afternoon stroll. It is proposed to preserve a certain number of those that lead from the districts occupied by the poor to parks or great thoroughfares. It is true that in this country we have not many pretty lanes to preserve, but pleasant roadways laid out with trees and grass may be created.

The immediate service, however, of the parks to the poor of New York will be to provide them with places for excursions. There are already sufficient means of transit for the parks to be used in this way. There is access to Van Cortlandt Park by the Northern road, which is an extension of the Sixth Avenue Elevated. The Suburban Elevated, which is the extension of the Third Avenue Elevated, separates Claremont and Crotona Parks, the latter, by the way, a truly classic glade. Bronx Park is but a short distance further on, and may be reached by the Harlem Railroad. Pelham Park may be reached by the Harlem branch of the New Haven Railroad.

Upon the subject of railways it may be remarked that the extension of the elevated system, and the building of the new projected underground railroad, will have the effect of lowering the rates for suburban travel on the New York Central and New York & New Haven railroads and their branches. The Rapid Transit Commission has decided upon an underground railroad to Spuyten Duyvil Creek, and a tunnel or a viaduct thence to the city limits. Of course the

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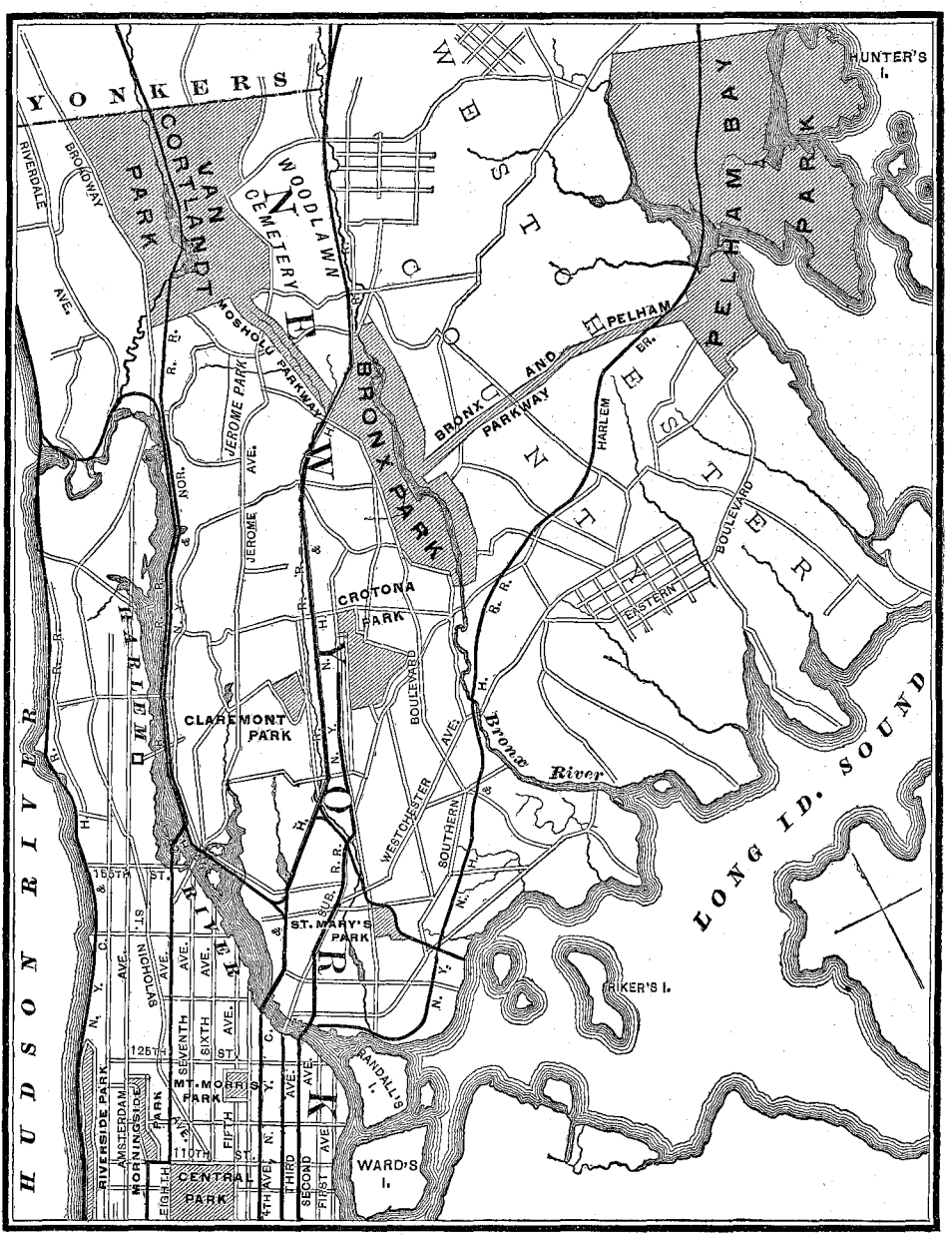
financial difficulties of a surface or elevated railroad through the built-up part of the city may be insurmountable, but there can be no question that travelling in the open air is, for reasons of health, comfort, and pleasure, greatly to be preferred to travelling in a tunnel. It would be a pity, therefore, if the road beyond Spuyten Duyvil, and even through as much of the upper part of Manhattan Island as is not built up, should not be in the open air.

For access to the parks, however, the people of New York are not dependent upon railroads, for the pleasantest means of approach is, of course, by



Map of the New Parks, New York.

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boats. It is said there are some two thousand societies about New York which might use these parks for excursions.

As has been said, it is proposed to leave the new parks as they are. No doubt the less done to them the better. It will be, however, as well for the public to keep on the lookout against an officious disposition on the part of those in charge of them. On my first visit to Pelham Park I found a tall tombstone which had been erected over a trotting-horse—Stella—belonging to the late Dr. R. L. Morris, with this inscription, the wit of which, of course, consists in the slang use of the English word "traveller:" "Equa celerrima, Stella, obiit—Siste, viator, major viator hic jacet," "The very swift mare, Stella, died—pause, traveller, a greater traveller lies here." This tombstone has since been removed—not a very intelligent proceeding.

One important thing remains to be done, which, indeed, has not yet been contemplated, namely, to connect Van Cortlandt Park with the Hudson River. It is a great pity that this park does not go through to the river. As the system of parks skirts Long Island Sound on the east, there would have been a special completeness in having it extended to the Hudson on the west. But there should, at any rate, be a parkway to the river. A parkway laid out as it is proposed to arrange the Mosholu parkway, having also spaces for cables of electric cars, could be obtained without any great difficulty or expense. It would then be possible for people to sail up the Hudson in the morning, land in Van Cortlandt Park, cross from Van Cortlandt Park, through Bronx Park, to Pelham Park in some kind of conveyance, and sail homeward by the Sound and the East River in the evening. This is, of course, in the future. But excursions from New York may land at Pelham Park as soon as the docks are built. They should have been built last spring. The explanation given for the failure to do this is a doubt as to the claim of the city to the water-rights. But the right, supposing there be a doubt about it, lies between the city and the State. An arrangement may easily be made by which New York may at once avail itself of Pelham Park for excursions.

It has hardly been possible to give an idea in words of the general features of the parks beyond saying that they are a very pretty piece of country, lying between the Hudson and the Sound, much like any other piece of perfectly natural country in the same region. Variety is their most remarkable quality. It would certainly be difficult to find, further north and east, within equal limits, a stretch so various, with noble and famous river scenery on the one side, on the other a beautiful arm of the sea between glittering margins of sand many miles apart, and midway, in Bronx, a charming woodland watered by a pastoral rivulet. In general position the parks have been extremely well chosen. It may be that their boundaries, which sometimes cross the tops of hills rather than skirt the foot of them, might have been better fixed, had the work been done by skilled engineers and landscape gardeners. But the task of getting the parks at all was very difficult of accomplishment; persons in charge of difficult undertakings cannot always wait to accomplish them in an entirely ideal manner. At any rate the public has the parks. We say their position has been admirably chosen; they are diversely situated. Crotona and Claremont, two beautiful pieces, are in sight of the apartment houses. In rural spots very near to cities, no matter how little they may have been touched, there is always a sense of sadness. You notice this in Claremont and Crotona, and even in Bronx. It is as if the dryads were conscious that their days of occupation were numbered, had received notice to quit, and were only holding over forlornly at the will of some harsh evictor. Now that they have been taken under the public protection, and, as it were, have been put upon a reservation, let us hope they will be more cheerful. Van Cortlandt is, to our notion, the least interesting of the parks. It is, therefore, just as well that the parade ground is here. The military spirit is impatient of obstructions; it wishes the wood or the hill that is in the way to come down.

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But Van Cortlandt has its pretty features, and, in the interest of the trees and shrubbery the civil powers may wisely keep a jealous watch upon martial encroachments. The most remote of the parks, and perhaps the most beautiful, and, owing to its situation upon the water, the most useful and valuable, is Pelham. All of these parks have about the same proportion of woodland and pastoral country as other parts of the same region.

"GOLDEN MASHONALAND."

By Frank Mandy.

[MASHONALAND, which, in the past two years, has frequently been the cause of political complications in South Africa, is spoken of as the "future gold field of the world." The region is named after an African tribe, the Mashonas, and lies between the Portuguese boundary of the Sofala coast district on the east, and the Matebele country. Lo Bengulu, chief of the Matebeles, has conquered the Mashonas, and claims a sort of sovereignty over them. Through the efforts of Cecil Rhodes, Premier of Cape Colony, the Chartered Company of South Africa, known as the British South Africa Company, was organized in 1889 with the Duke of Fife as President. This commercial company was conceded by the British Government great political powers, and a monopoly of the resources of the whole territory north of 22° south latitude and east of 20° east longitude — a region including Bechuanaland Protectorate, Matebeleland, Mashonaland, and an undefined region north of the Zambesi. Over Mashonaland the Portuguese claimed a right by treaties with that tribe, but by the abortive Anglo-Portuguese treaty of August, 1890, this country, with a vast area beyond it, extending to the Congo Free State, was acknowledged to be British. Early in 1891 fresh troubles broke out between the Portuguese and the British South Africa Company. Open hostilities were imminent, when Lord Salisbury offered terms to the Portuguese Government that were more favorable than the treaty of 1890, relinquishing 50,000 square miles north of the Zambesi. South of the Zambesi the British South Africa Company are allotted an enlarged territory, but the Portuguese still retain a part of Manicaland. This treaty was signed in June, 1891. Lo Bengulu at one time signed a document which, it is alleged, gave the Chartered Company a monopoly of lands and mines in Matebeleland and Mashonaland, but he has since denied it and returned the gifts of money and rifles made by the company in accordance with the agreement. The work of the Pioneer Corps, which is described in the accompanying article, was to open up Mashonaland, establish a permanent roadway, and prepare the region for settlement. Despatches in December, 1891, announced that a railroad from the river Pungue, twelve miles from Beira, on the Indian Ocean, to the gold diggings in Mashonaland, is underway. A number of routes were surveyed, and the one chosen will be less than 200 miles in length. The British South Africa and the Portuguese Mozambique Companies will construct the line together, and building will begin in April, 1892. One hundred miles of the route will be completed, it is believed, by the end of December. Mr. Frank Mandy, the author of the accompanying article, is an acknowledged authority on Mashonaland, having first visited the country about fifteen years ago, and for the past eight years he has been familiar with both Mashonaland and Matebeleland.]

Just two years ago, I delivered a lecture in Johannesburg on "Matebeleland and its People;" and repeated it a few weeks later in Cape Town. The lecture was then published in pamphlet form, and was very favorably received by the public. I have reason to believe

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that it directed the attention of many toward Mashonaland, and numbers of people have since gone to that country, attracted thither by the account I had given of its resources.

Before proceeding further I wish your readers to understand that I am not in the service of the Chartered Company; nor, except for the short term during which I was attached to the "Pioneer Corps," have I ever been, even indirectly, an employé of that Company.

I had the honor of holding a commission in the "Pioneer Corps," and accompanied that little force on its march to Mashonaland. After its disbandment at Fort Salisbury, in September last year, I spent eight months prospecting and travelling in that country; and have seen it under new aspects and conditions.

Before that, neither I nor anyone else had ever remained a summer through in Mashonaland; and in the course of this article I will try and give your readers a faithful account of what I observed there, telling them not only of its wonderful resources, but laying bare the drawbacks which the settler will have to contend with.

I will begin by giving a short account of the "Pioneer" march and the occupation of the land.

The Pioneers numbered about 150 men, drawn from every part of the Cape Colony. Almost every district was represented in the force. Made up as it was of young Africander farmers, and men originally from England, but who had spent the best years of their lives either farming, hunting, or prospecting in almost every part of South Africa, the corps could hardly have been improved upon for the work it had to do. The predominating feature in the character of all the men was a spirit of self-reliance. It was a corps of crack shots; almost every man a sportsman, and as much at home in the trackless forest as a schoolboy in the foot-ball field. Each one knew the very risky nature of the venture, and all went into it with eyes wide open.

Our little band mustered on the banks of the Macloutsie River early in the month of June, 1890, and it was at first intended that the "Pioneers," under the command of Major Johnson, the founder of the corps, were to proceed alone to Mount Hampden; and when the road was made, to be followed by a strong body of the Chartered Company's police. But at the last moment this programme was changed. General Methuen, who had been sent by the High Commissioner (Governor Loch) to inspect our force, decided that we should be accompanied by two troops of the British South Africa Company's police; and placed the whole expedition under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Pennefather, an imperial officer.

The result of this change was, the Pioneers became soldiers. But no amount of red tape, nor that training which turns men into machines, could stamp out of our men their one great predominating characteristic — individual self-reliance.

Very soon the Pioneers mastered the simple mounted infantry drill; and the force received very flattering encomiums from the General, who seemed much amused at the respectful familiarity with which he was treated by some of the men.

There was a grand field day; the General had drawn up a plan of campaign; thirty wagons and the entire armament of the Pioneers were ordered to be on the march, exactly as if they were engaged on the serious work of going through an enemy's country, exposed to danger of attack on every side, and at any moment. The column was trekking through dense "bush;" scouts in front and rear; flanking patrols on either side. The General rode round with his staff, to see how the line of march was guarded. While on one flank, he observed a single pioneer some few hundred yards to one side of the advancing wagons. Riding up, he accosted him: "What duty are you performing?" "I'm one of the left flanking party," said the Pioneer. "Now, supposing this were real," said the General, "and you were ordered on flanking patrol; how far from the column would you go out?" "Well," said the man, glancing round at the dense forest through which he could not see more than twenty yards in any direction, "I should go about

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four or five hundred yards away." "If I were sent out as you," said the General, "I would go four or five miles away." "Would you?" the Pioneer said; "then if *I* were you, I wouldn't."

The discipline of the corps was perfect; no man wanted forcing to do his duty. Each one knew what had to be done, and did it thoroughly. I must say a word here for the Chartered Company's Police; they are a body that few countries in the world could raise. In physique, in intelligence, and in their skill with the rifle, it would be difficult to find their equals in any other military force.

The little band of Pioneers and two troops of Police made their final plunge into the unknown on July 1, 1890. On the day previous they had crossed the Tuli River, and at four o'clock on the following morning the force silently broke "laager," and streamed away into the dense forests of Mopani and thorn, through which the road had to be cut for the greater part of the first two hundred miles. B Troop of the Pioneers had started nearly a fortnight before, and had already cut some forty miles of road, and awaited the column at the Umzingwane River. After this, the road-cutting party always managed to keep a day ahead of the column. Some of Khama's men assisted in this road-making in the heaviest parts; but the Pioneers practically did all the work.

The chopping troop ahead was always protected from surprise by scouts and patrols, and it came very hard on men who had been toiling with the axe all day, to have to mount guard at night; but all was cheerfully done. Behind marched the main column. Laager was broken at four o'clock every morning. First went the advance guard, with flankers on either side several hundred yards away; some six or eight hundred yards in their rear marched the main body of the advance guard with the Maxim gun; connecting links put the two bodies in communication. After a short interval came the Pioneer artillery troop, with two seven-pounders; then marched a troop of Police immediately ahead of the wagons, which trekked slowly in a double line; for the Pioneers had cut two roads as near as possible parallel, about twenty yards apart. This shortened by one-half our long train of eighty-nine wagons. Following in their rear, came another troop with the Gardiner gun; then a line of connecting links, and finally the rear guard. The entire line was protected on either side by flanking parties; and scouts and patrols were out a long distance ahead, on our left and in the rear.

It was thought that by these precautions we should avoid being surprised, and would have plenty of time to form laager in case of attack. In a wonderfully short time, everyone fell into the routine of the march, and knew exactly what to do. Laagers were formed in the shortest time possible and without the least confusion; and just as easily and rapidly the column was again placed in motion. After the night laager was formed, the horses were picketed and fed, and the various messes prepared their food. Supper over, the assembly sounded, all stood to their arms, and the entire force was told off to the wagons at which they were to sleep, and in case of attack to defend. All night steam was kept up in the engine; and at intervals the powerful electric search-light sent its mysterious white bands of light into the dark woods around.

And so it went on from day to day, the column winning its anxious way mile after mile, with an occasional scare, but unmolested. Our hardy band of choppers ever in front, cutting a double road through dense forests where never a track had been made; making drifts through numberless spruits and rivers; and all this through a country unknown to every man on the expedition.

Although Lo Bengulu and most of his principal Indunas were favorable to the march of the whites through his country, the powerful young regiments were in a very excited state. I have since heard from men who were at Bulawayo (the Matebele capital) during our march, that a large part of the nation firmly believed our intention was to get around to the north of their country, from which side there was an easy entrance, and from thence invade Matebeleland. So convinced were they of this, that regiment after regiment came up and clamored for permission to go down and

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"wipe" us out, while still in the densely wooded mountainous lowlands of the Banyai. At last they declared that if the king remained longer passive, they would take the matter into their own hands. Lo Bengulu then carried out his usual policy, and allowed himself to be swept along by the stream. He sent three Indunas, accompanied by Mr. Colenbrander, to order the column to turn back; but he sent them to Tuli, knowing full well the column had already reached Lundi.

The king's words were: "I say to you, turn back, there is no road where you are going. Do you imagine the Matebele only can bleed? Are the white men made of stone, that their blood won't flow? I say to you turn back at once. If you continue to advance after hearing these, my words, the consequences be upon your own heads; for few, if any, of you will ever return to tell your friends what has happened."

This warlike message kept the people quiet, and gave our force time to reach the open plateau of Mashonaland unmolested. Colonel Pennefather's answer to this ultimatum was: "I am the Queen's man; she has sent me to see Rhodes's people safe in Mashonaland; being a soldier, I must obey my orders, and pay no attention to your message."

At last, on August 13, 1890, the little column emerged from the low country onto the Mashona plateau, by the now well-known Providential Gorge; a wonderful outlet through an almost impassable barrier of mountains. It is twelve miles of a gentle ascent; the pass does not wind, and there was plenty of room for the double line of wagons; not an obstacle except the thick forest through which the roads had to be cut. It is the only outlet that admits of a wagon-road for many miles on either side; and wonderful to relate, we struck it exactly in our track.

When the beautiful uplands of Victoria were reached, a feeling of great joy and intense relief spread itself through all ranks; the heavy burden of anxious expectation of attack, under which all had marched since leaving Tuli, dropped like a weight from each and all; and its place was taken by a light-hearted sense of security.

A halt was called here to rest the tired cattle, and allow Sir John Willoughby, who was close behind with a third troop of Police, to overtake us. Fort Victoria was built on some commanding ground at the head of the pass, and garrisoned by one troop of Police with a Gatling gun. After nearly a week's rest, the column again started. Our march was now through comparatively open "veldt;" and on account of the height at which we were—always more than four thousand feet, and sometimes more than five thousand feet, above sea-level—the air was cool, and at night keen and cold. Even here we had a few scares, caused by the timidity of the Mashonas, ever on the lookout for a Matebele raid. But all went well. One hundred and thirty miles to the north of Victoria, another halt was called; the Pioneers built Fort Charter between the heads of the Umgezi and Sabi Rivers. Here we dropped another troop of Police, and again pressed forward. Seventy miles more, without a hitch or scare, and our column, reduced to the Pioneers and one troop of Police, reached the plains of Salisbury—about twelve miles to the south of Mount Hampden—on September 12, 1890.

Immediately on arrival, the Pioneers set to work to build a fort; the ground was tough and the work hard; but on September 29th, the fort was finished and handed over to the Police. On the 30th our little party of Pioneers was disbanded; wagons and oxen lent to parties of six; and by the evening of October 1st not a Pioneer was left at Fort Salisbury. North, south, east, and west they had scattered, eager to find the gold which was to repay them for all their risks and hardships.

Looking back, it seems difficult to believe that our convoy of eighty-nine heavily laden wagons had succeeded in traversing four hundred miles, from Tuli to Salisbury, the greater part of the way through thick forests, over numberless spruits and rivers, the drifts through which had all to be made, and through a country unknown to every man, in the short space of nine weeks. Our guide, Captain F. C. Selous (the well-known hunter), did wonders. I am

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sure no other man could have piloted us as he did, his mere presence gave the men a sense of security. Besides being guide, he was the head of the Intelligence Department, and his scouts (the pick of the Pioneers) were ever out, several days journey in front, to the west and in the rear. When most of the difficulties had been overcome, and we were within seventy miles of Mount Hampden, Selous, much against his will, left the column to proceed on a mission to the eastward. When the news of his departure spread through the laager, a sense of insecurity began to take hold of the men, and many prophesied disaster from the change. We started with a new guide; but like a rudderless ship, whichever way the column turned it came to grief. So much confusion and delay was the result, that Selous was sent for, his mission to the east postponed, and to the joy of all he resumed his post of guide.

The two men to whom, beyond all others, the wonderful success of this expedition is due, are Major F. Johnson and Captain F. C. Selous. Although Major Johnson was not in supreme command, yet his wonderful power of organization, in the formation and supplying of the expedition, made itself felt, and was a most powerful factor in bringing about the perfect success which attended our march. In saying this, I do not seek to lessen any credit due to Colonel Pennefather; but his work was plain sailing compared with that accomplished by Selous and Johnson.

I will here try and give a short sketch of the countries through which we marched, between Tuli and Salisbury.

The first fifty miles after leaving Tuli was through a dense forest of Mopani and thorn, uninteresting and flat. But after crossing the Umshabetsi River we entered the beautiful country of the Banyai. Magnificently watered by noble rivers, such as the Nuanetsi, the Lundi, and Toqwi; and by numberless streams and fountains, springing from the bases of the thousands of granite hills with which the land is filled; possessing a soil rich as the heart of an agriculturist can desire; the Banyai country is in truth very lovely. Travelling through it, one can never cease wondering at the grotesque bald masses of granite which rear their polished heads hundreds of feet above the surrounding country; their sides almost perpendicular and quite unscalable; their bases densely wooded with trees almost as quaint and grotesque as themselves. Here and there the baobab throws up its bare gnarled arms like some damned monster writhing in agony—reminding one of the trees in Doré's illustrations of Dante's "Inferno."

Away on the tops of seemingly inaccessible granite piles, can be seen the huts of the timid Banyai, looking no larger than ant-heaps; and beside them, the inhabitants, small in proportion, as they peer down at the strangers passing through their land. These poor creatures have lived for many years in constant dread of the Matebele, under whose fierce sway they exist. They pay yearly tribute to Lo Bengulu; and woe betide the unlucky village that cannot satisfy the tax-gatherers — slaughter of the men, capture and slavery of the younger women, and plunder of everything the bandits can lay their hands upon. They never dream of resistance, and this seems strange; for these low-country Banyais are a sturdy, well-developed race.

But this lovely country is not yet fit for occupation by white men. The summer is very unhealthy, and almost all the deaths which have been debited to Mashonaland must be placed to the account of Banyailand.

After climbing out of the Banyai country, and during a few days halt, I visited the ruins of Zimbabwe, rather more than fifteen miles to the southeast of Victoria. A few hours ride through a charming country brought us to a high mountain upon which we could see extensive fortifications. The natives poured down, armed with bows and arrows and assegais, to greet us. The chief, after extracting a waistcoat, a pound of powder, and half a dozen yards of calico from us, sent his son to guide us to the ruins. Following a footpath round the western base of the mountain, we found ourselves in an open hill-enclosed space; and close in front was the wonderful, mysterious circular building, the most imposing of these puzzling ruins. The southeast

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face, which was evidently the front, is the most carefully finished, the curve of the walls being perfect. The masonry is very good, and considering the materials used, would be a credit to any master-builder of to-day.

The whole structure is faced, both inside and out, with flat pieces of granite which have flaked naturally from the immense outcrops in the vicinity. These flat flakings have been broken into equal-sized slabs about a foot long by nine inches broad, and about an inch thick. The walls are thirty feet high and of immense thickness, tapering toward the top. I don't know how thick they would be at the base; but two bullock wagons could stand abreast on the top. They are not plumb, but curve outward like the sides of a bowl. Though none of the stones are hewn or shaped, the walls are beautifully finished; and nowhere is there a space into which I could get my little finger. No mortar was used. So perfect is the state of preservation that the structure might have been raised yesterday. No sign of the wear and tear of time on the stone, the edges sharp as if just broken off the parent slab.

For a third of the way round the top, on the southeast face, runs a sort of frieze or ornamentation, looking from below about a foot in depth. This was effected by courses of stone let in on edge, and forming a diamond-shaped pattern. The hollows of the diamonds are filled with reddish-colored tiles, and this throws the scroll work into strong relief, making it very effective. The size of the building is, I should guess, about half that of the Colosseum at Rome.

Originally there was but one entrance, and that in the eastern face opposite the high fortified mountain. This gap was about two feet in width, and was approached through a labyrinth the walls of which are now in ruins; but when perfect, the building could have been entered only through a sort of Hampton Court maze, and without a guide must have been difficult. Entering by this, the regular doorway, you find yourself on a sort of raised gallery which runs round the eastern wall in the interior of the building. From this gallery you can see amidst the shrubs and undergrowth ruins of what seem to have been dwellings.

This wonderful building had no windows, no roof, and but one narrow entrance. Inside there is a bewildering tangle of the most luxuriant vegetation imaginable. Huge trees reared their massive trunks, and flung their richly foliaged branches in every direction; and hanging from them in a perfect lacework, were hundreds of delicate vines and stouter lianas. The air was moist and warm like the atmosphere of a hothouse; and the light dim and subdued, as in a Gothic cathedral.

Breaking his way through the thick undergrowth, our guide led us to the southeast end of the "*temple*"—(for such it must have been). Here rose a massive cone-shaped column, built of small granite blocks. It rises to a height of thirty-four feet, in form like a huge champagne bottle cut off at the shoulder. At its base were steps leading up to a platform about six feet above the present level of the ground. Close alongside is a smaller pillar, cut off flat about breast high, giving one the idea of an altar. But the wealth of vegetation makes it very difficult to see things well. You can't step back and take a distant view of this column—a few yards, and the whole is shut out from sight. We had to stand right under, and I came away with a decided pain in my neck from looking straight above me.

Toward the western end, amidst the vines and tangled shrubbery, we found two large but narrow slabs of granite, curved like the rib-bones of a whale, and so planted in the ground as nearly to form an arch. Upon these we eagerly searched for some inscription or carving; but here, as everywhere, the page was blank. Not a sign, nor a clue anywhere; no sculpture or carving could we find in our hurried search. It was tantalizing and unsatisfactory, for only wild and baseless guesses could be made at the age or origin of these mysterious ruins.

We had spent so much time in examining this old temple, that we found now there was none left to climb the mountain and inspect the ruins there. From below we could see a very massive wall more than twenty feet high, surmounting a steep and quite unscalable krantz; and numbers of other walls on various parts of the mountain. Its

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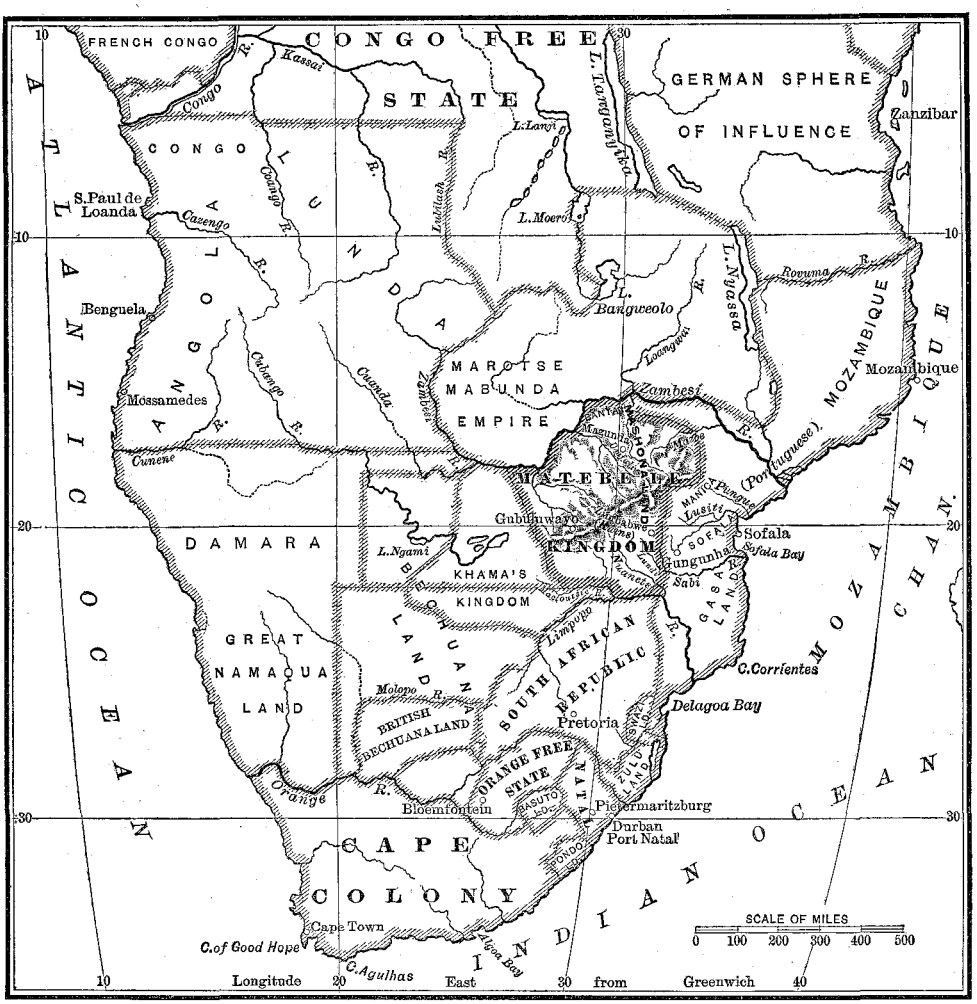

Map of Matebele Kingdom, Mashonaland, and adjoining Provinces of South Africa.

northern face had been cut into eight terraces, which had been built up with stone-work. And altogether the mountain showed unmistakable signs of having been a citadel of immense strength. The ancient city must have been built on its sides and on the plain at its base.

Four hours had flown like so many minutes, and we were obliged to tear ourselves away and start for Fort Victoria, which we did not reach till late at night.

The next two hundred miles, from Fort Victoria to Salisbury, was over a lovely country, splendidly watered and well wooded, with a very rich soil in most parts. Our guide kept the ridge between the Zambesi and Sabi watersheds; on either side were the fountain-heads of some of the largest tributaries of these two rivers. These fountain-heads are bogs and morasses for some considerable distance. Every valley is sodden with springs. When this country is occupied it will be necessary to open up these fountains, and dig furrows to form channels for the waters which at present only ooze through the soil. By this means the valleys will be drained of their superfluous wet, and lovely streamlets will replace the treacherous bogs.

The beauty of the landscapes during this part of our march, was heightened

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by the brilliant tints of the spring foliage. The forests of the Mashona plateau are composed of two species of trees; the Goussi and the Machobel. The peculiarity of their growth is, that from the first bud to the full mature leaf, they exhibit every shade, from the deepest crimson to the palest rose, and from the lightest orange to the deepest green. As these trees do not all mature at the same time, there are three months in the year when the woods are masses and combinations of the loveliest hues imaginable. These grassy highlands were decked with many varieties of most beautiful flowers. Loveliest of all, in the estimation of every one, was a glorious little blossom something like a hybiscus. It grows on a tiny little plant amidst the grass, and all over the veldt, at intervals of only a foot or two, its bright, soft, crimson face smiled a welcome to us. Most of the flowers of Mashonaland have more the appearance of highly cultivated exotics, rather than simple wild flowers.

The inhabitants of Mashonaland are rather disappointing. Their physique and bodily development are poor. Their color is intensely black, though their faces are more Arabic than negro. As agriculturists they show out well. Even very small villages cultivate immense lands with considerable skill and great intelligence. When breaking up new ground, they invariably utilize the grass and trees, of which they clean it, as manure. They carefully dig and trench it, throwing the sod over the grass and scattering the ashes of the burned trees over the soil. They then let the field lie fallow till the following season, when it is again dug and trenched and planted. The Mashona fields present a very neat appearance, the ridge and furrow system being employed for all crops except rice. In growing this latter grain, the seed is sown in round holes about a yard in diameter and a foot in depth; this collects and holds the water necessary for its growth. All their other crops are raised on ridges, with rather deep furrows alongside, for the opposite reason. They harvest annually immense quantities of mealies, Kaffir-corn, pogo, and rice, beans, ground-nuts, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, sweet reed, pumpkins, squashes, calabashes, and small quantities of tobacco. In some parts they have bananas, lemons, watermelons, and sweet melons. Although not a single tribe of them expected our advent, they were able to supply from their surplus stores the needs of over a thousand hungry white men for more than six months.

In the practical relation of the Mashonas to the white men, with regard to the labor market, these people are disappointing. The Mashona will not work —he seems mentally incapable of any long-continued exertion. He will come and lounge about a house or a wagon, will carry wood and water, and in a desultory way attend to the pots; but even this is too much like work to be kept up long. A servant seldom stays longer than one month, and during that time, if the pressure is increased and any real exertion required of him, he will suddenly and secretly leave without asking for payment, though as often as not it will be afterward found that he has helped himself. The present generation of Mashonas cannot be reckoned upon as laborers such as the country requires, and the market will have to be supplied from other sources. For farm work, for labor in the mines, and for all work incident to the development of the country, servants will have to be imported from other parts. Luckily good supplies will be obtainable at no great distance. The Matebele, the Zambesi tribes, and the Manica and Coast people, are all first-class workers, the first and last being particularly suitable, from their strength and hardihood, for the heavy work of mining. I have no doubt that the next generation of Mashonas will be better than the present. They have lived for fifty years the lives of hunted beasts, never safe from the terrible inroads of the Matebele; and who knows what their forefathers may have suffered from slave-dealing Arabs, and the mysterious gold-workers of old.

The Mashonas deserve our sympathy, and before we condemn them for their uselessness as servants, and for many other shortcomings, let us remember the terrible conditions of life among them before our arrival; and now, having freed these poor creatures from the

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degrading state of terror in which they lived, let us be patient, and give the gospel of freedom and industry time to take root; and I am sure the abject, despised Mashona will one day become a good and useful citizen.

My last visit to Mashonaland, and my eight months residence in various parts of it, had served to confirm and strengthen the opinions formed on my first visit to that country. The more I saw of it, the more convinced I became of its wonderful agricultural resources; and several years experience of colonial farming made me confident in my judgment. A large population could be maintained there on small holdings. All the conditions for success exist—good soil, abundance of water with facilities for irrigation, and a splendid climate. Beautiful streams and flowing rivers are met with everywhere; as numerous in the highest parts of the plateau as in the lower districts. The pasturage is rich and abundant, succulent and nourishing all the year round. In the granite belts the soil is light but very fertile; here however, it would require manure after three or four crops.

The most fruitful soil and the country best suited for general farming is on the gold and iron formations. Here the soil is deep, heavy loam, the drainage good, and anything in the wide world would grow and flourish with only a little care.

Mashonaland, I venture to predict, will become one of the greatest fruit-producing countries in the world. European cereals will do well as winter crops, and a large export trade will follow when the Pungue route is opened to the coast.

Cattle, judging by the way our own oxen throve, and by the appearance of the few cows possessed by the natives (the very few which have escaped Matebele plunderers), will do well. Cattle disease seems unknown there. Of sheep I can say little; actual experience will be the only test, as no merino sheep have ever been in the country. Cape sheep and goats, however, do remarkably well. Horses die from horse-sickness, and for many years this plague will be a drawback, though good stabling, as in the Transvaal, would be a safeguard. In this respect, Mashonaland is not worse than the Transvaal.

From the outset, farmers will have good markets close at hand. The mining population, and the towns which must spring up at all mining centres will secure them customers for all surplus produce. The ease and cheapness of transport to the coast by rail and waterway, when the Pungue route is opened, will enable them to export everything in excess of the needs of the country.

The climate is one of the pleasantest in the world; cold and exhilarating in winter, and not too hot during summer. At no time of the year is the heat as great as in the Cape colony. From October 1, 1890, to the end of May, 1891, I lived in the open air, and between those dates walked several hundred miles; and I can truthfully say that I never, even on one day, found the heat too great for comfortable walking.

The settler in Mashonaland will have to face certain natural disadvantages, and these are first swamps, second fever, third, flies, midges, and mosquitoes. The second and third are consequent on the first. Cure the first and the two latter disappear of themselves. Horse-sickness I have mentioned.

The rainfall of last season was excessive, consequently I saw the country at its worst. It is only during the summer months of December, January, February, and April that these disadvantages are felt. All the swamps are on slopes, and it is surprising to see the incline at which many of them exist. They are to be found only on the granite formation. At first it was puzzling to account for them, but one soon discovers why they are here. The granite soil, light and porous, drinks in the rain as it falls, until it is saturated down to the bed-rock, which in swampy ground is seldom more than three feet from the surface. The grass, matted and thick, prevents the water running off in rills, and so forming channels. There are no dongas in Mashonaland; the absence of flocks and herds account for this, as their footpaths are generally the beginnings of the sluits which drain a country. The swamps ask only for furrows as beginnings; the running water will itself

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deepen and broaden the channels. I could not help but notice how eagerly the swamp water made use of any chance wagon track, and rushed off in the wheel ruts, to find its way to the streams and rivers. Some labor and patience would be required, but with them swamps would soon cease to exist, and then no more fever midges or mosquitoes.

And now a word about the fever; it is of the usual malarial type, but very mild in its nature; so mild that in many instances it was shaken off without the aid of any medicine. The climate is not to be blamed for much of the fever that prevailed. It speaks volumes for the climate, that out of considerably more than a thousand men scattered over a new country, badly clothed, poorly sheltered, short of the necessaries, and without any of the comforts of life, the death-rate for the whole summer did not exceed one per cent.

While I was there—and that was from September 12, 1890, to May 15, 1891—ten men died. Of these one was killed by lions, one accidentally shot himself, chronic dysentery accounted for two, leaving only six deaths from fever. But Banyailand and the neighborhood of the Crocodile River are deadly places, where numbers of men contracted fevers which cost them their lives.

The gold of Mashonaland will prove its great attraction at first. I prospected in two of its gold districts uninterruptedly during seven months; and was in constant communication with men who had been prospecting the other known gold belts. At present there are six districts into which Pioneers have penetrated. These are the Hartley Hills, about sixty miles southwest of Salisbury, the Umferli, twenty-five miles west of Hartley Hills; the Lo Mogundi or Northern gold-fields, ninety miles northwest of Salisbury; twenty miles north from Salisbury are the Mazoe fields; ninety miles east of Mazoe lies the Kaiser Wilhelm; and the Manica, about a hundred and thirty miles to the southeast of Salisbury. By this it will be seen that Salisbury, the capital, is situated in a very central position with relation to the gold-fields.

These districts are very large—Hartley Hills being the smallest. I have been over the greater part of the Mazoe field and found its prospects very good. The quartz reefs I saw were wonderfully rich; they were not very large, nor could they be traced for any very great distance, on account of the mountainous and broken nature of the country. But one reef I saw in the Mazoe was an exception; it was forty feet thick, and the *outcrop* could be traced for more than five hundred yards. Five feet of this reef panned splendidly, and through it there ran a "pay-streak," about nine inches wide, peppered with visible gold, and panning more than one hundred ounces to the ton. The lucky finders had made a cutting several feet deep across the reef, and had sunk a shaft thirty feet deep alongside the "pay-streak." This property of ten claims was sold to a local firm for £21,000.

I saw another very rich two-foot "leader" at "Broken Hiel," in the Mazoe—every piece broken off showing visible gold, right through the stone; the leader getting richer and wider as it was sunk upon; the shaft was down twenty-five feet when I saw it last.

Another shaft I visited in the same district was down eighty feet; and here again the stone was remarkably rich, some of it crusted with "visible gold." I might go on particularizing, but this article is already too long. Everywhere I went, in the Mazoe, I found prospectors enthusiastically satisfied with what they had found; and what I saw convinced me the majority of them had good reason for their satisfaction. With the exception of the forty foot reef I mentioned first, all the properties in the Mazoe, as in all the other districts, are on ancient workings.

The Lo Mogundi, or northern gold-fields, have, like the others, been extensively worked in days long gone by. Here the formation is more defined and continuous than in the Mazoe. I traced one series of gold-lodes for more than twenty-three miles without a break; old workings along the whole length. How far the lodes continue at either end I cannot say; there was no break either at the beginning or the end of the twenty-three miles. The character of the gold in the Mogundi district

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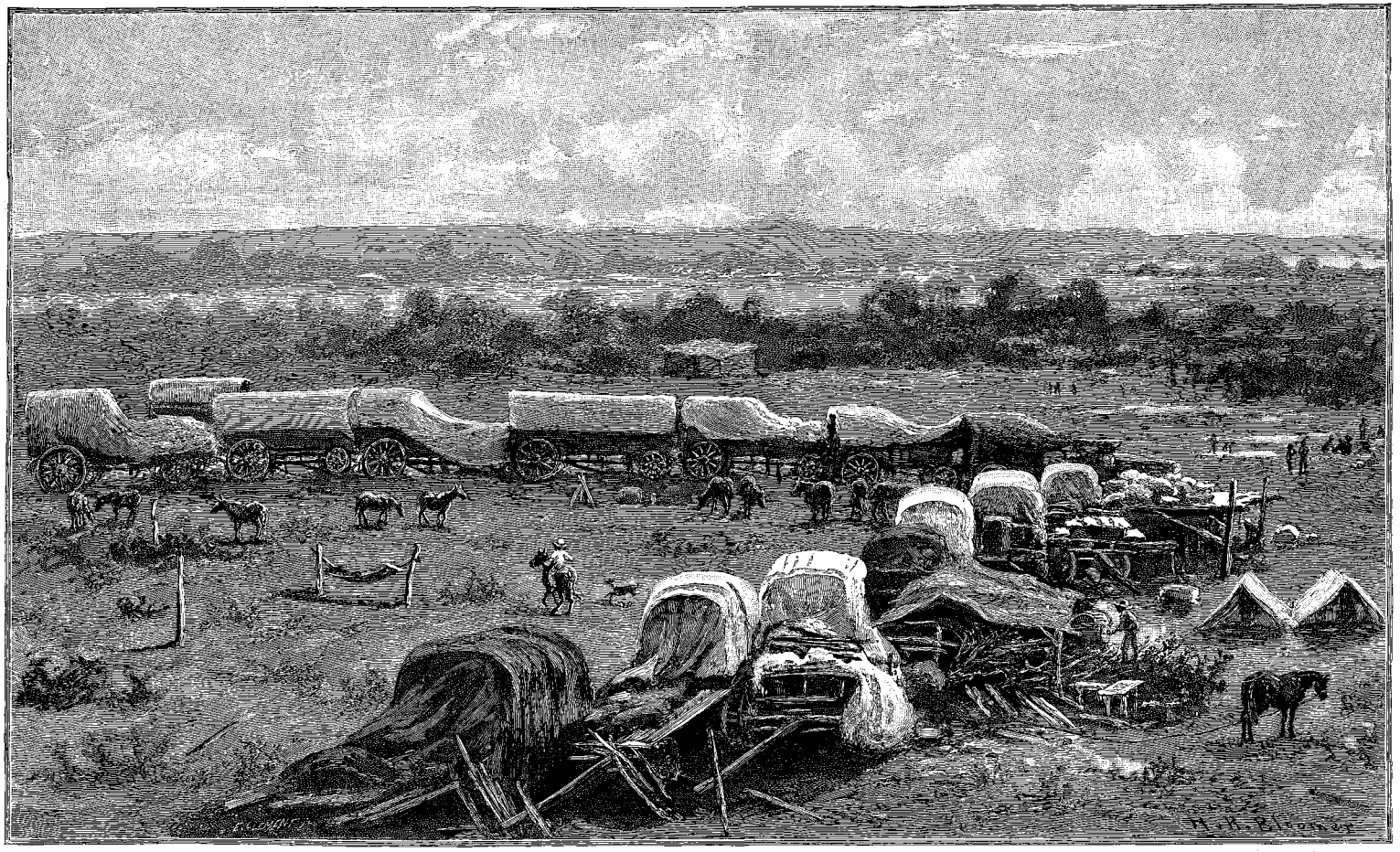

DRAWN BY H. R. BLOOMER.

Laager of the Pioneer Force at Tuli.

ENGRAVED BY E. CLÉMENT.

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is fine, and the reefs are larger than in the Mazoe. Here one cannot find startling specimens with "visible," but the results in the pan are most satisfactory, averaging from one to three ounces of gold to the ton of quartz. Along the twenty-three miles I have mentioned, you can break off or pick up stones, and wherever you strike the reef the results are the same—very good. There are several other lodes in this district all of which have been worked by the ancients, and all very rich.

Of all these I can speak personally, because I spent some months on these fields, and prospected them thoroughly. Experts — men who have spent many years gold-mining in this and other countries—are confident that Mashonaland will prove the richest gold country in the world. I have heard numbers of prospectors speak of Hartley Hills and the Umferli fields; their experiences would have turned the heads of any who heard them, had it not been that they also had seen similar things in the parts they had prospected.

Captain F. C. Selous, of the Pioneer Corps.

Of the Kaiser Wilhelm fields little is known; they had just been discovered before I left Salisbury, in May last. The men who went to Manica speak in glowing terms of its golden prospects, and of the country generally. They say it is very lovely, fertile, well watered, and healthy.

Besides gold, Mashonaland is rich in silver; very rich lodes have been discovered in the Lo Mogundi district; these had likewise been worked in ancient times. Chips from the blossom rock give an assay of over one hundred ounces of silver to the ton. Galena containing a very large percentage of silver has been found in large bodies in Manica. And in different parts, other minerals have been discovered whose nature and value have not yet been tested.

Iron is found everywhere off the granite beds, and often in almost a virgin state. I cannot positively declare that the future of Mashonaland as a gold-producing country is assured. Only deep sinking, careful development, and the battery test will prove that. But I do say the prospects disclosed by what work has already been done, quite satisfy the expectation of the most sanguine. No one can say what is under the ground; but there are good reasons for feeling confident that the promises of the surface and of the depths that have been already reached will be fulfilled when the country is mined in a practical manner. Of wood and water there is abundance, and in many parts there is the fall necessary for water-power. I have said that all the claims pegged out as yet are on old workings. Whoever the people were who worked these mysterious mines, they knew as much if not more about gold prospecting than we do. Almost all the gold-bearing outcrop is worked away. Where the an-

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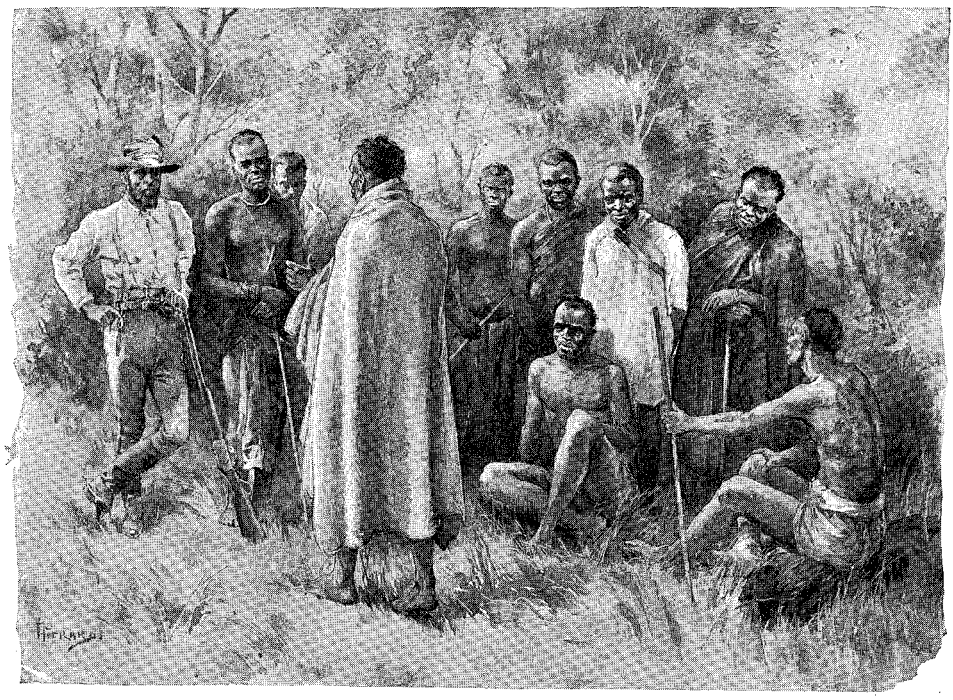

Group of Banyais at Matipi's Town; on the left a Pioneer of the Intelligence Department.

cients worked, it is invariably rich. But though their knowledge of prospecting was great, their appliances for gold winning were rude. They ground the quartz on flat stones by means of round pebbles, used as grinders or pestles. Alongside some of the old works are lying thousands—tens of thousands — of these flat stones worn by the action of grinding the hard quartz. The stone must have been very rich to have repaid them for this slow style of gold extraction. It was not from want of gold that these ancients gave up their occupation and left the country; for in the few old shafts and cuttings that have been cleaned out, and the reef picked up where it was left, it is found to be very rich.

Very few workings have as yet been sunk upon, the process is dangerous on account of the rubble which might at any moment fall in, and this work would require careful timbering. When old shafts are systematically cleared out, tools and implements may be discovered, which will throw some light upon the mysteries of both the ruins and the mines. That the two are connected I have no doubt. The builders of Zimbabwe, the smaller Zimbabwe, and the old forts scattered over Matebeleland and Mashonaland, were the men who mined the country. These ruins are invariably either on, or close alongside of gold-belts. There is magnificent formation for gold near the great Zimbabwe, and the Victoria gold-fields would well repay prospecting.

At Zimbabwe, and at many of the ruined forts, can be picked up flat stone slabs about a foot by six inches, with thirty-two cups, like the cups on a solitaire board, hollowed out upon them; eight rows of four each. On all the gold-fields I visited, especially in the neighborhood of the old workings, I found similar stones. I have found this "32" game (for it is a game) beautifully cut upon a solid mass of stone shaved flat to make a convenient table, with smaller blocks shaven flat on either side which served as seats for the players. The Mashonas of to-day, in some parts, play

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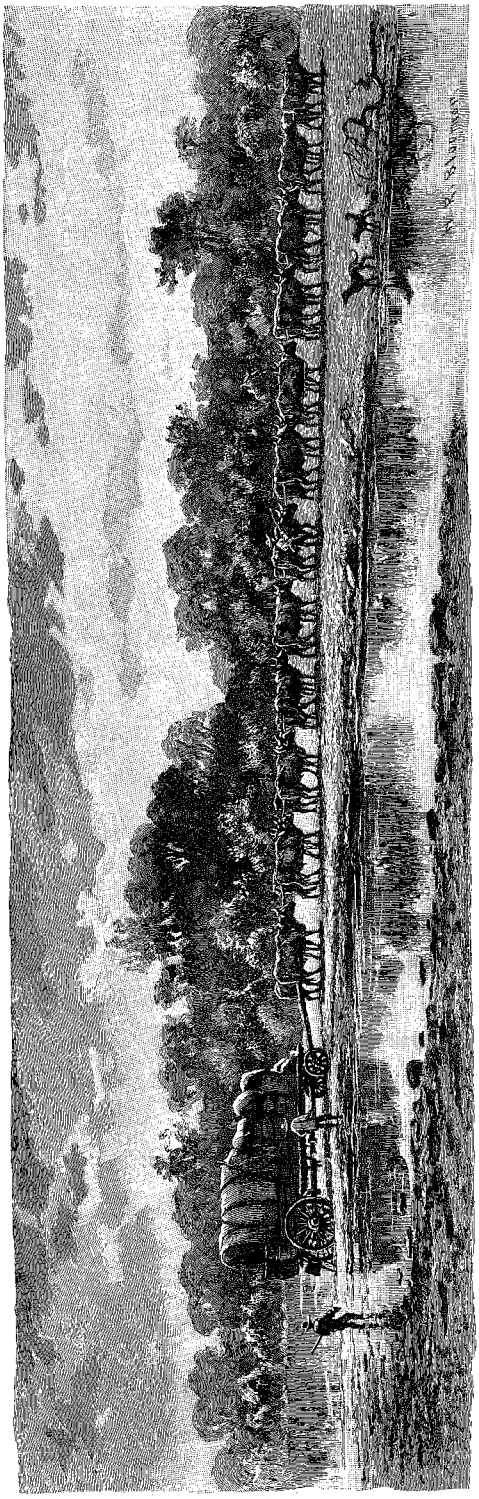

A Wagon of the Pioneer Corps crossing the Umzingwane River.

this game; not on carefully prepared stone slabs, but with 32 cups hollowed in the ground; and instead of using prepared pellets such as the ancients must have played with, they use small pebbles. On several occasions I watched two players; they were as much absorbed in their game as any two Europeans over a game of chess. They studied each move and played in silence. I watched closely to try and find out what laws governed the moves; but all seemed to me capricious. The players must have had fixed rules, or they would have quarrelled over their game. From the Mashonas playing it, I have concluded that their forefathers were used as servants or slaves by the ancient miners, and they learned this game from their masters. Find what semi-civilized people play this 32 game, and I believe we shall be upon the track of the builders of Zimbabwe and the ancient gold miners. Mr. Burt, the archæologist, is now at Zimbabwe, and we can hope soon to hear that his excavations have thrown some certain light on a subject at present buried in impenetrable mystery.

The attitude of all the native tribes with whom the Chartered Company has as yet come into contact is most friendly. At first, and during our march, the Matebele were excited and wanted to fight, because they did not trust in the peaceful intentions of the whites. But when they heard of the disbandment of the Pioneers at Salisbury, and heard of their scattering in threes and fours over the country, settling to the peaceful occupation of prospecting, the nation calmed down. Those who had been most excited declared they were satisfied. "We see," said they, "the white men have not deceived us. They are doing only what they said they would, settling in the country north of the Umgesi River, and that country they are welcome to; for we have stripped it of all that was valuable to us, and care no longer for it." As long as the Chartered Company's subjects respect the boundaries laid down between

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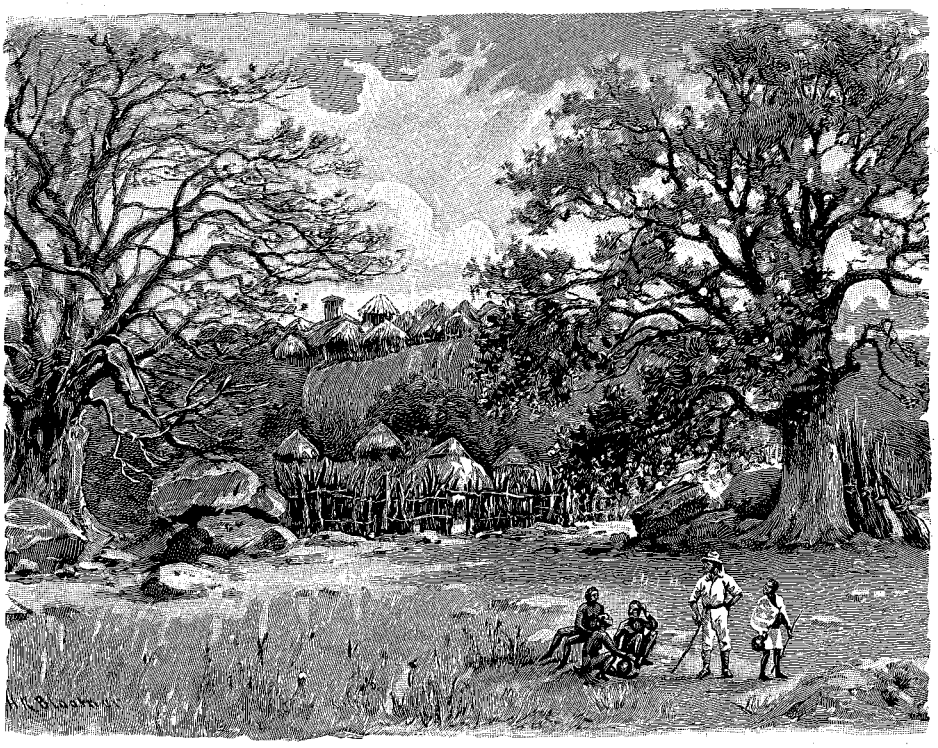
Mashonaland and Matebeleland, there is little danger of a collision. Lo Bengulu himself has had forty gold claims pegged out, and is getting machinery up to work them. Soon his people will flock into the country seeking work, and



Mashona Village, near Fort Charter.

constant contact with the white men will wean them from their savagery. There is ground for hope that this ferocious people will ere long lose their lust for blood, and in acquiring habits of industry become dissatisfied with the bloody despotism under which they exist, and will beg to be taken under the rule of the Chartered Company.

The Mashonas everywhere hailed our arrival with delight, and received isolated bodies of prospectors with open arms.

Upon leaving Salisbury, after the disbandment, our little party of six struck away to the northwest. We crossed the Umoukwe Mountains and made our way to the country of Zimba, where we found a splendid gold formation. As soon as we arrived I ascended Zimba's Mountain to pay my respects and explain the object of our presence in his country. He showed great joy at hearing the white men had come to stay. He took me to the top of his mountain and bade me look abroad: "As far as you can see in every direction," said he, "and as far away again beyond that, the country is all yours, for it is mine, and what belongs to me I give to you." We remained in Zimba's country several months; for a long time ours was the only party there, and the people were most friendly and hospitable. It has been the same all over the land. I have heard the chiefs telling their people to do all they could to help the white men, for fear they might go away and leave them again exposed to Matebele raids.

The Manica tribes hailed our men as deliverers. Gungunha, the great Gaza king, has asked for British protection, and to be taken under the ægis of the Chartered Company. The jealous opposition of the Portuguese is at an end, and the Pungue route open through

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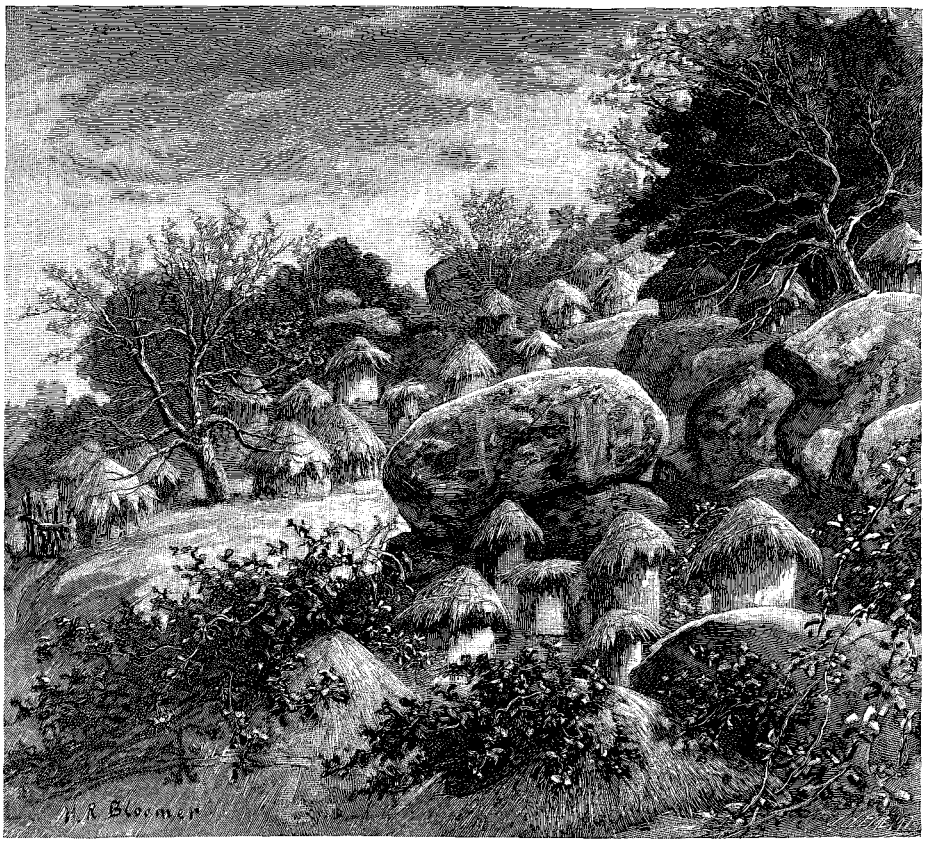

Mashona Village, among Bowlders on a Mountain Top.
(Grain is stored in the small huts.)

Manica to Mashonaland. Soon there will be a railway from Sarmento to Salisbury, and then the capital of Mashonaland will be within six weeks easy travel of London.

Less than eighteen months ago, very few even knew where Mashonaland was situated. The schemes for its settlement were looked upon as the impracticable visions of enthusiasts. Impenetrable forests, unfordable rivers, and impassable mountains barred all ingress to the land of promise; to say nothing of hordes of bloodthirsty savages lying in wait to slaughter all who attempted it. And now, Mashonaland has been won and occupied; over four thousand busy, energetic men scattered over it; two good roads made from the south, and a road from Salisbury to the east coast, which will very soon become a railroad. Telegraph communication has been made to the Nuanetsi River, within two hundred and thirty miles of Salisbury; mines are being opened; farms taken up; magistrates appointed at the various centres; and Mashonaland is advancing with rapid strides to take its proper place as the flourishing home for the surplus population of England, and a veritable El Dorado for enterprising spirits from Europe and America.

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THE WRECKER.

By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne.

CHAPTER XX.

STALLBRIDGE-LE-CARTHEW.

LONG before I was awake, the shyster had disappeared, leaving his bill unpaid. I did not need to inquire where he was gone, I knew too well, I knew there was nothing left me but to follow; and about ten in the morning, set forth in a gig for Stallbridge-le-Carthew.

The road, for the first quarter of the way, deserts the valley of the river, and curves the summit of a chalk-down, grazed over by flocks of sheep and haunted by innumerable larks. It was a pleasant but a vacant scene, arousing but not holding the attention; and my mind returned to the violent passage of the night before. My thought of the man I was pursuing had been greatly changed. I conceived of him, somewhere in front of me, upon his dangerous errand, not to be turned aside, not to be stopped, by either fear or reason. I had called him a ferret; I conceived him now as a mad dog. Methought he would run, not walk; methought, as he ran, that he would bark and froth at the lips; methought, if the great wall of China were to rise across his path, he would attack it with his nails.

Presently the road left the down, returned by a precipitous descent into the valley of the Stall, and ran thence forward among enclosed fields and under the continuous shade of trees. I was told we had now entered on the Carthew property. By and by, a battlemented wall appeared on the right hand, and a little after I had my first glimpse of the mansion. It stood in a hollow of a bosky park, crowded to a degree that surprised and even displeased me, with huge timber and dense shrubberies of laurel and rhododendron. Even from this low station and the thronging neighborhood of the trees, the pile rose conspicuous like a cathedral. Behind, as we continued to skirt the park wall, I began to make out a straggling town of offices which became conjoined to the rear with those of the home farm. On the left was an ornamental water sailed in by many swans. On the right extended a flower garden, laid in the old manner, and at this season of the year, as brilliant as stained glass. The front of the house presented a façade of more than sixty windows, surmounted by a formal pediment and raised upon a terrace. A wide avenue, part in gravel, part in turf, and bordered by triple alleys, ran to the great double gateways. It was impossible to look without surprise on a place that had been prepared through so many generations, had cost so many tons of minted gold, and was maintained in order by so great a company of emulous servants. And yet of these there was no sign but the perfection of their work. The whole domain was drawn to the line and weeded like the front plot of some suburban amateur; and I looked in vain for any belated gardener, and listened in vain for any sounds of labor. Some lowing of cattle and much

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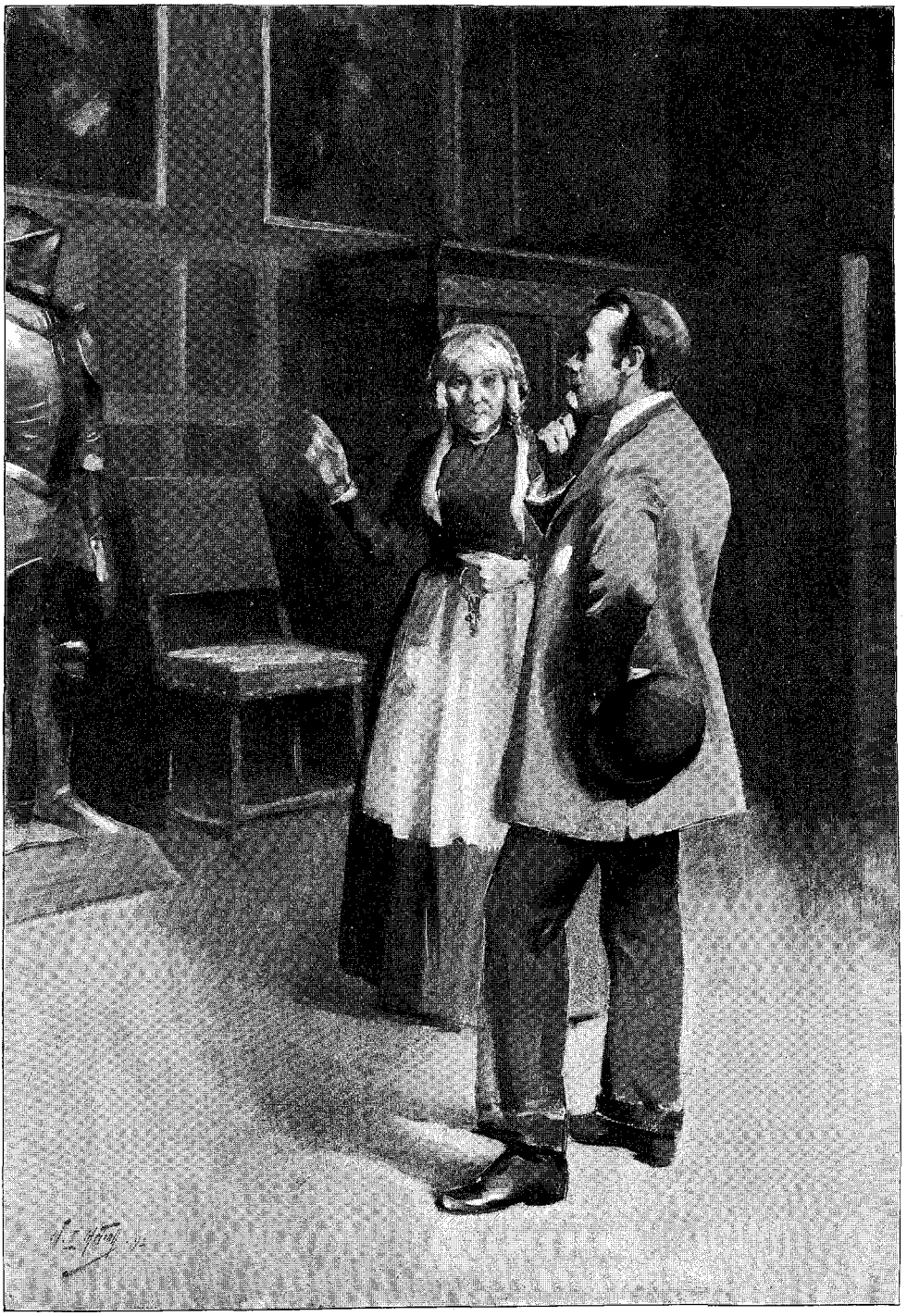

DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF.

"A lady with silver hair, a slender silver voice, and a stream of insignificant information not to be diverted, led me through the picture gallery."—Page 475.

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calling of birds alone disturbed the stillness, and even the little hamlet, which clustered at the gates, appeared to hold its breath in awe of its great neighbor, like a troop of children who should have strayed into a king's anteroom.

The *Carthew Arms*, the small but very comfortable inn, was a mere appendage and outpost of the family whose name it bore. Engraved portraits of by-gone Carthews adorned the walls; Fielding Carthew, Recorder of the city of London; Major-General John Carthew in uniform, commanding some military operations; the Right Honorable Bailley Carthew, Member of Parliament for Stallbridge, standing by a table and brandishing a document; Singleton Carthew, Esquire, represented in the foreground of a herd of cattle — doubtless at the desire of his tenantry who had made him a compliment of this work of art; and the Venerable Archdeacon Carthew, D.D., LL.D., A.M., laying his hand on the head of a little child in a manner highly frigid and ridiculous. So far as my memory serves me, there were no other pictures in this exclusive hostelry; and I was not surprised to learn that the landlord was an ex-butler, the landlady an ex-lady's-maid, from the great house; and that the bar-parlor was a sort of perquisite of former servants.

To an American, the sense of the domination of this family over so considerable tract of earth was even oppressive; and as I considered their simple annals, gathered from the legends of the engravings, surprise began to mingle with my disgust. "Mr. Recorder" doubtless occupies an honorable post; but I thought that, in the course of so many generations, one Carthew might have clambered higher. The soldier had stuck at Major-General; the churchmen bloomed unremarked in an archidiaconate; and though the Right Honorable Bailley seemed to have sneaked into the privy council, I have still to learn what he did when he had got there. Such vast means, so long a start, and such a modest standard of achievement, struck in me a strong sense of the dulness of that race.

I found that to come to the hamlet and not visit the hall, would be regarded as a slight. To feed the swans, to see the peacocks and the Raphaels — for these commonplace people actually possessed two Raphaels — to risk life and limb among a famous breed of cattle called the Carthew Chillinghams, and to do homage to the sire (still living) of Donibristle, a renowned winner of the oaks: these, it seemed, were the inevitable stations of the pilgrimage. I was not so foolish as to resist, for I might have need before I was done of general good-will; and two pieces of news fell in which changed my resignation to alacrity. It appeared in the first place, that Mr. Norris was from home "travelling;" in the second, that a visitor had been before me and already made the tour of the Carthew curiosities. I thought I knew who this must be; I was anxious to learn what he had done and seen; and fortune so far favored me that the under-gardener singled out to be my guide had already performed the same function for my predecessor.

"Yes, sir," he said, "an American gentleman right enough. At least, I don't think he was quite a gentleman, but a very civil person."

The person, it seems, had been civil enough to be delighted with the Carthew Chillinghams, to perform the whole pilgrimage with rising admiration, and to have almost prostrated himself before the shrine of Donibristle's sire.

"He told me, sir," continued the gratified under-gardener, "that he had often read of 'the stately 'omes of England,' but ours was the first he had the chance to see. When he came to the 'ead of the long alley, he fetched his breath. 'This is indeed a lordly domain!' he cries. And it was natural he should be interested in the place, for it seems Mr. Carthew had been kind to him in the States. In fact, he seemed a grateful kind of person, and wonderful taken up with flowers."

I heard this story with amazement. The phrases quoted told their own tale; they were plainly from the shyster's mint. A few hours back I had seen him a mere bedlamite and fit for a

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strait-waistcoat; he was penniless in a strange country; it was highly probable he had gone without breakfast; the absence of Norris must have been a crushing blow; the man (by all reason) should have been despairing. And now I heard of him, clothed and in his right mind, deliberate, insinuating, admiring vistas, smelling flowers, and talking like a book. The strength of character implied amazed and daunted me.

"This is curious," I said to the under-gardener. "I have had the pleasure of some acquaintance with Mr. Carthew myself; and I believe none of our western friends ever were in England. Who can this person be? He couldn't — no, that's impossible, he could never have had the impudence. His name was not Bellairs?"

"I didn't 'ear the name, sir. Do you know anything against him?" cried my guide.

"Well," said I, "he is certainly not the person Carthew would like to have here in his absence."

"Good gracious me!" exclaimed the gardener. "He was so pleasant spoken, too; I thought he was some form of a schoolmaster. Perhaps, sir, you wouldn't mind going right up to Mr. Denman? I recommended him to Mr. Denman, when he had done the grounds. Mr. Denman is our butler, sir," he added.

The proposal was welcome, particularly as affording me a graceful retreat from the neighborhood of the Carthew Chillinghams; and, giving up our projected circuit, we took a short cut through the shrubbery and across the bowling green to the back quarters of the Hall.

The bowling green was surrounded by a great hedge of yew, and entered by an archway in the quick. As we were issuing from this passage, my conductor arrested me.

"The Honorable Lady Ann Carthew," he said, in an august whisper. And looking over his shoulder, I was aware of an old lady with a stick, hobbling somewhat briskly along the garden path. She must have been extremely handsome in her youth; and even the limp with which she walked could not deprive her of an unusual and almost menacing dignity of bearing. Melancholy was impressed besides on every feature, and her eyes, as she looked straight before her, seemed to contemplate misfortune.

"She seems sad," said I, when she had hobbled past and we had resumed our walk.

"She enjoys rather poor spirits, sir," responded the under-gardener. "Mr. Carthew—the old gentleman, I mean —died less than a year ago; Lord Tillibody, her ladyship's brother, two months after; and then there was the sad business about the young gentleman. Killed in the 'unting-field, sir; and her ladyship's favorite. The present Mr. Norris has never been so equally."

"So I have understood," said I, persistently, and (I think) gracefully pursuing my inquiries and fortifying my position as a family friend. "Dear, dear, how sad! And has this change —poor Carthew's return, and all—has this not mended matters?"

"Well, no, sir, not a sign of it," was the reply. "Worse, we think, than ever."

"Dear, dear!" said I, again.

"When Mr. Norris arrived, she *did* seem glad to see him," he pursued; and we were all pleased, I'm sure; for no one knows the young gentleman but what likes him. Ah, sir, it didn't last long! That very night they had a talk, and fell out or something; her ladyship took on most painful; it was like old days, but worse. And the next morning Mr. Norris was off again upon his travels. 'Denman,' he said to Mr. Denman, 'Denman, I'll never come back,' he said, and shook him by the 'and. I wouldn't be saying all this to a stranger, sir," added my informant, overcome with a sudden fear lest he had gone too far.

He had indeed told me much, and much that was unsuspected by himself. On that stormy night of his return, Carthew had told his story; the old lady had more upon her mind than mere bereavements; and among the mental pictures on which she looked, as she walked staring down the path, was one of Midway Island and the *Flying Scud*.

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Mr. Denman heard my inquiries with discomposure, but informed me the shyster was already gone.

"Gone?" cried I. "Then what can he have come for? One thing I can tell you; it was not to see the house."

"I don't see it could have been anything else," replied the butler.

"You may depend upon it it was," said I. "And whatever it was, he has got it. By the way, where is Mr. Carthew at present? I was sorry to find he was from home."

"He is engaged in travelling, sir," replied the butler, dryly.

"Ah, bravo!" cried I. "I laid a trap for you there, Mr. Denman. Now I need not ask you; I am sure you did not tell this prying stranger."

"To be sure not, sir," said the butler.

I went through the form of "shaking him by the 'and"—like Mr. Norris—not, however, with genuine enthusiasm. For I had failed ingloriously to get the address for myself; and I felt a sure conviction that Bellairs had done better, or he had still been here and still cultivating Mr. Denman.

I had escaped the grounds and the cattle; I could not escape the house. A lady with silver hair, a slender silver voice, and a stream of insignificant information not to be diverted, led me through the picture gallery, the music-room, the great dining-room, the long drawing-room, the Indian room, the theatre, and every corner (as I thought) of that interminable mansion. There was but one place reserved; the garden-room, whither Lady Anne had now retired. I paused a moment on the outside of the door, and smiled to myself. The situation was indeed strange, and these thin boards divided the secret of the *Flying Scud*.

All the while, as I went to and fro, I was considering the visit and departure of Bellairs. That he had got the address, I was quite certain: that he had not got it by direct questioning, I was convinced; some ingenuity, some lucky accident, had served him. A similar chance, an equal ingenuity, was required; as I was left helpless, the ferret must run down his prey, the great oaks fall, the Raphaels be scattered, the house let to some stock-broker suddenly made rich, and the name which now filled the mouths of five or six parishes dwindle to a memory. Strange that such great matters, so old a mansion, a family so ancient and so dull, should come to depend for perpetuity upon the intelligence, the discretion, and the cunning of a Latin-Quarter student! What Bellairs had done, I must do likewise. Chance or ingenuity, ingenuity or chance—so I continued to ring the changes as I walked away down the avenue, casting back occasional glances at the red brick façade and the twinkling windows of the house. How was I to command chance? where was I to find the ingenuity?

These reflections brought me to the door of the inn. And here, pursuant to my policy of keeping well with all men, I immediately smoothed my brow, and accepted (being the only guest in the house) an invitation to dine with the family in the bar-parlor. I sat down accordingly with Mr. Higgs the ex-butler, Mrs. Higgs the ex-lady's-maid, and Miss Agnes Higgs, their frowsy-headed little girl, the least promising and (as the event showed) the most useful of the lot. The talk ran endlessly on the great house and the great family; the roast beef, the Yorkshire pudding, the jam-roll, and the cheddar cheese came and went, and still the stream flowed on; near four generations of Carthews were touched upon without eliciting one point of interest; and we had killed Mr. Henry in "the 'unting field," with a vast elaboration of painful circumstance, and buried him in the midst of a whole sorrowing county, before I could so much as manage to bring upon the stage my intimate friend, Mr. Norris. At the name, the ex-butler grew diplomatic, and the ex-lady's-maid tender. He was the only person of the whole featureless series who seemed to have accomplished anything worth mention; and his achievements, poor dog, seemed to have been confined to going to the devil and leaving some regrets. He had been the image of the Right Honorable Bailley, one of the lights of that dim house, and a career of distinction had been predicted of him in consequence almost from the cradle. But before he was out of long clothes, the

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cloven foot began to show; he proved to be no Carthew, developed a taste for low pleasures and bad company. Went birdsnesting with a stable-boy before he was eleven, and when he was near twenty, and might have been expected to display at least some rudiments of the family gravity, rambled the county over with a knapsack, making sketches and keeping company in wayside inns. He had no pride about him, I was told; he would sit down with any man; and it was somewhat wonderingly implied that I was indebted to this peculiarity for my own acquaintance with the hero. Unhappily, Mr. Norris was not only eccentric, he was fast. His debts were still remembered at the University; still more, it appeared, the highly humorous circumstances attending his expulsion. "He was always fond of his jest," commented Mrs. Higgs.

"That he were!" observed her lord.

But it was after he went into the diplomatic service that the real trouble began.

"It seems, sir, that he went the pace extraordinary," said the ex-butler, with a solemn gusto.

"His debts were somethink awful," said the lady's-maid. "And as nice a young gentleman all the time as you would wish to see!"

"When word came to Mr. Carthew's ears, the turn up was 'orrible," continued Mr. Higgs. "I remember it as if it was yesterday. The bell was rung after her la'ship was gone, which I answered it myself, supposing it were the coffee. There was Mr. Carthew on his feet. 'Iggs,' he says, pointing with his stick, for he had a turn of the gout, 'order the dog-cart instantly for this son of mine which has disgraced hisself.' Mr. Norris say nothink: he sit there with his 'ead down, making belief to be looking at a walnut. You might have bowled me over with a straw," said Mr. Higgs.

"Had he done anything very bad?" I asked.

"Not he, Mr. Dodsley!" cried the lady—it was so she had conceived my name. "He never did anythink to all really wrong in his poor life. The 'ole affair was a disgrace. It was all rank favoritising."

"Mrs. 'Iggs! Mrs. 'Iggs!" cried the butler warningly.

"Well, what do I care?" retorted the lady, shaking her ringlets. "You know it was yourself, Mr. 'Iggs, and so did every member of the staff."

While I was getting these facts and opinions, I by no means neglected the child. She was not attractive; but fortunately, she had reached the corrupt age of seven, when half a crown appears about as large as a saucer and is fully as rare as the dodo. For a shilling down, six-pence in her money-box, and an American gold dollar which I happened to find in my pocket, I bought the creature soul and body. She declared her intention to accompany me to the ends of the earth; and had to be chidden by her sire for drawing comparisons between myself and her Uncle William, highly damaging to the latter.

Dinner was scarce done, the cloth was not yet removed, when Miss Agnes must needs climb into my lap with her stamp album, a relic of the generosity of Uncle William. There are few things I despise more than old stamps, unless perhaps it be crests; for cattle (from the Carthew Chillinghams down to the old gate-keeper's milk cow in the lane) contempt is far from being my first sentiment. But it seemed I was doomed to pass that day in viewing curiosities, and smothering a yawn, I devoted myself once more to tread the well-known round. I fancy Uncle William must have begun the collection himself and tired of it, for the book (to my surprise) was quite respectably filled. There were the varying shades of the English penny, Russians with the colored heart, old undecipherable Thurn-und-Taxis, absolute triangular Cape of Good Hopes, Swan Rivers with the Swan, and Guianas with the sailing ship. Upon all these I looked with the eyes of a fish and the spirit of a sheep; I think indeed I was at times asleep; and it was probably in one of these moments that I capsized the album, and there fell from the end of it, upon the floor, a considerable number of what I believe to be called "exchanges."

Here, against all probability, my chance had come to me; for as I gallantly picked them up, I was struck

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with the disproportionate amount of five-sous French stamps. Some one, I reasoned, must write very regularly from France to the neighborhood of Stallbridge-le-Carthew. Could it be Norris? On one stamp I made out an initial C; upon a second I got as far as C H; beyond which point, the postmark used was in every instance undecipherable. C H, when you consider that about a quarter of the towns in France begin with "chateau," was an insufficient clue; and I promptly annexed the plainest of the collection in order to consult the post-office.

The wretched infant took me in the fact. "Naughty man, to 'teal my 'tamp!" she cried; and when I would have brazened it off with a denial, recovered and displaced the stolen article.

My position was now highly false; and I believe it was in mere pity that Mrs. Higgs came to my rescue with a welcome proposition. If the gentleman was really interested in stamps, she said, probably supposing me a monomaniac on the point, he could see Mr. Denman's album. Mr. Denman had been collecting forty years, and his collection was said to be worth a mint of money. "Agnes," she went on, "if you were a kind little girl, you would run over to the 'All, tell Mr. Denman there's a connaisseer in the 'ouse, and ask him if one of the young gentlemen might bring the album down."

"I should like to see his exchanges too," I cried, rising to the occasion. "I may have some of mine in my pocket-book and we might trade."

Half an hour later, Mr. Denman arrived himself with a most unconscionable volume under his arm. "Ah, sir," he cried, "when I 'eard you was a collector, I dropped all. It's a saying of mine, Mr. Dodsley, that collecting stamps makes all collectors kin. It's a bond, sir; it creates a bond."

Upon the truth of this, I cannot say; but there is no doubt that the attempt to pass yourself off for a collector falsely creates a precarious situation.

"Ah, here's the second issue!" I would say, after consulting the legend at the side. "The pink—no, I mean the mauve—yes, that's the beauty of this lot. Though of course, as you say," I would hasten to add, "this yellow on the thin paper is more rare."

Indeed I must certainly have been detected, had I not plied Mr. Denman in self-defence with his favorite liquor—a port so excellent that it could never have ripened in the cellar of the *Carthew Arms*, but must have been transported, under cloud of night, from the neighboring vaults of the great house. At each threat of exposure, and in particular whenever I was directly challenged for an opinion, I made haste to fill the butler's glass, and by the time we had got to the exchanges, he was in a condition where no stamp collector need be seriously feared. God forbid I should hint that he was drunk; he seemed incapable of the necessary liveliness; but the man's eyes were set, and so long as he was suffered to talk without interruption, he seemed careless of my heeding him.

In Mr. Denman's exchanges, as in those of little Agnes, the same peculiarity was to be remarked, an undue preponderance of that despicably common stamp, the French twenty-five centimes. And here joining them in stealthy review, I found the C and the CH; then something of an A just following; and then a terminal Y. Here was almost the whole name spelled out to me; it seemed familiar, too; and yet for some time I could not bridge the imperfection. Then I came upon another stamp, in which an L was legible before the Y, and in a moment the word leaped up complete. Chailly, that was the name; Chailly-en-Bière, the post town of Barbizon—ah, there was the very place for any man to hide himself—there was the very place for Mr. Norris, who had rambled over England making sketches—the very place for Goddedael, who had left a palette-knife on board the *Flying Scud*. Singular, indeed, that while I was drifting over England with the shyster, the man we were in quest of awaited me at my own ultimate destination.

Whether Mr. Denman had shown his album to Bellairs, whether, indeed, Bellairs could have caught (as I did) this hint from an obliterated postmark,

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I shall never know, and it mattered not. We were equal now; my task at Stallbridge-le-Carthew was accomplished; my interest in postage-stamps died shamelessly away; the astonished Denman was bowed out; and ordering the horse to be put in, I plunged into the study of the time-table.

CHAPTER XXI.

FACE TO FACE.

I FELL from the skies on Barbizon about two o'clock of a September afternoon. It is the dead hour of the day; all the workers have gone painting, all the idlers strolling, in the front on the plain; the winding causewayed street is solitary, and the inn deserted. I was the more pleased to find one of my old companions in the dining-room; his town clothes marked him for a man in the act of departure; and indeed his portmanteau lay beside him on the floor.

"Why, Stennis," I cried, "you're the last man I expected to find here."

"You won't find me here long," he replied. "*King Pandion he is dead; all his friends are lapped in lead.* For men of our antiquity, the poor old shop is played out."

"*I have had playmates, I have had companions,*" I quoted in return. We were both moved, I think, to meet again in this scene of our old pleasure parties so unexpectedly, after so long an interval, and both already so much altered.

"That is the sentiment," he replied. "*All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.* I have been here a week, and the only living creature who seemed to recollect me was the Pharaon. Bar the Sirons, of course, and the perennial Rodmer."

"Is there no survivor?" I inquired.

"Of our geological epoch? not one," he replied. "This is the city of Petra in Edom."

"And what sort of Bedouins encamp among the ruins?" I asked.

"Youth, Dodd, youth; blooming, conscious youth," he returned. "Such a gang, such reptiles! to think we were like that! I wonder Siron didn't sweep us from his premises."

"Perhaps we weren't so bad," I suggested.

"Don't let me depress you," said he. "We were both Anglo-Saxons, anyway, and the only redeeming feature to-day is another."

The thought of my quest, a moment driven out by this rencounter, revived in my mind. "Who is he?" I cried. "Tell me about him."

"What, the Redeeming Feature?" said he. "Well, he's a very pleasing creature, rather dim, and dull, and genteel, but really pleasing. He is very British, though, the artless Briton! Perhaps you'll find him too much so for the transatlantic nerves. Come to think of it, on the other hand, you ought to get on famously. He is an admirer of your great republic in one of its (excuse me) shoddiest features; he takes in and sedulously reads a lot of American papers. I warned you he was artless."

"What papers are they?" cried I.

"San Francisco papers," said he. "He gets a bale of them about twice a week, and studies them like the Bible. That's one of his weaknesses; another is to be incalculably rich. He has taken Masson's old studio—you remember?—at the corner of the road; he has furnished it regardless of expense, and lives there surrounded with *vins fins* and works of art. When the youth of to-day goes up to the Caverne des Brigands to make punch—they do all that we did, like some nauseous form of ape (I never appreciated before what a creature of tradition mankind is)—this Madden follows with a basket of champagne. I told them he was wrong, and the punch tasted better; but he thought the boys liked the style of the thing, and I suppose they do. He is a very good-natured soul, and very melancholy, and rather a helpless. O, and he has a third weakness which I came near forgetting. He paints. He has never been taught, and he's past thirty, and he paints."

"How?" I asked.

"Rather well, I think," was the reply. "That's the annoying part of it. See for yourself. That panel is his."

I stepped toward the window. It was the old familiar room, with the ta-

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bles set like a Greek P, and the sideboard, and the afbariac piano, and the panels on the wall. There were Romeo and Juliet, Antwerp from the river, Enfield's ships among the ice, and the huge huntsman winding a huge horn; mingled with them a few new ones, the thin crop of a succeeding generation, not better and not worse. It was to one of these I was directed; a thing coarsely and wittily handled, mostly with the palette-knife, the color in some parts excellent, the canvas in others loaded with mere clay. But it was the scene, and not the art or want of it, that riveted my notice. The foreground was of sand and scrub and wreckwood; in the middle distance the many-hued and smooth expanse of a lagoon, enclosed by a wall of breakers; beyond, a blue strip of ocean. The sky was cloudless, the air full of whirling sea-birds; and I could hear the sea-birds cry and the surf break. For the place was Midway Island; the point of view the very spot at which I had landed with the captain for the first time, and from which I had re-embarked the day before we sailed. I had already been gazing for some seconds, before my attention was arrested by a blur on the sea-line; and stooping to look, I recognized the smoke of a steamer.

"Yes," said I, turning toward Stennis, "it has merit. What is it?"

"A fancy piece," he returned. "That's what pleased me. So few of the fellows in our time had the imagination of a garden snail."

"Madden, you say his name is?" I pursued.

"Madden," he repeated.

"Has he travelled much?" I inquired.

"I haven't an idea. He is one of the least autobiographical of men. He sits, and smokes, and giggles, and sometimes he makes small jests; but his contributions to the art of pleasing are generally confined to looking like a gentleman and being one. No," added Stennis, "he'll never suit you, Dodd; you like more head on your liquor. You'll find him as dull as ditch water."

"Has he big blonde side-whiskers like tusks?" I asked, mindful of the photograph of Goddedael.

"Certainly not: why should he?" was the reply.

"Does he write many letters?" I continued.

"God knows," says Stennis. "What is wrong with you? I never saw you taken this way before."

"The fact is, I think I know the man," said I. "I think I'm looking for him. I rather think he is my long-lost brother."

"Not twins, anyway," returned Stennis.

And about the same time, a carriage driving up to the inn, he took his departure.

I walked till dinner-time in the plain, keeping to the fields; for I instinctively shunned observation, and was racked by many incongruous and impatient feelings. Here was a man whose voice I had once heard, whose doings had filled so many days of my life with interest and distress, whom I had lain awake to dream of like a lover; and now his hand was on the door; now we were to meet; now I was to learn at last the mystery of the substituted crew. The sun went down over the plain of the Angelus, and as the hour approached, my courage lessened. I let the laggard peasants pass me on the homeward way. The lamps were lit, the soup was served, the company were all at table, and the room sounded already with multitudinous talk before I entered. I took my place and found I was opposite to Madden. Over six feet high and well set up, the hair dark and streaked with silver, the eyes dark and kindly, the mouth very good-natured, the teeth admirable; linen and hands exquisite; English clothes, an English voice, an English bearing: the man stood out conspicuous from the company. Yet he had made himself at home, and seemed to enjoy a certain quiet popularity among the noisy boys of the table d'hôte. He had an odd, silver giggle of a laugh, that sounded nervous even when he was really amused, and accorded ill with his big stature and manly, melancholy face. This laugh fell in continually all through dinner like the note of

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the triangle in a piece of modern French music; and he had at times a kind of pleasantry, rather of manner than of words, with which he started or maintained the merriment. He took his share in these diversions, not so much like a man in high spirits, but like one of an approved good nature, habitually self-forgetful, accustomed to please and to follow others. I have remarked in old soldiers much the same smiling sadness and sociable self-effacement.

I feared to look at him, lest my glances should betray my deep excitement, and chance served me so well that the soup was scarce removed before we were naturally introduced. My first sip of Château Siron, a vintage from which I had been long estranged, startled me into speech.

"O, this'll never do!" I cried, in English.

"Dreadful stuff, isn't it?" said Madden, in the same language. "Do let me ask you to share my bottle. They call it Chambertin, which it isn't; but it's fairly palatable, and there's nothing in this house that a man can drink at all."

I accepted; anything would do that paved the way to better knowledge.

"Your name is Madden, I think," said I. "My old friend Stennis told me about you when I came."

"Yes: I am sorry he went; I feel such a Grandfather William, alone among all these lads," he replied.

"My name is Dodd," I resumed.

"Yes," said he, "so Madame Siron told me."

"Dodd, of San Francisco," I continued. "Late of Pinkerton and Dodd."

"Montana Block? I think," said he.

"The same," said I.

Neither of us looked at the other; but I could see his hand deliberately making bread pills.

"That's a nice thing of yours," I pursued, "that panel. The foreground is a little clayey, perhaps, but the lagoon is excellent."

"You ought to know," said he.

"Yes," returned I, "I'm rather a good judge of—that panel."

There was a considerable pause.

"You know a man by the name of Bellairs, don't you?" he resumed.

"Ah!" cried I, "you have heard from Doctor Urquart?"

"This very morning," he replied.

"Well, there is no hurry about Bellairs," said I. "It's rather a long story and rather a silly one. But I think we have a good deal to tell each other, and perhaps we had better wait till we are more alone."

"I think so," said he. "Not that any of these fellows know English, but we'll be more comfortable over at my place. Your health, Dodd."

And we took wine together across the table.

Thus had this singular introduction passed unperceived in the midst of more than thirty persons, art students, ladies in dressing-gowns and covered with rice powder, six foot of Siron whisking dishes over our head, and his noisy sons clattering in and out with fresh relays.

"One question more," said I. "Did you recognize my voice?"

"Your voice?" he repeated. "How should I? I have never heard it—we have never met."

"And yet, we have been in conversation before now," said I, "and I asked you a question which you never answered, and which I have since had many thousand better reasons for putting to myself."

He turned suddenly white. "Good God!" he cried, "are you the man in the telephone?"

I nodded.

"Well, well!" said he. "It would take a good deal of magnanimity to forgive you that. What nights I have passed! That little whisper has whistled in my ear ever since, like the wind in a keyhole. Who could it be? What could it mean? I suppose I have had more real, solid misery out of that . . ." He paused, and looked troubled. "Though I had more to bother me, or ought to have," he added, and slowly emptied his glass.

"It seems we were born to drive each other crazy with conundrums," said I. "I have often thought my head would split."

Carthew burst into his foolish laugh.

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"And yet neither you nor I had the worst of the puzzle," he cried. "There were others deeper in."

"And who were they?" I asked.

"The underwriters," said he.

"Why, to be sure," cried I. "I never thought of that. What could they make of it?"

"Nothing," replied Carthew. "It couldn't be explained. They were a crowd of small dealers at Lloyd's who took it up in syndicate; one of them has a carriage now; and people say he is a deuce of a deep fellow, and has the makings of a great financier. Another furnished a small villa on the profits. But they're all hopelessly muddled; and when they meet each other, they don't know where to look, like the Augurs."

Dinner was no sooner at an end, than he carried me across the road to Masson's old studio. It was strangely changed. On the walls were tapestry, a few good etchings, and some amazing pictures—a Rousseau, a Corot, a really superb old Crome, a Whistler, and a piece which my host claimed (and I believe) to be a Titian. The room was furnished with comfortable English smoking-room chairs, some American rockers, and an elaborate business table; spirits and soda-water (with the mark of Schweppe, no less) stood ready on a butler's tray, and in one corner, behind a half-drawn curtain, I spied a camp-bed and a capacious tub. Such a room in Barbizon astonished the beholder, like the glories of the cave of Monte Cristo.

"Now," said he, "we are quiet. Sit down, if you don't mind, and tell me your story all through."

I did as he asked, beginning with the day when Jim showed me the passage in the *Daily Occidental*, and winding up with the stamp album and the Chailly postmark. It was a long business; and Carthew made it longer, for he was insatiable of details; and it had struck midnight on the old eight-day clock in the corner, before I had made an end.

"And now," said he, "turn about: I must tell you my side, much as I hate it. Mine is a beastly story. You'll wonder how I can sleep. I've told it once before, Mr. Dodd."

"To Lady Ann?" I asked.

"As you suppose," he answered; "and to say the truth, I had sworn never to tell it again. Only, you seem somehow entitled to the thing; you have paid dear enough, God knows; and God knows I hope you may like it, now you've got it!"

With that he began his yarn. A new day had dawned, the cocks crew in the village, and the hares and the deer and the early woodmen were afoot, when he concluded.

(To be continued.)

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PARIS THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

III.—THE UNSUBVENTIONED THEATRES AND ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

By William F. Apthorp.

WALKING along the great boulevards from the Madeleine to the Bastille you pass by eleven theatres—not counting the Opéra, or such small establishments as the Musée Grévin, or the Salle Robert Houdin. The first of these is the Vaudeville, which forms the corner of the boulevard des Capucines and the rue de la Chaussée-d'Antin, looking down the boulevard des Italiens. It has one of the prettiest exteriors in Paris, rounding off the corner, as it does, with its elaborate mass of stone-carving. Inside, too, it is a trig little *salle*, with more appearance of luxury than one usually finds in Paris theatres. It is one of the very few theatres in the capital the names of which seem to have anything especially to do with their repertory; it really does bring out more vaudevilles, or comic operettas of the lightest calibre, than it does pieces of any other description. Last winter it gave only one serious piece, Albin Valabrègue's "La femme," and that was a failure; all the other things it gave were of the lightest sort of comediet-ta or farce. Leaving the Vaudeville on your left, you soon come to the Nouveautés, on the same side of the boulevard des Italiens, just opposite the rue de Choiseul. This, too, is a temple of fun, where vaudeville, operetta, and pantomime are given. Here one can often see Mlle Milly Meyer (although I believe she is not a regular member of the company), one of the prime pets of theatre-going Paris, a very pretty little soubrette with the slightest possible thread of soprano voice and a not by any means conspicuous talent. Milly Meyer is a capital example of what an influence sheer personal charm can exert over an audience. She has one or two exceedingly droll tricks of gesture and a certain pertness of facial expression. I saw her in "La demoiselle du téléphone," a three-act opéra-bouffe, of which Gaston Serpette wrote the music, and which had a longer run than was predicted for it by the first-nighters. The whole thing was written especially for her, she being on the stage almost all the time; and yet during the three acts I saw her do only one thing that was really funny. It was turning off, I now forget what short sentence, with a peculiar toss of the head and snap of the finger and thumb. Yet she is one of the most popular bouffe actresses now on the Paris stage.

Still pursuing your course eastward, you come to the Théâtre des Variétés on the right hand of the boulevard Montmartre, just after passing the rue Vivienne, next door to the passage des Panoramas. This house has a certain importance in the history of the stage. Opened in 1807, it devoted itself immediately and successfully to the production of the most extravagant burlesques, until in 1829 it began bringing out that sensational sort of play known in French stage terminology as "*le drame.*" These emotional and sensational plays were all the rage in Paris at the time, and the Variétés seems to have been almost the only theatre in the capital whose ventures in this line were not crowned with success; but, with the single exception of the elder Dumas's "Kean," all the plays it brought out at this period were dead failures, and it soon returned to its old buffooneries, to which genre it has adhered with almost unvarying success ever since. The Variétés is especially notable historically as the home of Offenbach opéra-bouffe during its best period (1858–1870). Here were brought out "Orphée aux Enfers," "La belle Hélène," "La Grande-Duchesse de Gérolstein," and almost all of Offenbach's best things down to "Les brigands" in 1869. Here sang and acted the great

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Schneider, the unapproached queen of this style of operetta; she was quite as unique in her way as Offenbach himself was in his, besides being one of the most finished artists that ever walked the stage; her mantle fell upon none of her successors, and such parts as *Hélène*, the *Grande-Duchesse*, and *la Périchole* may be said to have died with her retirement from the stage. Here also were (and still are) Dupuis, Baron, Cooper, all noted in comic operetta and vaudeville; and here Judic had her finest triumphs. Last winter the house was devoted almost entirely to a farce comedy, "Ma cousine," in the leading part of which the magnetic Réjane drove the whole town wild, before passing on to de Porto-Riche's "Amoureuse" at the Odéon. Upon the whole I should say that, with the exception of the Théâtre-Français, and possibly of the Théâtre du Palais-Royal, the Variétés was the theatre which the stranger in Paris could least well afford not to visit. The troupe has been one of the most stable in Paris during the last twenty or thirty years, and has old and but little broken traditions. Both the plays and the acting at the Variétés reflect one of the most characteristic phases of Parisian *esprit*.

Farther down, on the left side of the boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle, half-way between the rue du Faubourg-Poissonnière and the rue de Hauteville, we find the Théâtre du Gymnase-Dramatique, or, as it is commonly called, simply the Gymnase. This name has long since lost all its original significance. The theatre, which was built in 1820, was at first intended for a place whereat to bring out young graduates from the Conservatoire and accustom them to standing fire in the presence of a real, paying audience, before they passed on to the government theatres, the Théâtre-Français and the Opéra-Comique; that is, it was to be a sort of gymnasium where half-fledged actors and singers could try their prowess in public. But this scheme was soon abandoned, and after devoting itself for many years to light vaudevilles and farces, the Gymnase at last settled down (about 1852) to giving comedies and dramas, seldom of a much lower grade, and often of no lower, than those in the repertory of the Comédie-Française itself. Some very noted plays first saw the light there, among them the younger Dumas's "Le demi-monde," Sardou's "Les pattes-de-mouche," and, last winter, Alphonse Daudet's "l'Obstacle" and Guy de Maupassant's "Musotte." Thus the Gymnase has been for a long time one of the most distinguished stages in Paris; although it is not a subventioned theatre, and bears no official relation to the Comédie-Française, the high artistic position it holds makes it in fact, if not in name, quite as much the "Second Théâtre-Francais" as the Odéon. For a playwright to have a piece accepted at the house on the boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle is a distinction second only to that of having it acted at the Comédie-Française. Of course both the actors and habitués of the great theatre in the rue de Richelieu rather look down upon the Gymnase. When Sardou's "Thermidor" was brought out at the Français, the political ultra-radicals were not the only objectors; for, amid all the tumult of that opening-night, some voices were heard crying out: "*Au Gymnase!*" "Take the play to the Gymnase, for it is not fit for the Français!" But the theatre-going public in general have no such feeling about the Gymnase; its situation on the boulevard insures it a larger and more diversified public than the Odéon—for "*Tout Paris*" goes to the Gymnase, while only a special and rather restricted public frequents the house in the faubourg Saint-Germain — and as for the Théâtre Français, some people even go so far as to prefer the Gymnase, as the more progressive house of the two.

Keeping on our eastward course down the boulevard, we soon come to three theatres on our left, all in the same block on the boulevard Saint-Martin: the Théâtre de la Renaissance, on the corner of the rue de Bondy, facing the porte Saint-Martin; then, next door to it on the boulevard, the Théâtre de la Porte-Saint-Martin; and lastly, on the corner of the other end of the rue de Bondy (which street is like a bow, the boulevard being the string), the Théâtre de l'Ambigu-Comique. The terrible plays which for many years formed the main stock in trade of the last two the-

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atres, and of some others on the neighboring boulevard du Temple, gave this part of the boulevard the nickname of boulevard du Crime. But let us first look in at the Renaissance.* This house, built in 1873, on the ruins of the old restaurant Deffieux (burned in 1871), was at first devoted to much the same sort of play as the two neighboring theatres; but it soon took to giving operettas by Offenbach and others, and light comedies of the vaudeville type, in which line of business it has thriven tolerably up to the present day. It is a small theatre, and its *salle* is one of the prettiest and least uncomfortable in Paris.

The Théâtre de la Porte-Saint-Martin is, after the Théâtre-Français, probably the best known by reputation, outside of France, of any theatre in Paris; its very name, like that of the old Bowery Theatre in New York, has become a by-word for drama of the terrific and blood-and-thunder sort. It was built in 1781 for the Académie de Musique, which, however, stayed in it for only thirteen years; from 1794 it led a rather precarious existence, flitting from one line of business to another, and not infrequently suffering under the strong hand of the law, until 1814, when its palmy days began. Henceforth it was devoted to sensational melodrama and spectacular fairy pieces. But its full splendor of success dates from 1832, when the whole company of the Odéon emigrated to it from their house in the faubourg Saint-Germain, under the management of Harel, who made it for ten years the theatre *par excellence* of the modern drama. With Bocage, Frédérick Lemaître, Mlle Dorval, and Mlle Georges in its troupe, and under Harel's exceedingly energetic and brilliant management, the Porte-Saint-Martin was in the very thick of the fight during the great romanticist movement of 1830. Not the least famous item in its history was its audiences, and their wild enthusiasm for or against, but generally for, the plays given there. The upper gallery, or *paradis*, of the Porte-Saint-Martin will always be famous in the annals of the French stage. Not a few of the anecdotes told about the then new romantic drama, about its style, its poetic license in inverting the order of words in sentences, its use of unusual subjunctives, etc., belong to this theatre, and have almost always something to do with the frenetic interest the "gods" of the upper gallery took in the plays. The persecuted heroine, languishing in a dungeon, sobs out: "*Mon père à manger m'apporte,*" when a derisive voice shouts down from the gallery: "*Eh! bien, file donc alors, s'il a mangé ta porte!*" to the huge delight of all classicists present. A young hero cries aloud, in virtuous indignation: "*Comment! voudriez-vous que je n'aimasse pas mon père?*" The words are hardly out of his mouth when an enthusiastic Savoyard, mistaking his meaning, calls down from the *paradis* in a voice of thunder: "*Non, amasse* † *le toujours, mon gaillard, c'est un rude coquin!*"

Among the famous plays brought out at the Porte-Saint-Martin under Harel's management may be noticed the elder Dumas's "Antony," "La tour de Nesle," and "Angèle," and Victor Hugo's "Lucrèce Borgia" and "Marie Tudor." After Harel retired from the management, in 1842, the theatre lapsed for a time into the spectacular fairy business of the "Black Crook" stamp; but it afterward regained much of its former prestige in the legitimate drama. Sardou's famous "Patrie" was produced at it in 1869. In 1871 the house was burnt, but has been rebuilt since on a different plan. The aspect of the present *salle* is peculiar; it is only fifty-nine feet in depth, from stage to wall, against seventy-five feet in width, and sixty-five in height. As the balconies are by no means shallow, these proportions give it much the look of a deep semi-circular well. Its interior decoration is, for the most part, white and gold; it seats eighteen hundred persons. Last winter Sarah Bernhardt gave "Cléopâtre" there before sailing for this country; this was followed by the perennial "Courrier de Lyon" and by "l'Impératrice Faustine," a terrible (and also terribly dull) new five-act drama by Stanislas Rzewuski, into which Jane Hading

* To avoid historical confusion, it should be remembered that the Salle-Ventadour also bore the name of Théâtre de la Renaissance at two separate periods before the theatre now in question was built.

† *Amasser*, southeastern frontier dialect for *assommer*, from the Italian *ammazzare*.

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Théâtre du Vaudeville.
(On the corner of the boulevard des Capucines and the rue de la Chaussée d'Antin.)

and Pierre Berton struggled hard to infuse some element of excitement.

The Ambigu-Comique, which forms the opposite end of the block from the Renaissance, is the oldest still existing theatre in Paris, except the Opéra, the Comédie-Française, and the Gaîté; it was founded in 1767 on the boulevard du Temple, but was transferred long ago to its present site. Almost every sort of play has been given there, and the house has generally ranked next to the

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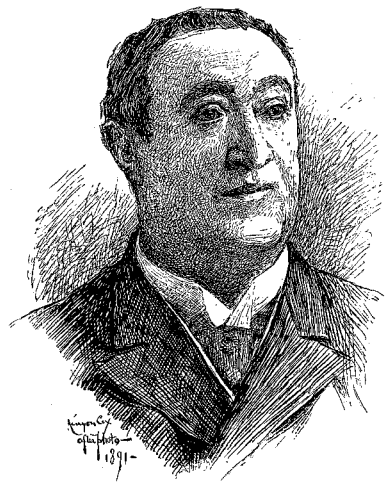
Gymnase and the Porte-Saint-Martin. Of late years it has become noted for its leaning toward the modern realistic

M. Baron, of the Variétés.

drama; most, if not all, of Busnach's dramatizations of Zola's "Rougon-Macquart" novels have been given there, with the most elaborate perfection of stage setting, and by carefully chosen and very strong companies. The whole of last winter it gave a military play, "Le régiment," which, however, I did not see. The Ambigu-Comique is as well accustomed to long runs as any theatre in Paris.

A little beyond the Ambigu, on the continuation of the rue de Bondy, which runs alongside of the boulevard Saint-Martin, just as the rue Basse-du-Rempart does beside the boulevard de la Madeleine, and is only separated from it by a sidewalk, we come to the Théâtre des Folies-Dramatiques, or, as it is familiarly called, *les Fol-dram's*. Nothing but the tablets bearing the name of the theatre, which you hardly notice at first, distinguish the façade from that of the ordinary Paris house; inside it is a dingy little theatre of rather awkward shape, with a somewhat larger stage than most houses of its size. The theatre was originally built (1831) on the boulevard du Temple, on the site of the old Ambigu-Comique, and was moved to the rue de Bondy when that part of the boulevard du Temple was wiped out to make way for the place du Château-d'Eau, now place de la République. Unassuming and dingy—I had almost said "shady"—as the house now looks, its history is not unnotable; from the first it has been devoted to extravaganza of one sort or another. "Robert Macaire," with Frédérick Lemaître in the cast, was first given there; Paul de Kock wrote a good deal for it at one time; later on Hervé's "Chilpéric" and "Le petit Faust" were brought out there. Last winter I saw "Les mousquetaires au couvent," but it was not so well given as by Grau's company, with Paola Marié, Nigri, and Tauffenberger in the cast in this country.

Passing from the boulevard Saint-Martin into the boulevard du Temple, and looking diagonally across the great place de la République, you catch a glimpse of the Théâtre-Historique, whilom Théâtre du Château-d'Eau, on the corner of the rue de Malte and the avenue de la République; and on the right hand side of the boulevard du Temple itself, opposite the corner of the place de la République, you pass by the Théâtre-Déjazet. This now shabby little hole of a theatre was opened in



M. Dupuis, of the Variétés.

1854 as the Théâtre des Folies-Nouvelles. Hector Berlioz, who was critic on the *Journal des Débats* at that time wrote a humorous account of it—"a coquettish little resort, clean, charming,

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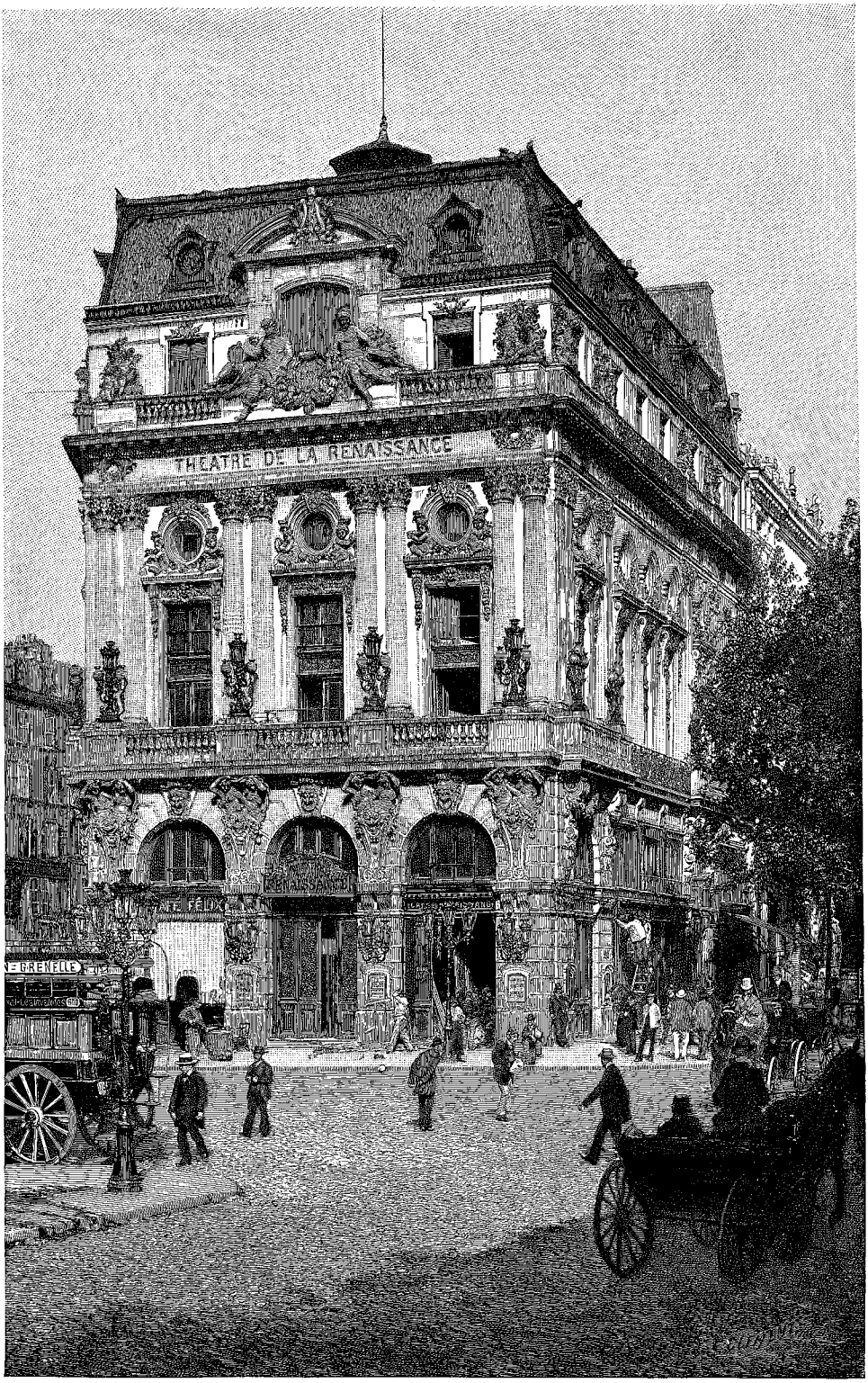

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

Théâtre de la Renaissance, boulevard Saint-Martin.

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lighted up *a giorno*, and always peopled by an audience both well-dressed and of urbane manners"—which he republished in his "Grotesques de la Musique." It changed its name to Théâtre-Déjazet in 1860, when Eugène Déjazet assumed the management. Dingy, comfortless, and ill-ventilated as this tiny little house is, it is one of the most popular theatres in Paris; the acting is excellent, it is a temple of laughter holding both his sides. Last winter "Ferdinand le noceur," a three-act

M. Colonne, Conductor of the Concerts of the Association Artistique, at the Châtelet.

farce-comedy of the "Pink Dominoes" family, held the stage from the beginning of the season up to June 8th, when it was succeeded by "Les deux Camille," another roaring farce. I see by the papers that "Ferdinand le noceur" was taken up again last fall, and is still on the bills! Here again is a house which the theatre-loving stranger should not fail to visit; he will get a very characteristic and authentic whiff of that peculiar essence which Nestor Roqueplan named *parisine*.

The line of boulevard theatres is closed up by the Théâtre-Beaumarchais, on the right hand of the boulevard Beaumarchais, just past the rue des Vosges. It is in every sense what is called in Paris a *théâtre de quartier*, a theatre frequented only by people living in the neighborhood. It gives comedies, vaudevilles, and sensation dramas by no means badly, but an outsider would go to it more to watch the audience than the play.

Of the theatres off the line of the boulevards, the most important is unquestionably the Théâtre du Palais-Royal, in the northwest corner of the Palais-Royal, at the end of the galerie de Beaujolais, near the péristyle de Joinville. It was built in 1783 by Louis, architect of the duc d'Orléans, and opened as a marionnette theatre; soon afterward a troupe of children gave pantomimes there. In 1790 Mlle Montansier, Directress of the Versailles Theatre, followed king, queen, and dauphin to Paris, and set up with her company at the Palais-Royal, changing the name of the theatre to Théâtre des Variétés, and gave almost every sort of play there until she and her whole troupe moved to the present Variétés on the boulevard Montmartre, in 1807.

From this time the house had a rather checkered career, being often closed by the police, until 1831, when it was reopened, after a complete remodelling of its interior, and devoted to giving the light comedies and farces for which it has ever since been famous. No theatre in Paris, except its neighbor the Comédie-Française, can show so brilliant a list of actors in its annals as the Palais-Royal. Levassor, Grassot, Ravel, L'Héritier, Hyacinthe, Lassouche, Gil-Pérez, Brasseur, Geoffroy, Mme Thierret, Mlle Aline Duval, Mme Delille, Mlle Alphonsine, Mlle Céline Montaland have all acted there, and now Daubray, Saint-Germain, Dailly, Mme Céline Chaumont, Mlle Lavigne, and Mlle Clem take their place as well as may be. Here has been for the last half century the home of the best French comic acting; hardly has the Comédie-Française itself enjoyed a higher reputation than this cosy (and exquisitely uncomfortable) little theatre, in its palmy days—which, alas! are rather on the wane just now. Besides employing

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M. Daubray, of the Palais-Royal.

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a far higher grade of talent than theatres like the Déjazet or the Cluny, the Palais-Royal has the additional advantage of a far more extended repertory. Naturally, as an unsubventioned theatre that is not forced by law to have a repertory, it cannot afford to let slip the opportunity of an enormous run, whenever it happens to have laid hands upon a particularly successful play; but, no matter what run a play may have at the Palais-Royal, the theatre gives frequent extra performances, in the afternoon, at which this, that, or the other masterpiece in its older repertory is played. Thus one can hardly pass a winter in Paris without having opportunities of seeing a dozen or so of such stock pieces as "Le chapeau de paille d'Italie," "Gavaut, Minard & Cie.," "Le roi Candaule," and others. In fact, it may be said that the Palais-Royal bears very much the same relation to the Comédie-Française that the Opéra-Comique does to the Académie de Musique.

Two more theatres have been famous in their time, and, to a certain extent, are so still: the Théâtre de la Gaîté, on the square des Arts-et-Métiers, off the boulevard de Sébastopol, and the Théâtre des Bouffes-Parisiens, in the rue Monsigny, running through to the passage Choiseul. Both are lyric theatres, devoted to the lighter and more extravagant forms of comic operetta, with this difference, that the Bouffes adheres almost exclusively to opéra-bouffe in the original acceptation of the term, while the larger Gaîté inclines more toward the later spectacular developments of opéra-bouffe, and to fairy pieces. The Gaîté was founded in 1760, on the boulevard du Temple, by one Nicolet, under the title of Théâtre des Grands Danseurs du Roi; but it soon changed this ponderous name. In 1862, when its part of the boulevard du Temple was torn down, it, like the other theatres near it, had to move; it was in this year that it opened its present house in the square des Arts-et-Métiers. Offenbach wrote his "Le roi Carotte" for it in 1872, and made the extended version of "Orphée aux Enfers" for it in 1874. Since the establishment of this genre, it has brought out other works of the same sort; last winter "La

M. Lamoureux, Conductor of the Concerts at the Cirque d'Été.

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fille du tambour-major" was revived there, "with three hundred people on the stage in the last scene." But the theatre has been more famous for its fairy ballet-spectacles, which are often of the most gorgeous description.

The Bouffes-Parisiens was founded by Offenbach in 1855, and opened on July 5th in the little theatre in the Champs-Élysées, now known as the Folies-Marigny; on December 29th of the same year it moved to the little Théâtre-Comte, in the passage Choiseul, where it still is. In its peculiar line the Bouffes may be said to rank as second only to the Variétés. Last winter it was the scene of the great success of the year in opéra-bouffe, Audran's "Miss Helyett," with Mlle Duhamel in the title part. This bewitching young artist has no more voice than Milly Meyer, but she has infinitely more talent. The work itself is certainly Audran's most ambitious, and I should hardly hesitate to call it his best, effort; he has revived once more what was a characteristic feature of Offenbach's best operas, namely, musical burlesque—

M. Jules Garcin, Conductor of the Conservatoire Orchestra.

there is a "Siegfried-and-Brünnhilde" duet in it, between the *Toréador* and his sweetheart, that is fit to kill any Wagnerian with laughing. Both the singing troupe and the orchestra are capital at this little theatre, which seems, in general, to have maintained its standard of excellence somewhat better than either the Palais-Royal or the Variétés has, of late years.

Mme Céline Chaumont, of the Palais-Royal.

A theatre which, if not particularly interesting of itself, has, of late years, become the scene of interesting doings, in the Menus-Plaisirs, on the boulevard de Strasbourg, not far from the boulevard Saint-Denis. It is a rather unusually cheerful-looking theatre for Paris, of medium size, seating one thousand persons, and devoted to light comedy, vaudeville, and operetta. It would not be worth more than a passing notice, were it not for one fact: it is in it that the famous—some persons might say notorious—Théâtre-Libre gives a certain number of performances every season. This Théâtre-Libre is, in every way, a singular and remarkable institution; it owes its existence and success to the enthusiasm and pertinacity of one man, André Antoine. His career has

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been a curious one. He was born in 1858, at Limoges, in the Haute-Vienne, of very poor and humble parents, was sent to school in Paris when still a little boy, studying at the school of the Frères de la rue de Béarn, and later at the École Turgot, working hard, keeping generally at the head of his class, getting nothing but good marks for conduct, and winning purse after purse by way of prizes — money which his parents' poverty prevented his expending upon his own further education. When about thirteen or fourteen, it was determined that he should begin to earn his own living, and he got a place as office-boy to a not entirely reputable law-firm in the rue des Bons-Enfants. In 1873 he obtained a similar place in Didot's book-shop. About this time he made the acquaintance of a boy of about his own age, Mévisto by name, and soon the two struck up terms of chummage, and hired a room together in the rue Saint-Jacques, "on the first floor, counting from the sky." It is noteworthy that, up to this time, Antoine had shown no fondness for the stage, for declaiming

Mlle Duhamel, of the Bouffes-Parisiens, as "Miss Helyett."

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verses, nor for mimicry of any kind. But Mévisto, who was clerk in the office of an advocate at the Court of Appeal, was also member of an amateur dramatic club, and knew a teacher of elocution; the love of things dramatic was thus instilled into Antoine's soul, and the two chums began to look around for engagements as supes at the theatres on leisure evenings. They were the two guards in "Jean Dacier" at the Théâtre-Français.

In 1876 he entered the service of the Gas Company, but his dramatic ambition was now predominant over all other feelings, and his wages of 150 francs a month did not prevent his applying twice at the Conservatoire for admission, both of which applications were refused, as the examiners could discover no talent in him. In 1880 came his time for enforced military service, and he entered a line regiment quartered at Saint-Omer. Here he became successively private secretary to two generals. In 1882 he was transferred to a garrison in South Tunis, and next year back again to France, at Lille and Avesnes. When his time was up he returned to the Paris Gas Company, where, for two years, he attended to his business of clerk without outside distractions. All his employers, whether civil or military, united in praising his steadiness, conscientious work, and punctuality; but not one of them even hinted a suspicion of his having the slightest talent for anything; he was supposed to be perfectly commonplace. But he was soon to show himself in his true colors. Without giving up his place at the Gas Company, he joined an amateur dramatic club in 1885. One evening, at the Cercle Gaulois, he well-nigh dumfounded his companions by proposing that, instead of giving nothing but old, threadbare plays, as is the wont of amateur companies, they should try their hand at something entirely new. A strong majority was against this proposal, but some few of the more adventurous thought well of it, and soon Antoine and a sufficient number of his companions had four new one-act pieces in rehearsal: "La cocarde," by Jules Vidal; "Un préfet," by Arthur Byl; "Jacques Damour," by Léon Hennique, after Zola's story; "Mademoiselle Pomme," by Paul Alexis, after Duranty. The rehearsals were held at a wine-shop in the rue Lepic, around a billiard-table; to meet expenses, Antoine had subscribed a month's salary. As luck would have it, Hennique came to one of the rehearsals, and was so much pleased that he returned to the dress-rehearsal, bringing Zola with him. Zola, in his turn, brought Daudet to the performance, which was given in the little theatre in the passage de l'Élysée des Beaux-Arts, on March 30, 1887. Henri Fouquier was almost the only other literary man of any distinction present, except the authors of the plays. "Jacques Damour" was a great success, and although Antoine found that the affair ended by leaving him 400 francs in debt, he determined to try again. He wrote to his old friend Mévisto, who, having been exempted from military service, had been starring in the provinces as a comic singer: "Come quick, old boy; I think I have found something." Mévisto took part in a second performance, and made a great hit; Antoine's liabilities were swelled to 800 francs, but the Théâtre-Libre was fairly born.

Antoine determined to try a grand stroke: he wrote twelve hundred letters to influential persons supposably interested in the stage, and delivered them all himself, postage-stamps being expensive. Of these twelve hundred letters not a single one was answered. So he took the bit in his teeth and got up a third performance — "Sœur Philomène," by Byl and Vidal, after Goncourt, and "l'Évasion," by Villers de l'Isle-Adam—in October, 1887. All literary Paris was present, and Antoine had a tremendous success as an actor. His debts now amounted to 1,200 francs.

He next sent out five thousand pamphlets, each one accompanied by a letter, inviting subscribers at 100 francs a head for four performances. These circulars brought in some response, and six performances were given at the Théâtre-Montparnasse in the rue de la Gaîté. In 1888 Antoine moved to the Menus-Plaisirs. The Théâtre-Libre may now be called an assured success—that is, on the basis on which it is run at present:

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giving two performances, and no more, of every new play it brings out.

The aim of this curious institution is to produce plays of real literary value, which, for one reason or another, cannot be, or at all events are not, given at other theatres. As it is a private enterprise, no tickets being publicly sold, but it living by subscriptions, fractional parts of the amount of which are payable *after* each performance, it escapes the censorship, and can give (in reason) pretty much what plays it pleases. Since its foundation it has steadily upheld the principles of the newest school, both of dramatic writing and of acting. Thus in the beginning it was all for the *naturalistes;* but when the *symbolistes* came up, it received them with open arms. Of course, anyone who knows what French *naturalisme* and the later *symbolisme* are, can see with half an eye what, at least, one of the reasons is why the Théâtre-Libre does not choose to have the censorship meddle with its doings. Many of the plays it has brought out have been criticised severely enough for their nastiness — to use the plain English for it. Others, again, have been found fault with for their unconventional cut, their want of dramatic action, and general lack of interest. But with these matters I would have nothing to do here. Last winter I saw only one performance of what is a great rarity in France: a literal translation of a foreign play, Ibsen's "Wilde Ente." Exceedingly few exotic plays are given in Paris, save in the shape of adaptations.

The performance of this, "Le canard sauvage," was enough to show what an interesting institution the Théâtre-Libre is, apart from the plays themselves that are given there; it is interesting histrionically, as a study of theatrical ways and means. The stage-mounting, scenery, and other material accessories are of the most elaborate description — rather to the inconvenience of the audience, at times, for an elaborate scene is not to be set in five minutes, and at the first performance of "Le canard sauvage" the first entr'acte lasted an hour and five minutes! The acting is wholly unconventional, and, I must say, as utterly superb as it is unconventional. There is no "elocution," no labored *diction*, no crossing the stage from right to left, or *vice versa*, calculated for mere effect. The actors talk as they would in real life, they turn their back to the audience, they do what they please — but they know how to do all this effectively. They throw themselves into their parts with a vigor of enthusiasm that leaves nothing to be desired; as the French say, *ils entrent dans la peau du personnage* — they get into the very skin of the character. I could find only two points to criticise.

In trying to break through the shackles of stage convention, M. Antoine, as it seems to me, is not careful enough to distinguish between such conventions as are merely traditional and those that are rooted in the very nature of the stage itself. Now, it is, to my mind, just as essential and insurmountable a condition of the drama that the audience should see and hear what goes on on the stage, as that the stage itself should have three walls, and not four. It must be admitted that M. Antoine is excessively fond of night effects, of a very dark stage, with footlights turned wholly out, and darkness made just visible by one candle on a table somewhere in a corner. Again, both he and his partners, in their anxiety to preserve an easy, natural conversational tone, often fall into the mistake of speaking so low that you cannot hear what they say. But, apart from these two blemishes, I can speak of the acting and stage-setting at the Théâtre-Libre only with the warmest enthusiasm and admiration; it is equally fine in detail and in ensemble. For one thing, it is the result of the most laborious and intelligent rehearsing. M. Antoine himself is superb; and Mlle Meuris, a young girl, almost a beginner, who acted the part of *Hedwig* in the "Canard sauvage," was simply astounding. Henri Fouquier wrote of her in the *Figaro:* "This young actress is an entirely new revelation; we have, time and again, seen the *ingénue* on our stage; Mlle Meuris has shown us for the first time the *young girl* as she lives and breathes!"

Not the least amusing place of entertainment (in both senses) in Paris, is the Chat-Noir, the tavern-theatre kept

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by Rodolphe Salis, whilom writer, poet, journalist, and painter, now "*gentilhomme cabaretier*." The time has gone by when the Chat-Noir was a tiny little pot-house in the boulevard Rochechouart, frequented by a few artistic and literary kindred souls, where Salis used to pour out beer and liquor in person for "those who earned their thirst artistically." Ever since 1885, the Chat-Noir has been a picturesque, two-story tavern in the rue Victor Massé, with a small theatre attached, where *ombres chinoises*, or shadow-pictures, are shown, while Salis stalks up and down the aisle in his rough shooting-jacket, with his hands in his pockets, making explanatory remarks, and cracking jokes. Here, too, you can hear young poets recite their own verses—and exceedingly daring some of the verses are—especially those of a comic turn. Young composers, also, write songs and short cantatas for the Chat-Noir, and have them capitally sung there by one or two voices, with accompaniment of pianoforte and cabinet organ, with an occasional trombone, or so, and some instruments of percussion behind the curtain. Almost everything done at the Chat-Noir is good in its way, and very well done, only its way is liable to be rather *risqué*. It is a bohemian sort of place, with a flavor of its own. The walls of all the rooms are covered with excellent pictures and pen, pencil, and charcoal sketches, and the waiters in the restaurant are dressed in the costume of academicians.

From the Chat-Noir to the Conservatoire is, morally speaking, at least, a long way; but we must take the stride, if we are to consider what is one of the two most perfect things in Paris (the Comédie-Française being the other one), namely, the great Conservatoire orchestra. The famous Société des Concerts du Conservatoire was founded in 1828, with Habeneck as conductor. The hall in which these concerts are given is a marvel of acoustical perfection; as far as hearing goes, there is not a bad seat in it, not one from which you cannot hear the music with the greatest imaginable distinctness, and in its fullest richness and vitality of tone. It may sound hyperbolical, but it is true, that in this wonderful hall you do not need to follow the music score in hand; you actually *hear* every detail with your ears, without that additional help. So phenomenal are the acoustics of the place, that it is said that the management does not dare to alter a partition between two boxes, nor to change even so much as the stuffing of a seat, for fear of breaking the talisman which makes it all so perfect. This is, in one sense, to be regretted; for, except on the floor, the seats are miracles of mediæval discomfort, and the ventilation (or non-ventilation) is so abominable that hardly a concert goes off without several people stumbling out, half-fainting, into the corridor before it is over. But it is worth while to endure even this to hear music sound so supremely well! No doubt, an important element in this matter is the small size of the hall. The stage, on which are seated an orchestra of from eighty to ninety, and a chorus of, I should say, about sixty, comes out to half-way between the wall behind it and the front of the balcony at the other end.

The orchestra has long been famous as the finest in the world, and from what I heard of it last winter, I feel quite sure that this reputation is thoroughly earned. Such playing, especially in the wind instruments, I had only imagined; I had never expected to *hear* anything like it, except with the mind's ear. Such smoothness, such accuracy, such beauty of tone and homogeneity of musical purpose and accent! At the Conservatoire they still use the old plain horns and trumpets in all classical compositions in which the modern valve instruments were not written for. I could not see any difference in the quality of tone, but the generally superior smoothness in phrasing was noticeable. The chorus is drawn up on benches in three batches *in front* of the orchestra, the soprani on the conductor's left, the tenors on his right, and the basses in front of him. They sing sitting, and, if not irreproachably, with excellent firmness, accuracy, and good attention to effects of light and shade. They are all professional singers, with good, strong, well-trained voices.

But the Conservatoire has not the only orchestra in Paris; indeed, this happy

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capital possesses three fully equipped symphony orchestras, each one absolutely independent of the other two. There are three sets of orchestral concerts given simultaneously on Sunday afternoons, throughout the winter season. The concerts at the Conservatoire, conducted by M. Jules Garcin; those of the Association Artistique, conducted by M. Édouard Colonne, and given in the huge Théâtre du Châtelet; and those given by M. Lamoureux in the Cirque d'Été in the Champs-Élysées. It is extremely difficult to form any just comparative judgment of the merits of these last two orchestras. The Châtelet, in which the Colonne concerts are given, is an excellent place for sound, albeit rather over-large, whereas the Cirque d'Été, where Lamoureux gives his concerts, is, without exception, the worst hall for music I ever saw—you hear distinctly enough in it, but the tone is absolutely cold and lifeless. But both orchestras are very fine, if markedly less so in point of finish than that at the Conservatoire. I should rank them about with the New York and Boston symphony orchestras, perhaps a little below the latter.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

By Beatrice Witte.

New York, June 2, 1890.—To-day I came into my kingdom.

I can paint! Reynold, the famous Reynold, stood before my canvas for full five minutes, poised on one foot, in his favorite attitude, with eyes alternately narrowed and dilated. Then, while I listened like a prisoner to the jury's verdict, he announced that with time and training, years of severe training, I could paint—well; he advised me to study in Paris.

How cool and commonplace this looks on paper. It doesn't even imply my agony of gratitude to Reynold and to God for giving me at last some reason for living, this splendid power to take of and amplify. They don't belong to us, such things, we belong to them.

I want to embrace the world. I go about the house like a distracted ballet-dancer, with my heart aching to tell it to everybody. Oh, I wish Dick would come!

June 3d.—Dick says: "I always believed in you. Go ahead."

June 7th.—Father's answer to my letter has just reached me. "Yes, if I want to, I can go to Paris." If I want to! Equally plainly stands out the unwritten fact that he doesn't want me to go, for most of Father's letter lies between the lines. All day I have been dramatizing scenes with him, full of an unconscious, strenuous effort to make him say he would rather have me go, only to end at the same beginning, "Yes, if I want to." There is something fatally wrong about the construction of a universe, where one can't be in two places at once.

June 8th.—Letters from Grandma, from Aunt Alicia, from Aunt Mary, from Cousin Blanche, all just different enough to prove that the family met and talked me over thoroughly before writing. With such a crowd of female relatives, one would imagine that Father might be able to spare one insignificant little girl; but no, that is exactly the point which all the letters find impossible. He has no one but me now; he is growing old; I have been away for a year already; an only daughter's place is with her father. And the worst of them is, they are all so true.

If he could only go to Paris with me! But the head of a big business firm can't follow a girl's whims about the world.

My going home means just this: to lose all the full, significant life which I might have; to be a traitor to my best power. After this year's training, I can go on to better and better work; if I wait a while I shall have to begin all over again. Life in a little New England village would be hard enough, follow-

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ing my winter in New York, but how much harder when I know that I might continue that winter's happiness indefinitely. Here I am pushed; people criticise, encourage, speak of me as a woman with a future; there, my aunts say: "Why, certainly, my dear, paint for recreation, if you like;" just as they might say: "Crochet for recreation." Poor Dick! His father wants him to practise in Keene after he passes at the bar, and if I were he, I should rebel.

My painting is not all, even. The whole dear, clever, responsive student-life must go with it. No more lectures; no more long days of work in the studio, with your whole soul fastened to the gradations of brawn on the model's arm; no more talks with the girls—such girls! No more delicate, high thoughts called out by this gracious, scholarly atmosphere. No career. That is what I should give up.

I should get over caring for such things? Yes, that is the worst. I shall narrow and coarsen, and grow dull and brutish, perhaps; my brain will not be stimulated, and a brain like mine *must* be, or it stops working. Oh, how I hate myself at forty!

Why won't some philanthropist found a Society for the Prevention of Conscientious Scruples, and settle such things for us?

June 10th.—I have been thinking for the last two days, and it has made me very unhappy.

Isn't an art something more important than the little arrangements of human life? If one had to choose between a few men who would die before long, in any case, and the eternal Venus of Milo, how would one decide? Doesn't one owe a talent the same development that one would owe a child?

It doesn't belong to me; I belong to it.

June 11th.—I want to understand myself. Am I shallow, am I unsympathetic, am I selfish? Also, incidentally, am I pretty?

(How silly! That last sentence has nothing to do with the subject; it only comes of talking with Dick last night. I didn't want to tell Dick my troubles yet, so we talked about—other things.)

They call me clever at the studio; Dick says that I am the brainiest woman he ever saw—but Dick doesn't count. Now, if one is clever, can one's moral nature be thin? If one is analytic, can one possibly have little to analyze? Perhaps strong, simple emotions defy the scalpel, and the dissecting temperament coexists only with an arrangement in half-tones. The metaphor is mixed, but that only makes it congruous with the rest of me.

I am glad to say that at present I am in a wholesome mood of self-contempt; it makes me feel virtuous.

I am going to Paris.

June 13th.—I am perfectly right; I know that I am, only I cannot quite realize it.

There exists no better proof that the conscience is an educated and acquired element in character, than the tendency it shows to adopt a standard of conventional goodness. I am about to do something that Grandma and the aunts consider wrong, and my conscience adopts their idea of me instead of my idea of myself. Perhaps I ought to want to stay—but I don't. If I am wrong, why doesn't Father forbid my going, instead of leaving me to my own proper feeling, when I have none?

That universal feeling that a woman's life is of no value, except in so far as it contributes to complete that of some man is one of the most vital of "ghosts." A young man's career? Oh, that mustn't be interfered with; he is an individual. But what does one woman more or less matter?

I am a pioneer, and I must expect to share the fate of all pioneers and reformers, part of which is transient self-suspicion and doubt—but I am right.

June 14th.—To-day the feminine part of the family sent me a letter which purports to come from Cousin Blanche. There are no reproaches; only, what is worse, an undercurrent of decided disapprobation. Why won't they let me alone? I am so tired of fighting, that if it wasn't for Dick and the support he is going to give me when I tell him, I could almost give up everything. I am going home next week to say good-by, and I could just stay there so easily. Dick will understand. It is so much

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harder to be selfish in the right way than to be altruistic in the wrong way.

June 17th.—I have had my talk with Dick.

Last night when he came to meet me with that deferential little stoop of his, just as deferential as though we hadn't made mud-pies together, I put out both hands impulsively — or almost impulsively—and began:

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come——"

"Have you decided?"

"Yes. I'm going home day after to-morrow."

He stopped short and looked at me. Then I saw that he had misunderstood, and all at once I felt: "Why shouldn't I have my arguments backed by some one else's? Why shouldn't I pretend that I'm not going to Paris, and let Dick persuade me into my own decision?" I seated myself unconcernedly in the corner of the sofa where the light-effect was prettiest, while Dick followed me like an automaton.

"You're not going to Paris?" he asked, incredulously.

"Oh, well, I mightn't have succeeded, after all."

"You're not — great heavens, Lil, you're crazy! Reynold makes mistakes, I suppose." He leaned forward with an air of intense determination: "You ought to be sworn at! If you were only a man——"

"Go on," I said, tilting my head and my elbow at the same angle; I can do that without making it horrid, and very few women can.

"Have you thought about living in Keene? You aren't letting any idiotic idea of self-sacrifice run away with you, are you? Don't you understand how you'll regret this?"

I quietly sat up, and recapitulated, with legal minuteness and impassibility, all the arguments on both sides, all the attractions of my student-life, all the disadvantages of Keene. As I went on, I really seemed to be in the pathetic situation which I was assuming, and poor Dick was deeply touched.

"Yes, you certainly realize what you are doing," he said, helplessly.

"You are going to live in Keene yourself."

"That's different. I have my work; besides, I'll only stay there long enough to make the money to live somewhere else. Are you ill?"

"No."

"Getting tired of your work?"

"I love it better than anything in the world," I cried, dramatically.

"Then, in heaven's name, *why* are you going home?"

I looked at him with a pathetic smile which would have made my fortune as the stage-martyr, and said lightly, but with a touch of shaky tenderness which was due to my gratitude to Dick:

"I am going home to amuse my father."

Then, just as I was about to break out, "Oh, you goose, of course I'm going to Paris!"—I saw a sudden huge admiration, that took my breath away, overwhelm Dick's face. He said:

"Then I think you are right."

Right! Oh, me! A sense of utter disappointment in Dick, a great humiliation because I was not the woman he thought me, a cowardice that forced me to keep his admiration at any price, choked me for a minute. Oh, Dick, my one friend whom I trusted! I felt that the fight was at an end, and that I was beaten.

He was so kind, so sympathetic, so lovable, so everything except just what he ought to have been, that when he left, I knew — and Dick strongly suspected—that before I went home nothing would matter very much except Dick. That need not take me away from Father.

It ought to be enough—but it isn't. Every now and then I wonder—would Dick have sent a young man in my position to virtuous stagnation and altruistic suicide, with the hearty decision that he was right?

And I am wrong, utterly wrong; and I am sanctioning by my acquiescence the belief in the intrinsic worthlessness of a woman's life; and I am helping to make the struggle harder for all the poor girls who come after me.

This is the last spasm of my rebellion. In a week, no doubt, I shall be quite satisfied with conventional goodness, and submissively happy with Dick. Then I shall tell him everything—and Dick will not understand!

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Studies from Nature by the Late Charles Keene.

CHARLES KEENE, OF "PUNCH."

*By George Somes Layard.**

IN the introduction to his "Life of Benvenuto Cellini," Mr. John Addington Symonds strikes the note with which an article on the greatest of all English artists in black and white (and this superlative is used here without hesitation) must be commenced by the present writer. Six months ago, with all the world, the latter knew Charles Keene merely as one of the Knights of the "Mahogany Tree," as Thackeray euphemistically called the old hacked table round which the mortal assessors of the immortal *Punch* sit.

To him, as to all outside those charmed circles, which had the honor and inestimable privilege of his stanch and loyal friendship, or the outstanding advantage of his professional assistance, Charles Keene was nothing more than an abstract purveyor of a certain sort of humorous and artistic goods.

Now, however, the whole point of view is changed, and we come to the unerring note which has been struck for us by the delightful writer above mentioned.

"In so far as it is possible to enter into personal intercourse with anyone whose voice we have not heard, whose physical influences we have not been affected by, in whose living presence we

* The illustrations of this article are printed from blocks furnished by the author.

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have not thought, and felt, and acted, in so far" can I, the writer, claim to be familiar with the great artist, the subject of this article.

Six months ago I was entrusted with the task of writing his life, and now, six months later, I can say, without exaggeration, that few hours of any day, during all that time, have passed without his speaking to me, directly through his letters, or indirectly through his marvellous pictures, to see the originals of which, placed at my disposal in hundreds from all quarters, has been nothing less than a revelation.

For those who have but seen Keene's work as reproduced in the pages of *Punch*, admirable though the wood engraving for that journal is, or in *Once a Week*, or in the various books which he illustrated, it is impossible, unless there is an artistic second-sight I know nothing of, even approximately to appreciate the marvellous dexterity with which he suggested color, atmosphere (transparent or semi-transparent), distances and middle distances, in his medium of black and white. Even Mr. du Maurier, himself up to all the adroit methods by which drawings of this character are reproduced, and able, one would think, as well as any, to read between the wood-block lines and realize the consummate art which prompted it all, is said to have declared, on seeing the exhibition of Keene's original pictures in Bond Street, that great as he had always held his colleague of over twenty years to be, he had heretofore had no conception of the surpassing excellence of his method. And, if this be true of one so gifted as the creator of Sir Gorgius Midas, of the Ponsonby de Tomkyns's, and of the great army of martyrs to things they would rather have left unsaid, how could it be expected that we poor Philistines, as Matthew Arnold labelled us of the deficient middle class, should have "discovered" Keene for ourselves? Just as well might it be expected that our estimable representatives who interlard their speeches with classical allusions culled from "Lemprière," would understand Mr. Gladstone's rare, but apt, Homeric quotations. Pope's "Iliad" is a very fine poem, and gives the story in all its main details, but it no more teaches the reader what nobility of expression Greek literature could rise to, than does the brutality of printer's ink literally translate the delicate *nuances* of Keene's inimitable art.

Not that we should altogether exonerate ourselves from the blame of non-recognition of Keene's extraordinary genius during his lifetime, on the score of not having had access to his original work. Those that were on the lookout for the strictest realism, and those who knew that true impressionism is but a phase of the same dogma (I do not of course allude to the modern crowd of inepts who think to hide their ignorance under this high-sounding title), long ago found out that there was a master in our midst, and France, Germany, and Holland, all knew early that the age had produced something that was out of the common.

The following charming letter, here published for the first time, from an admirer at The Hague, written to him so long ago as 1883, will show the kind of enthusiasm which Keene's work created abroad. The admirable manner in which the writer, without any great command of the English language, has conveyed his proper appreciation of the artist, is as unexpected as it is delightful.

"THE HAGUE, HOLLAND, October, 1883.

"TO MR. CHARLES KEENE,

"*Co-operator of Punch.*

"SIR: Supposing you will excuse for the love of art, that an inferior artist writes to you, I will address you a few words to express my feeling on your work as best I am able to do. It is many years already, that I am always longing to see *Punch* and that I look first for the engravings of your hand. My admiration of your genius is always increasing. Other illustrators give also 'character,' but you give that so truly artistic, that every product strikes the mind as a kind of beauty. In the composition of the whole, in each figure apart, there is a 'greatness' only to be found in masterpieces. Your expressing the character of a figure by means of a few lines is so, that the (for the popular eye) meanest or ugliest kind of person,

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(From a drawing by the late Charles Keene.)

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or dressing, or landscape, grow something picturesque.

"The surrounding of your figures is always so, that it forms a necessary part.

"The figure must be there, and the interior or the landscape must have that figure in it, so far goes the harmony of your lines. And there is color too in your engravings; we do not see paper and scratches, but *light*.

"I am aware that my remarks cannot be new to you, but, having observed that others, who are not worthy to be named together *with* you, are put *above* you by would-be critics, it is a desire, I would almost say a want, to my heart to offer my highest esteem and gratitude to the man who has procured me the most artistic delights.

"I hope my bad English shall not impede you to understand my meaning.

"Yours with the highest esteem,

"F. P. DER M."

The fact was, Keene was intensely original, and, as one writing of *Punch* on the death of Mark Lemon truly remarked: "Originality is a dangerous game to play, with the public as an opponent. It takes a long time to turn the public mind to a new direction, however much 'to the point' that direction may be." Keene's work was *caviare* to a public which had been brought up to feast upon the strong, exaggerated humor of Rowlandson, Gillray, and the Cruikshanks. This was the public that Mark Lemon, Leech, and Mayhew determined to cater for in 1841—a public which they foresaw was ready to pay for a regular weekly supply of laughter stimulants, in place of the erratic provision such as was made by Mrs. Humphry and her "silent, shy, and inexplicable" designer during their twenty years of association. It was a public which wanted to laugh heartily, while they were about it; a public which, while recovering from a roaring dissoluteness, which had been caught from examples in high places, had not yet come to the more modern conclusion that a "guffaw" is incorrect, and that laughter should swoon away into a yawn. It was a public which looked for low rather than high comedy, and that was what the great trio determined they should have. Fortunately they came early across John Leech, who led the inextinguishable laughter of England for over twenty years. *Punch* was indeed, during those years, what "Uncle Mark" had first christened it, the "guffawgraph" *par excellence*, and the public got their laughter stimulant and cachinnated unrestrainedly. In those days people there were who, like Nic, "grinned, cackled, and laughed, till they were like to kill themselves, and fell a-frisking and dancing about the room."

But now, what do we find? The rising generations only smile. What hearty laughter we do hear is from the "old boys" whose cracked voices have still a remnant of the true, unrestrained ring about them. This is the reign of reason, we know, and we have the high Miltonic authority for saying that

> "Smiles from reason flow
> To brute denied."

Whether the brutes can laugh he does not, I think, expressly mention, but the implication is self-evident.

When Leech died there was still a lingering, though no doubt brutal, desire for laughter, and it was still the aim of those who controlled in Fleet Street to help the public out with it.

It was a few years before this that Keene had come upon the scene as a more or less regular contributor. Now that Leech was gone he was called upon to take a leading part in the embellishment of the paper, and it was recognized by all his co-workers that, as far as artistic skill went, *Punch* would lose nothing by the substitution of his work for that of the great collaborator whose loss they were deploring. It was, however, equally apparent that the farcical drollery and the waggish satire which were so marked characteristics of the elder artist, were not to be found in the work of the grave, silent man who was his legitimate successor; and it cannot be denied that, so far as *Punch* was pledged, especially in the pictorial line, to be the instigator of fun and laughter, the exchange was anything but an advantageous one. Nor was this surpris-

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ing. Such a union of powers as those possessed by John Leech is as uncommon as it is delightful.

It must not be supposed, however, that Keene failed in providing the humorous aliment required by the public, so far as the letter-press was concerned. He was one of the most diligent, plodding, and persistent of men, and if jokes would not come to him, he recognized that they must be pursued.

By dint of perseveringly appropriating anything humorous that he came across (for no one could *appreciate* a joke more thoroughly than he could), and obtaining constant supplies from friends, who vied with one another in providing subjects for his marvellous pencil, he was second to none of those who were left in keeping up the character of the journal. But with what result? With the result that his pictures, almost without exception works of the most serious and earnest art, were completely thrown into the shade by the farcical and extravagant nature of their "legends."

A Study from Nature by the Late Charles Keene.

His designs were never more humorous than nature. Their accompanying text was often fantastic, satirical, and exaggerated.

Those who have read Charles Lamb's fine and just criticism of "The Faithful Shepherdess," will remember how he says, "Nothing but infatuation could have driven Fletcher upon mixing with this 'blessedness' (*i.e.*, with the exquisite innocence of Clorin) "such an ugly deformity as Cloe, the wanton Shepherdess. If Cloe was meant to set off Clorin by contrast, Fletcher should have known that such weeds, by juxtaposition, do not set off, but kill, sweet flowers."

Now, this is precisely what has been the case with Charles Keene's art. Not, of course, that I should for a moment call the farcical humor of *Punch* in any way a deformity, especially as there it is in its proper place, or declare that the prime motive of *Punch's* editors was to throw Keene's art into relief by its surroundings; but there can be no doubt that Keene's exquisitely unexaggerated work suffered, analogously, by contrast within its unquiet environment. Some there were, no doubt, who could, notwithstanding, hear the true notes which he struck. So there are some who can enjoy the "innocent scenes and sweet, lyric intermixtures" in which Fletcher's heroine disports herself. But there is no denying that the attention of the majority is distracted from the exquisitely pure heroine by her association with the bold dissoluteness of Cloe, who, instead of acting as a foil, has usurped the leading rôle.

The accident which made Keene a *Punch* artist, and thus associated his quiet, unobtrusive art with the louder and more obvious work of his col-

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leagues, combined with the characteristic modesty which never allowed anything more than the signature of C. K., and very often not even that, to appear upon his drawings, resulted in his being the least known, notwithstanding the fact that he was the greatest, among his black-and-white contemporaries.

Those who went to the pages of *Punch* went mainly to amuse themselves, and not on the lookout for the masterpieces of a sober, thoughtful artist.

Nor were these the only reasons why a fair estimate of his work could not be obtained.

Had Keene's original work been generally seen at exhibitions or in salesrooms, where serious art *is* looked for, no doubt many would have discovered him in his lifetime, to whom the exhibition of his work in Bond Street, after his death, was a revelation. The fact, however, that, saving under very exceptional circumstances, he never sold or exhibited his pictures, rendered this impossible. Practically, the only opportunity for the public to know him was by means of reproductions, and wood-engraving was perhaps more cruel to his art than to any other. That he failed, however, to have the best done for him that could be accomplished in that medium, is sufficiently negatived by the signature "Swain" to most of the blocks.

But there was more than one reason why the wood-engraver found it impossible to do justice to his work, and there can be no blinking the fact that the fault lay with the originator rather than with the translator. As long as the finished picture had to be drawn upon the wood-block by the artist's own hand, which was up to the end of the year 1872, no doubt the design, besides being drawn to the exact dimensions required, was also drawn with its final destiny full in view of the artist. After that date, however, when a means was discovered of transferring drawings, with the aid of photography, on to a wood-block of whatever size, these two incentives—of working to scale, and with the ultimate fate of the picture in view—were removed. Not only did the temptation at once arise to make the drawings so large that, where they gained in the originals, they lost by being reduced in the reproductions, but there was also the temptation to strive after the turning out of an ideal original, instead of a design most fitted to the method by which it was destined to be reproduced.

To both of these temptations Keene gave way. Many of his originals, twice the dimensions of a *Punch* page, had to be accommodated in spaces a quarter their size, with what disastrous results may be imagined, when it is borne in mind that the largest were produced with all the delicate elaboration of which he was master. Where every line was so deliberate and essential, the loss of one was nothing short of a calamity, and a calamity which it was, under the circumstances, impossible for the wood-engraver to avoid. This was in itself sufficiently fatal to anything approaching an adequate reproduction of his work. It gave a dirty, and comparatively heavy result in place of the brightness and light which are such essential features of the originals.

Calamitous, however, as was this, there was still another characteristic of Keene's work which rendered even an approximate representation in printer's ink, especially as years went on, utterly out of the question. Not satisfied with the effects to be got out of manufactured inks, he was forever mixing and concocting all sorts of shades for himself. The gamut of his inks was almost as varied as the colors on a painter's pallet. The result may easily be imagined. In the originals the foregrounds, middle-distances and distances, etc., being drawn respectively in purples, semi-transparent browns, pinks, or yellows, had all to be reproduced in the dead black of printer's ink, with the result that their relative values were lost, and a picture glowing with light and color became in comparison a dull, dead, heavy map of a thing in the reproduction.*

Another characteristic that made this heaviness more inevitable was the broadness of these semi-transparent lines, produced by means of small, soft pieces of wood fashioned by himself, which the artist used in lieu of pens. Accustomed

* To such an extent indeed was this Keene's practice in some of his drawings that it is somewhat misleading to speak of them as black-and-white.

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—in fact required—to faithfully render every idiosyncratic line of the original since the day when Millais, his work at first shamefully mauled and distorted by the freedom with which the engravers handled his black and white drawings, rose up in his wrath and insisted upon being fairly treated, the engravers, as far as was possible, religiously cut away every part of the block which was uncovered and left every part which was covered with ink. The result was, that a background drawn in tender colors, pressed forward, when rendered in printers' ink, and brooded upon the foreground of the picture. Latterly undoubtedly there was some improvement in this respect, the engraver apparently having been allowed to use some discretion in the matter, for we find these broad black lines relieved by cutting away the wood down the middle of their entire length.

Mention having been made of the struggle with the old-fashioned wood-engraver, who held himself quite entitled to "improve" upon the original, and to finish off or curtail little flourishes, etc., when he considered them wanting or superfluous, it is not uninteresting to realize that the conscientious and skilful wood-engraver who would as soon think of flying as of putting in or abridging a single visible line or scratch is a comparatively modern product. To Sir John Millais, who came off victorious in the struggle above mentioned, this is, I believe, mainly due. He was, he tells me, first treated properly in this respect by Mr. Joseph Swain in the pages of *Once a Week*, so that the first publication of this magazine in July, 1859, marks the commencement of an era in wood-engraving in England not to be forgotten.

The actual pioneer of the system of drawing straight from nature for facsimile reproduction on the wood-block was, I believe, Mr. George Housman Thomas * in his work for *The Illustrated London News*. He was quickly followed by Sir John (then Mr.) Millais, Fred Walker, and most of the other black and white artists who were fired to emulate the splendid achievements of the great German, Menzel.

The encouragement thus given to black and white art in England has not, I think, ever received due acknowledgment. To it we owe the fact that back numbers of *Punch* and *Once a Week* are now as much treasured by the lover of art as by the seeker after amusement.

Let us now see what qualities these wood-blocks possess of which we should take particular notice, for, although Keene's original sketches are by degrees being bought up and disseminated, this is of course only by the few who can afford a somewhat extravagant luxury, and it is by these reproductions that his work must be generally known to the public.

The time is at hand when far greater justice will be done to them by means of some of those wonderful processes which are being brought to greater perfection day by day.

These more elaborate reproductions, which we hope in time to see, however, will be, at first at least, for the few rather than the many, whereas most of us have access to a library in which a complete file of *Punch* is procurable, or the fascinating volumes of *Once a Week* (first series), or a copy of *Our People*, being four hundred collected pictures from *Punch*, by Charles Keene.

But before discussing these delightful pictures, let us recall for a moment what are the shortcomings which, if we want to judge Keene's art fairly by means of these reproductions, must be borne in mind as we look at them.

What qualities, in other words, did we find in those masterly pen-and-ink drawings which were for the first time shown in a collected form at the rooms of the Fine Arts Society in Bond Street, in March, 1891, which we were totally ignorant of before?

There we found an unhesitating breadth of treatment, a dash and verve, especially in what was recognizable as his later work, which we had not nine-tenths of a notion of before. There we found a delicacy, a tenderness, a fineness of which but little trace was to be discovered in the reproduction. There we found a freshness, a buoyancy, a moving breeziness which we had hardly guessed at, while the marvellous atmos-

* Brother of Mr. W. L. Thomas of The Graphic. He began drawing for The Illustrated London News about 1847, he and Sir John Gilbert being the mainstays of that paper for many years.

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pheric effects made us feel as though we were looking out of window instead of at pictures.

Bearing in mind, then, these qualities, let us, so far as in us lies, give these reproductions credit for them in an unrivalled degree.

And now for the consideration of those attributes which we are not called upon to take on trust, but which each of us can judge of for himself. Take for a moment the composition, the due ordering and disposition and relation of each part to the whole of almost any one of these wonderful pictures, the absence of all superfluities, the presence of all that is essential. To use Ruskin's admirable expression, he has, in one and all, "mortised together a satisfactory result." And, to go further, he has not only proved himself a great composer: he has demonstrated his right to be called a great inventor. He has not collected together a certain number of faultless figures and accessories, and, grouping them together, produced, so to speak, a small museum of several works of art on his canvas. He has made elements, perhaps faulty in themselves when separate, each corrected by the presence of the other. He has devised "a whole, an organized body, with dependent members."*

Let us open the pages of *Our People* and take a picture at random. Here is "The Finishing Touch," page 109. The "legend" runs as follows:

FARMER (*who has been most obliging and taken great interest in the picture*)—"Good-morn'n', sir! But (*aghast*) I say, what are you a doin' of, mister? A p'intin' all them beastly poppies in my corn! A bit o' color? What 'ould my landlord say, d'you think? and after I'd put off cuttin' 'cause you hadn't finished, to oblige yer. I didn't think you'd ha' done it! You don't come a p'intin' on my land any more!" (*Exit, in high dudgeon.*)

In the foreground we have the painter, sheltered by his huge umbrella, with ready brush poised in air, the fateful scarlet paint, we can almost swear, tinging its point and meditating a further multiplication of the causative poppy. At his right, on a small hillock to the rear, stands the "obliging" farmer, the expression on his face just on the turn from sorrow to anger, and his stick raised pointing to the peccant weed in the picture. So intense indeed is his struggle with the swelling indignation at his heart that we feel that, if he is not to do painter or picture a mischief, his only chance is to "*exit in high dudgeon.*"

On the painter's left three or four of the offending flowers peep suggestively from the golden wheat, and away in front stretches such a field of waving corn as only Keene could indicate with such extraordinary economy of line.

In the distance nestles the homestead where the farmer lays down his anxious head of nights, and trees and hedgerows make a background as unmistakably real as the erring painter's picture is, to the farmer's annoyance, ideal.

Mark how the supreme moment of the occurrence has been caught, how the faces and every accessory attune themselves to the requirements of the occasion. The logical concurrence is such that every detail adds to, and never distracts the attention from, the central idea.

It has been said that Keene imported into the model from which he drew all the essentials of the class of which he proposed to stereotype, a representative; in other words, that his cab-driver, his waiter, his volunteer, his gillie, his railway porter, his bucolic had each all the essentials of all the cab-drivers, the waiters, the volunteers, the gillies, the railway porters, the bucolics that one has ever met. This is an attractive and ingenious hyperbole, but beyond being an overstatement, it is surely a mistaking of cause for effect. It is true that Keene's *dramatis personæ* were to a marvellous extent typical as well as individual, but this is true because his love of realism drove him into out-of-door life to look for his types, of which he made studies, there at street-corners, on railway platforms, in country lanes and fields.

The older he grew and the longer he worked, the more he emancipated himself from studio work and shot folly as it flew in the bustling world about him. It was a passion with him to draw from

* Vide Modern Painters.

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nature, and his acute selective instinct fastened upon a type as soon as he saw it and there and then made it his own. There was no false pride about him, and he would out with his paper and, dipping his pen into the exciseman's inkpot, which always peeped ready from his waistcoat, would take an unerring portrait on the spot. The result is that his drawings teem with portraits, many the living images of his friends, more the portraits of those who have past away into the crowds, ignorant that such an eye had been upon them and such a hand had been transferring on to paper their outward form and not a little of their souls shining therethrough.

Thus it was that his characters were typical as well as individual, not because he idealized, but because he drew a real individual of a real class. Every man, whatever his calling, is unconsciously tending to become representative, one more, of course, and one less, as he is more or less sensitive to adventitious influences. And Keene was a moral pathologist of the highest order. He not only saw the outward signs, but recognized that they were the result of forces at work behind them, and so drew them with a conviction as unhesitating as it was unconscious. "Draw a thing as you see it," was one of the few pieces of advice he ever gave, but he probably never knew that he succeeded best because he saw deeper than those to whom he said it. From which considerations I gather, rightly or wrongly, that Keene never drew any character more typical than can be found in the streets by any one of us who keeps his eyes open.

Indeed, so convinced am I of this that I believe that very farmer in the picture above mentioned, that very artist, that very farm-house, that very field of corn, nay, that very umbrella itself, were each to be found occupying space on this earth when Charles Keene drew that picture. Employ a sharp detective and there is hardly an individual in Keene's *Punch* pictures that he wouldn't track down for you and run to earth in a fortnight.

Look at the Unlicensed Hawker in "He thought he was Safe," on page 108 of *Our People*, who offers the Irascible Old Gentleman, without a hair on his head, a comb. I know that man. You can find him any day standing in the gutter in Cheapside.

Look at the Clerk in "Fahrenheit," on page 107, who "allus hev a trouble" to get the thermometer up to the proper level by warming it at the fire just before the Rector, who is so particular about the temperature, arrives. He is to be found at his duties every Sunday in one of the city churches.

Look at the Villager, on page 101, who has taken his boy away from the National School "'cause the Master ain't fit to teach 'im—he wanted to teach my boy to spell 'taters with a 'p';" the Old Lady on page 107, who says "'Tain't much pleasure now for me to go to funerals; I be too old and full o' rheumatiz. It was very different when we was young—that 'twer;" the Bargee, on page 96, who is "main glad to see thee, Ge—arge, 'cause I know there must be a public 'ouse close by;" Old Tomkins, on page 95, who refuses the offer of his philanthropic employer to give him two shillings per week extra wages, instead of paying him partly in cider, on the ground that "you see I drinks the cider myself, but the owd ooman 'll 'ev the two shillun';" the Farmer, on page 76, who, when remonstrated with by the Parson, confesses, apologetically: "Well, sir, I hev' been to meet'n' lately. But—y' see, sir, the Reverend Mr. Scowles, o' the chapel, he bought some pigs o' me, and I thought I ought to gi' 'm a tarn!" These, one and all, and a crowd of others, come from a village that we wot of.

Look at Pat, on page 55, who has been laying in firewood and potatoes, and who, hailed by the Captain of a passing schooner: "What 'a' you got there, Pat?" answers, grandiloquently: "Timber and fruit, yer Honor;" the Car-driver who, asked by the newly-arrived Sub, "How much to the barracks," replies, mendaciously: "Ah, sure, thin, Capt'in, the m'anest of 'em gives me t'ree and sixpence!" the Irishman who, "regardless of strict truth, in his love of hyperbole and generous desire to please," replies to English sportsman's anxious query: "Is it throuts? Be jabers, the watther's stiff wid 'em!" Types, indeed, they are sure enough, but

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they are real, not ideal. And in saying that Keene is essentially a realist, I do not mean to exclude ideality, and write him down a mere copyist. He idealized, but he was not an idealist, two very different things; just as in his private character he was, in the true sense of the word, religious, without being in any sense a religionist.

A noticeable feature of this strict realism of Keene's work was the recognition that the garment was made for man, not man for the garment. In other words that, given time, a man imprints his personality on his clothes, and that one is not a man, but a clothes-screen, who allows his clothes to invest him with their characteristics. Keene chose to draw men and not clothes-screens, and as a consequence hat, collar, coat, waistcoat, breeches (if a Scotchman, red kilt), stockings, and boots are, one and all, eloquent of their owner's idiosyncrasies. They are not tailor's clothes; they are garments which have been put on and off their particular owner so often that they have become informed with his particular individuality. Obscure their origin may be; their appropriateness can never be in question.

Take a specimen or two of his hats. Through the whole of this wonderful book there are not, I believe, two alike, as in their infinite variety, there are no duplicates in his actors. Look at the Irish Gentleman, on page 122, "who has vainly endeavored to execute a jig to the fitful music of the telegraph wires." His hat is as drunk as himself and has led as roaring, dissipated a life as its master. Look at Mac's "Tam o'Shanter" on page 123. It indorses all it's owner's opinion of that ruinous place, London, and is as woebegone over those "twa hoours" there, "when *bang* went *saxpence*," as he is. Look at every hat in the book, and put it, at your peril, on any other head than that to which it belongs. And this extraordinary lack of repetition, how is it brought about? Why, just in the same way as his realism was effected. In other words, because Keene, instead of "drawing upon his imagination," as it is called, a finite issue, which almost all the great caricaturists—Rowlandson, Gillray, the Cruikshanks, Doyle, the Crowquills—drained dry, went straight to the fountain source of all true artistic inspiration, and drew upon the infinite reserves of generous Nature herself. I wish it could be given to all to see the many hundreds of studies chiefly done on the insides of old discolored envelopes which he left behind, the fruits of his wanderings in streets and lanes, by Scottish burnsides and on old Suffolk coasts, and then they would realize how his studio was bounded by the blue vault of heaven, not by Morrisian hangings.

Again, let us turn to a negative quality in Keene's drawings which is a positive delight. In these days of pedantry and ostentation, it is a welcome relief to find an ease which produces something without insisting upon telling the method of that thing's accomplishment. The conjurer prefaces his performance with a catalogue of how many years, of how many days, of how many hours it has taken him to perfect himself in his trick. The novelist writes us a magazine article (he gets more by doing that than by putting it into the preface of his book) explaining the system upon which he has worked, and declaring that (like a professional pedestrian) he has written so many thousand words in so many hundred hours.

No work of art nowadays is allowed to stand upon its own bottom. It has to be propped up on an easel or pedestal with explanatory notes underneath.

Keene never shows us "how the wheels go wound." There is no vaunt, no boastfulness about his work. His perspective, for example, is so informal, so unconstrained, so easy, that, until we try ourselves and fail, it is hard to realize where the skill comes in. Like Jane Austen in literature, he lacks what Scott called "the big bow-wow style." There is no bombast. He is never "too clever by half." He never gives us a ranting, frowning, braggadocio portrait like that of Master Thomas Darrell by Cruikshank, which Thackeray so aptly illustrated by the well-known figure drawn from the compositor's desk. He was not "vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical" like Don Adriano de Armado, and he despised those "libertines of painting," as Dryden has called them, "who have no other model than a rhodomon-

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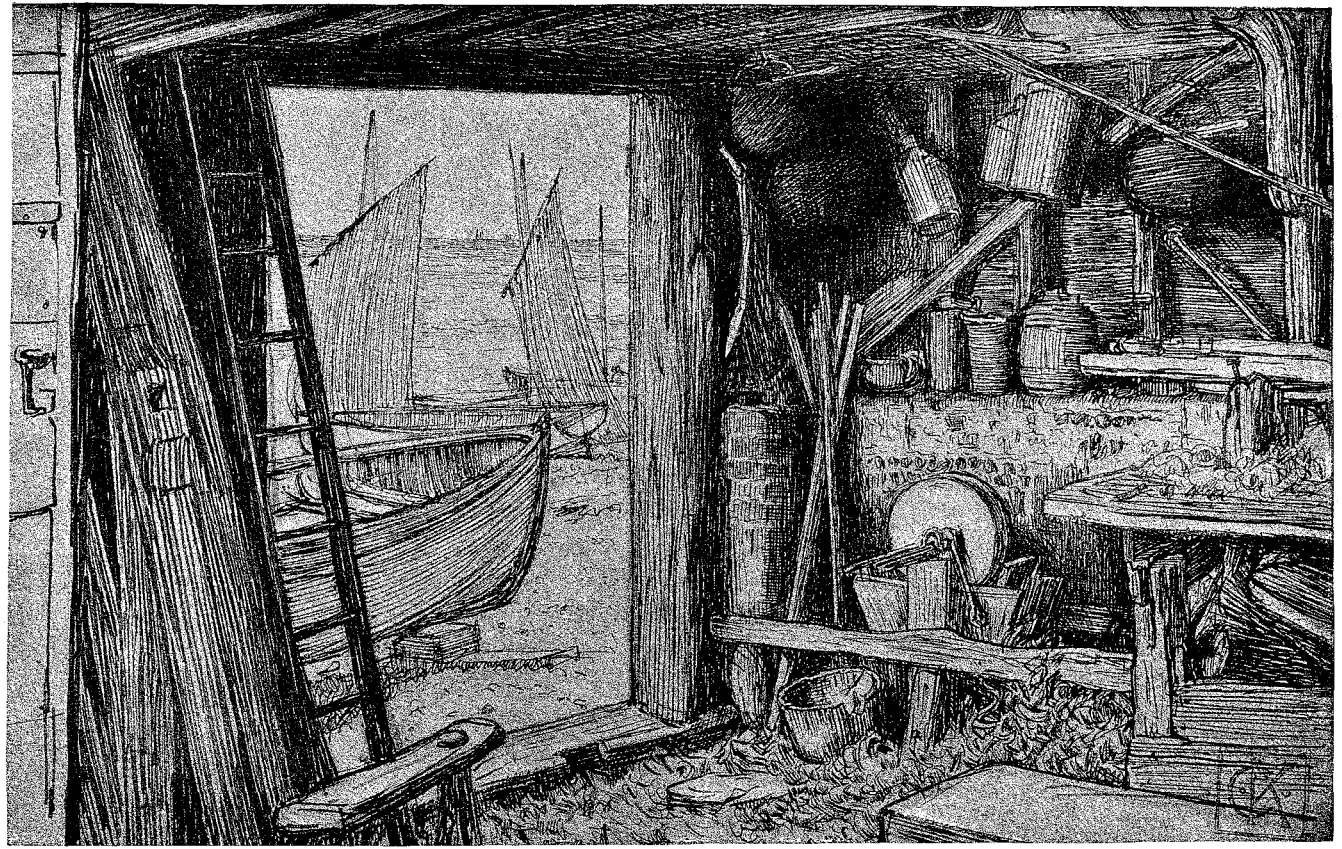

(From the original in the possession of the executors of the late Charles Keene, here published for the first time.)

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OPPRESSION. *'Arry.* "I see by this 'ere new Copyright Hact that a Nob's photy-graph mayn't be 'x'ibeted in a shop winder without 'is consent! Blowed if it ain't enough to make a man turn Conservative.

(From the original in the possession of the executors of the late Charles Keene.)

tade genius, and very irregular, which violently hurries them away." His art was as modest as it was unrivalled.

There is hardly a line which can be called superfluous in the whole range of these drawings, certainly not a stroke which speaks of the artist rather than of the picture. Most of us will remember the modesty of the great early Flemish painter who, in place of signature to his work, wrote merely "Jan van Eyck was here." Keene's C. K. was even less presumptuous, and it was a long time before he appended even that means of identification to his work.

The economy and frugality, so to

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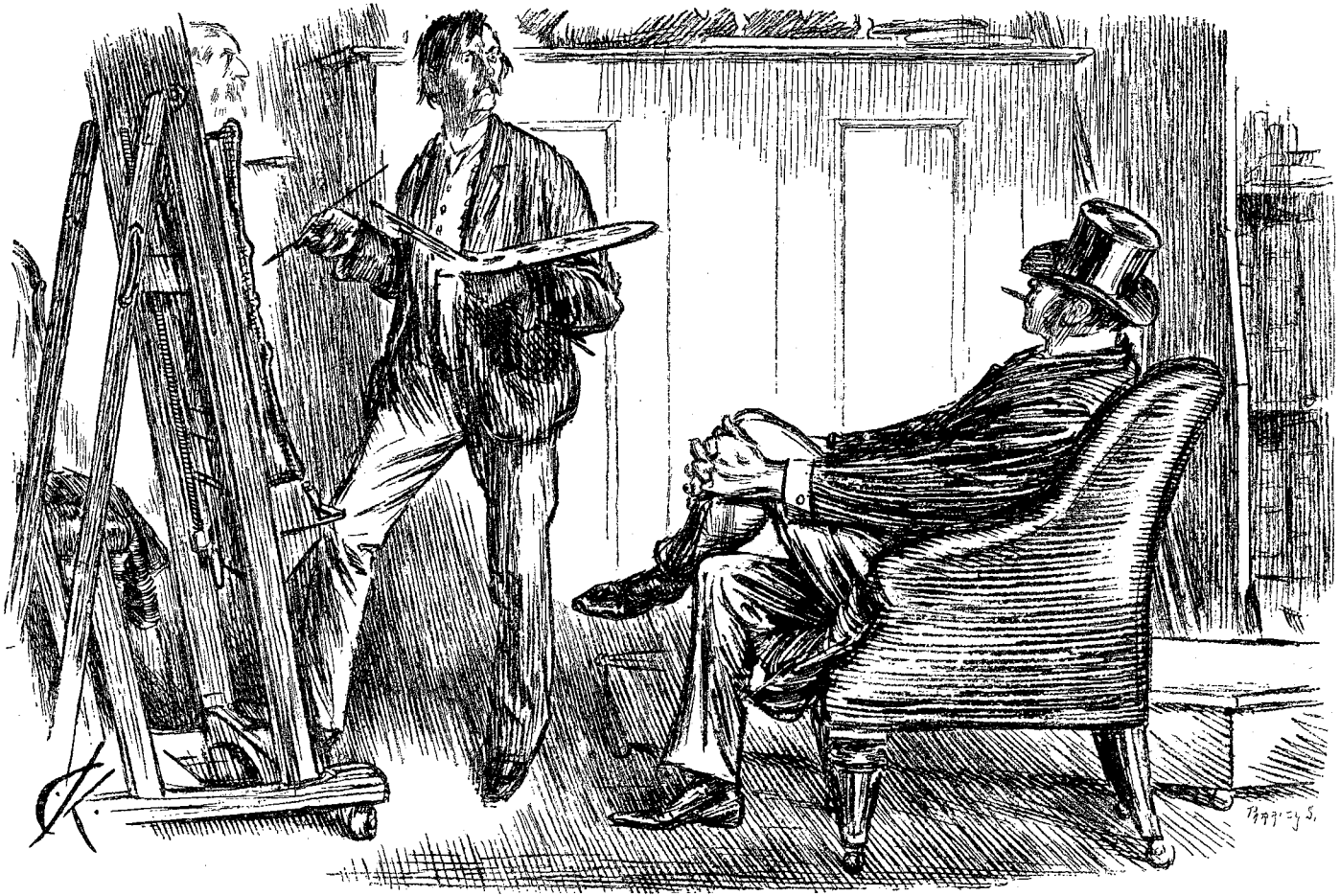

THE COMING EXHIBITIONS. *Smudyer (who thought he really would "score" with his landscape this year).* "Now, what ought I to get for it!" *Art Critic (candid friend).* "THREE MONTHS!" [*And pulls it all to pieces!*

(From the original in the possession of the executors of the late Charles Keene.)

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A "FINANCIAL CRISIS." *Visitor (to her friend, a Transatlantic cousin, who was trying on new costume).* "A perfect fit, dear!" *Cousin.* "Ah!—nothing to the 'fit' my husband will have when the bill comes in, dear—you bet!"

(From the original in the possession of the executors of the late Charles Keene.)

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speak, of his method is such, that the maximum of effect is procured by the minimum of pen-strokes. There is no scratching away on the paper until the result is achieved, no coaxing of his medium to afford an unlooked-for issue. Every mark is made with the deliberation, and is the simple outcome, "of the best assimilated learning."

His object was to make the best picture he could. The very last thing he desired was that the attention of his audience should wander from the picture to the artist. He did not even go so far as Van Eyck on another occasion, when he wrote, "As I can, not as I would." Keene merely did his best, said nothing, and there was an end of it.

Something must here be said of his work for the pages of *Once a Week*, which, it will be remembered, was started by Messrs. Bradbury & Evans on the discontinuance of *Household Words*, under the editorship of Charles Dickens.

The new venture was edited by Samuel Lucas and was illustrated mainly by the *Punch* artists. The pages teem with the delightful fancies of Leech, Millais, Holman Hunt, Fred Walker, H. K. Browne, E. H. Corbould, Tenniel, Green, du Maurier, Sandys, Keene, and a dozen others.

As I have pointed out elsewhere, in these early years the German influence was strong upon our artist, not the benignant influence of Menzel, but the malign influence of such as Richter. In the majority of drawings for Charles Reade's "A Good Fight," the first story he was called upon to illustrate in this magazine (June, 1859), it is hard to see the good promise of that which was to come. The inthralment there seems complete. By the end of the year, however, it is cheering to find distinct traces of emancipation, although it was long before he rid himself wholly of these shackles and abandoned himself to his own original and unique method. Indeed, it is wonderful that a man who could produce such an exquisite little piece of characterization as that on page 483, vol. i., to an article "On the Foundation of my Picture Gallery," should be capable of turning out subsequently such a terribly bad one as that on page 3, vol. i., illustrating "A Night on the Ice." Whatever of sentiment and pathos there is in the subject is absolutely destroyed by the look of astonishment in the melodramatic eye of the swimming man, who seems to be rendered wholly unconscious of the freezing water (the water *is* freezing and not badly represented) in the contemplation of the adventitious whiskers with which the fur of his buffalo robes has decked the cheeks of the lady upon the horse. It is one of the most unconsciously humorous illustrations I have ever seen.

A few pages on we come to his first design for that marvellous novel, Mr. George Meredith's "Evan Harrington," and, from the first, we find him captivated and inspired by that masterly representation of "lying as a fine art." All through those illustrations, from that of Grossby, Kilne, and Barnes, discussing the great Mel's death in the Lymport High Street, to the "Lovers' Parting," in vol. iii., although they are far from being uniformly successful, we have sufficient proof that the man who for thirty years after was to give all his best work to *Punch*, with constant improvement (for Keene was one whose art always remained elastic, and he was educating his eye and hand up to the last), might have taken foremost rank as an illustrator of books.

He had the full sympathy which is absolutely necessary, as well as the modesty which should subordinate an artist's own ideas to those of his author. He would never have attempted to overpower the story by the brilliancy of his own performance. He would have attempted and attained, as indeed he has done in such illustrations as those to Thackeray's "Roundabout Papers," in the *Édition de luxe*, that proper balance which is so rarely found in illustrated literature. Not that it must be supposed for a moment that this is the case in the illustrations to "Evan Harrington." They are but crude compositions compared with the book that inspires them, but Keene's was at that time but a prentice hand. George Meredith was considerably younger, but had already produced such a masterpiece as "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel." The author arrived at maturity in his art long be-

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fore his collaborator, who was some five years senior to him, did in his.

More cannot be said in this place of the illustrations in the pages of *Once a Week*, but I would recommend all who

A Study from Nature by the Late Charles Keene.

are interested in the wedding of pen and pencil, to study there the black and white art of the mid-century in England. A glance through those few volumes is an artistic education in itself. There is much to be found in them that book-illustrators of the present day would do well to strive after, as well as much that they would do well to avoid.

Postscript.

A few words must here be said of the drawings which embellish this article. They have all been reproduced from originals in the possession of Mr. Henry Eddowes Keene, brother and executor of the artist. The four subject pictures have appeared in the pages of *Punch*, the proprietors of which have with their usual courtesy unhesitatingly acceded to the request that they should, with their legends, be reproduced in this magazine. The studies are examples of the innumerable "notes" which were jotted down during the artist's rambles in town and country. The picture subscribed, "The Coming Exhibitions" [p. 511], is representative of a large number of subjects culled from, or suggested by, Keene's own experiences or those of brother brushes. To this class belong that on page 88 of *Our People*, headed "Real Irish Grievance;" Irish Model (*requested to put on a rather dilapidated costume*)—"The blissed saints dirict me into this coat, sorr!" that on page 84: Papa (*to son, as they look over artist's shoulder*)—"There, Henry, if you could do like that, I'd have you *taught drawing*, my boy!"; that on page 145, where Rural Connoisseur, contemplating artist at work, remarks to his friend "He's a p'intin' two pictures at once, d'yer see? Blest if I don't like that there little 'un as he's got his thumb through the best;" and a hundred others.

The full-page illustration [p. 501], in which the American remarks, "There's a gineral look o' disrepair about these old countries, Stranger, that we ain't used to in New York," is one of the group of drawings dealing with the adventures of a "typical" stage Yankee as he appears to this day in many an English theatre. Additional point is given to his particular remark by the fact that Keene was an enthusiastic member of the Anti-Restoration League.

The next of our subject pictures [p. 510] represents the ubiquitous 'Arry, of whose aspirations (and want of aspirates) *Punch* has had so much to say. We find him as the "Irrepressible" on page 139, of *Our People;* as "Tombuns," on page 87, to whom Wobbleswick, which has a breezy common and old houses, and an horizon and color, but no barrel organs or Gaping Tourists swarming about, is an infern—, that is to say, rather a dull place; as the "Excursionist" on page 71, who "dessays the artist'll want a genteel figger for 'is foreground," and so thoughtfully plants himself between the painter and the view; and so on and so on, until he appears upon the Boulevards in the last drawing made by Keene for *Punch*, in August, 1890.

The pen-and-ink drawing of the inte-

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rior of a boat-builder's shop [p. 509] at Walberswick is, to my mind, unsurpassed—indeed, unsurpassable. The reproduction is itself a triumph, and conveys, better than any I have yet seen, the exquisite quality of Keene's work.

"A Financial Crisis" [p. 512] speaks for itself, and I think sufficiently meets the charge that has been brought against Keene, of being unable to draw a graceful figure. *La vie élégante* did not commend itself to him. If it had, he could have helped *Punch* to degenerate into an illustrated society journal as well as anybody. He laughed at the distinctions made between those who could draw one group of things and those who could draw another group of things, at the idea of some being landscape and others being portrait painters. "If a man can draw," he said one day, "he can draw anything."

OF THE BLOOD ROYAL.

By William Maynadier Browne.

HEN I received my degree of Bachelor of Laws, I was sure that all that was left for me to do to secure a lucrative practice was to hire an office and hang out my sign. Six months afterward my office door was opened by a well-dressed, middle-aged man, and I immediately jumped to the conclusion that, at last, I was discovered; that my first client had arrived. The first words my visitor uttered dashed my hopes.

"Can you tell me where Mr. ——'s office is in this building?"

Mr. —— was (is now, for that matter) a celebrated member of the bar, whose office was several floors below. With not a little effort I managed to assume an air of cheerful politeness and to set Mr. ——'s client on the right track. The following week I gave up my practice to become the private secretary of Mr. Andrew Cutter, the well-known trustee, whose son had been my roommate at Cambridge.

Among Mr. Cutter's cestuis (or rather, clients, for this person enjoyed his income by the provisions of no will) was an old Irishman named O'Connor. Years before he had been man-of-all-work for Mr. Cutter, and he possessed a faith in that gentleman's judgment and integrity as firm as was his belief in his own descent from Roger O'Connor, the last King of Ireland.

After leaving Mr. Cutter's employment, O'Connor invested his savings in junk. Again and again he turned his capital, always with the shrewdness of a man of small beginnings, until he found himself the lessee of a small building on one of the wharves, and an established buyer and seller of second-hand ship-chandlery. In time he added a branch to his business. He leased the ground-floor of the building adjoining, and opened a saloon where he supplied the roustabouts, stevedores, and sailors with fair whiskey at regular prices.

After a while the profits from both enterprises became burdensome to the descendant of King Roger O'Connor. The loss of the throne was followed by rather hard times among the succeeding generations of O'Connors, and the trader in ship-chandlery, the last of the line, had been allowed to grow up without even the rudiments of an education. But he had inherited—probably from some of his plebeian progenitors—(he had a few that were not of royal blood)—a good stock of common-sense. This led him to entrust his savings, year by year, to his old friend, Mr. Cutter, who invested them in real estate for the thrifty trader.

One morning in June, soon after I had begun to assume my duties as private secretary, the door opened slowly and silently, and a small man in black, wearing a tall hat, stepped softly into the office. He was clean-shaven, save for a fringe of iron-gray beard which

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followed the line of jaws and chin, and extended from ear to ear. His short, turned-up nose, flat at the bridge and wide at the nostrils, combined with his long, thick upper lip, loudly proclaimed his royal blood. It was O'Connor.

He closed the door without a sound, removed his tall hat, placing it carefully on the carpet, smoothed his hair nervously, and coughed slightly behind his knobby hand. At Mr. Cutter's cheery "Ah, O'Connor! How are you?" he walked gingerly, on tiptoe, across the office and seated himself beside his trustee. Then followed a short confidential appeal in a husky, though fluent, whisper, through which I could distinctly hear the brogue without being able to catch a word, until at the end, when O'Connor placed a bundle of bank-notes on the desk before Mr. Cutter and immediately leaned back in his chair with a tremulous sigh of relief that also supplied the breath for the words, "An' you may count ut yourself, sor, av you plase."

Mr. Cutter hastily counted the money, and then, calling to me to come and see what I made it, tossed the pile of notes toward the edge of the desk. The pile was a fine old collection of veteran fives and tens, that exhaled a ripe perfume of salt fish with an undertone of tar. As I straightened up after finishing the count, Mr. Cutter asked me, with the suspicion of a twinkle in his eye,

"Well, what do you make it?"

"One thousand, sir," I answered, and O'Connor, who had leaned forward and was watching me intently, again sank back with a long sigh, and a "Thrue for you." Soon he rose nervously and started toward the door. Mr. Cutter said:

"I'm glad business is so good with you, O'Connor." O'Connor stopped, then tiptoed back to the desk.

"Thank you, sor. But whishper!" and with a furtive glance about the office, followed by a confidential wink at me, he continued, speaking behind the back of his hand: "I do be afther hirin one o' thim type-writer ladies a week most, now, to worruk for me."

"Well, well!" said Mr. Cutter, much as one might sympathize with a child that was pleased, "you'll be president of a bank next, I suppose."

O'Connor allowed the beginning of a loud laugh to escape him, but immediately after, clapping a hand over his mouth, doubled up and wheezily forced the remainder of his mirth back into his system. Then he straightened up, and slowly drawing his hand away from his mouth until it rested among his fringe of beard, said, with an air of reverence:

"Oh, my! but it's a high-toned lady she is! An' smart. An' eddi*cay*ted!" He finished with an upward and outward gesture that plainly said that the subject was beyond his powers of expression.

"How old is she?" I asked.

"Look at that, now!" said O'Connor, turning quickly to Mr. Cutter, with a quaint pretence of shocked propriety at my question. "Shure, I niver asked her —but she do look to be a shlip of a gurrul."

"And what does Mrs. O'Connor say to your having a young lady in your office, Michael?" asked Mr. Cutter.

O'Connor dismissed the subject with a toss of the head in one direction and an outward wave of his open hand in the other, merely adding, as he reached the office-door, "I never bodther the ould woman wid me business matthers." Then he left the office as quietly as he had entered it.

It may have been an hour after this —I was about to leave the office to deposit O'Connor's money, together with what other funds had come in during the day—when there came a timid knock on the glass of the office-door, and a young girl entered. She handed Mr. Cutter a letter, and then sat down near the window. She could not have been more than seventeen, and was slender and graceful, but looked very delicate. There was about her an air of shy, almost childlike appeal.

While I was observing these particulars, Mr. Cutter called me to him, and said to me in an undertone, as I stood by his desk: "That ward in chandlery of mine"—a favorite name with him for O'Connor—"wants to open a bank account in his own name. I suppose that girl is his new type-writer. Read that," handing me the letter the girl had brought. It was type-written through-

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out, signature and all, and was characteristic.

"SIR: I do be thinking I would like to have money in the bank. And if you please, which I mean no offense to you, will you deposit same in the B—— National Bank, South Boston, in the name of, yours with respect,

"M. O'CONNOR."

As I finished reading the letter Mr. Cutter told the girl to tell Mr. O'Connor that the matter would be attended to. She then went out, blushing slightly as she crossed the room. Before long I left the office to make my deposits, not very well pleased that I was obliged to take the additional journey to the bank in South Boston.

As I rode in the open horse-car a fresh breeze was coming from the water and my thin flannel coat was blown back, showing the ends of O'Connor's bank-notes protruding from my breast-pocket. To avoid any possibility of loss, I took them from my coat and put them carefully in the inner pocket of my waistcoat. I then became interested in a newspaper I had bought on the way, and before long was, without knowing it, carried a block or two beyond my destination.

I was walking back when I noticed a man and a girl standing near a doorway ahead of me, not far from the bank. The girl's figure seemed familiar, and as I drew nearer I recognized her. She was O'Connor's type-writer.

She and her companion were talking earnestly while they anxiously watched the approach of the horse-car following the one I had just left. Every look, every garment of the man bespoke the sharper.

As the car drew nearer he stepped back into the doorway, and the girl, after a hurried word of parting, walked quickly to the entrance of the bank. She stood there, waiting, until the car had passed. Meantime I had approached; when she turned to go back to her companion she came face to face with me.

She started violently and turned very pale. Her attempt to conceal her confusion produced only a very forced smile, which showed her a novice at dissimulation.

"You are from Mr. Cutter's office, aren't you? Do you remember me?"

"Yes," I replied; "I remember you perfectly. You are Mr. O'Connor's type-writer." With a pitifully strained little laugh she said:

"Yes—that's it—and Mr. O'Connor sent me over here to meet you. He has changed his mind about the money. He wants it to pay for some junk he has bought—and—and will you please give it to me?" She held out her hand, and I saw that it was trembling.

She had spoken breathlessly, like a child who has learned a message by heart. As she finished I instinctively put my hand in my breast-pocket.

While she was talking my mind had been unconsciously recalling the appearance of the man, their behavior, her evident uneasiness at seeing me approach from an unexpected direction. Now it occurred to me that she could not have had time to go back to O'Connor's since leaving our office. But I asked no questions. I fumbled in one pocket after another, assuming an expression of great surprise, and finally said, with an ejaculation of extreme annoyance:

"I have come way over here for nothing, after all. You will have to go back with me, and I will give you the money at the office."

There was not a trace of disbelief in her face as she stared at me. She was undecided, but not distrustful. She looked anxiously toward the doorway where she had left the man, glanced up and down the street, and after a moment's hesitation started with me toward a passing car. As I followed her I looked back over my shoulder, but the man was not in sight.

I said little to her on our ride back to the city, and she seemed quite content to be left to herself. Now and then I felt that she was furtively glancing at my face while I pretended to read my paper.

When we reached the office I opened the door and let her walk in ahead of me. She crossed the room and took the same seat she had had, the one by the window, while I went to Mr. Cutter

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and quietly, in a few words, explained the situation. I had barely finished speaking, when the door opened softly and O'Connor entered.

He stood still and stared at the girl. She paled in an instant, and sat trembling, returning his stare.

"Is your modther worse?" asked O'Connor, after a moment, in a hushed, kindly voice. The girl shook her head, and murmured that she had not been to see her mother yet. She had rolled her handkerchief into a ball, and was nervously passing it from one hand to the other.

"O'Connor," said Mr. Cutter, "have you decided whether you want that money deposited or not?" O'Connor looked at him in mild surprise.

"Do whatever you think's the best wid it, Mr. Cutter," he finally answered, simply. Mr. Cutter handed him the letter of instructions about opening the bank account.

"Did you write that letter, Michael?"

O'Connor stared blankly at the letter, then at Mr. Cutter. At last his gaze met that of the girl.

Her face was drawn with entreaty. O'Connor handed the letter back to Mr. Cutter.

"Read it to me, sir, av you pl'ase;" and he muttered something about his eyesight. Mr. Cutter read the letter aloud to the end, and there was silence.

Slowly O'Connor's expression changed—from surprise to comprehension, from comprehension to homely compassion. He turned his head and looked at the girl. She met his look for a moment, her lip quivering, then weakly clasped her hands and bowed her head.

"Well?" said Mr. Cutter. O'Connor rapidly moistened his lips.

"Misther Cutter, I did not write that letther." The girl sobbed softly.

"I thought not," said Mr. Cutter, dryly.

"I dec*tay*ted it," said O'Connor, and I saw him close his eyes, and offer up a very hurried prayer for Divine forgiveness. Without further remark he crossed to the girl, took her gently by the hand, and led her out of the office, softly closing the door behind him.

For five minutes neither Mr. Cutter nor I spoke, while the sound of childish sobs, mingled with soft but hoarse whispering, came in at the transom. Then O'Connor returned alone. He was replacing his wallet in his pocket as he entered.

He was a pitiable object.

As he stood sheepishly glancing from Mr. Cutter to me, his arms hanging listlessly at his sides, he looked like a very amiable, but very ugly, bull-terrier in disgrace.

"O'Connor," said Mr. Cutter, after a long pause, "you know you never dictated that letter."

"Yis, sir," whispered O'Connor, humbly.

"You know that girl meant to be a party to a theft."

"Yis, sir," in a lower whisper.

"Do you intend to keep her in your employment?"

"No, sir—the gurrul has gone to her modther." O'Connor was becoming a little less limp.

"Does her mother live in the city?"

"Yis, sir—no, sir—she said she did—I mane, I thought——" O'Connor suddenly grew defiant: "Niver mind, her modther lives in Cinc*in*nerty—so! But I don' give a dom if her modther 'd live in Boolgaria, the gurrul shud go to her—so!"

After wiping the perspiration from his face in one quick comprehensive mopping with a large red handkerchief, he placed his tall hat firmly on his head with both hands and walked out.

"Blood will tell," said Mr. Cutter to me. "He certainly reflects no discredit on his royal ancestors," and he hurried after his ward in chandlery to shake him by the hand before he should leave the building.

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HISTORIC MOMENTS:
THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL.

By Edmund G. Ross.

"The trial of President Johnson is the most memorable attempt made by any English-speaking people to depose a sovereign ruler in strict accordance with all the forms of law. The order, dignity, and solemnity which marked the proceedings may therefore be recalled with pride by every American citizen."—BLAINE'S "Twenty Years in Congress."

THE indictment of Andrew Johnson for "high crimes and misdemeanors in office" had been duly presented, discussed, and adopted in the House of Representatives, and, with a formality and solemnity befitting so grave an occasion, reported to the Senate.

In that body, sitting as a high court of impeachment, it had passed all the required preliminary stages to trial. The testimony had been taken under rigid observance of rules and precedents, the arguments, pro and con, had been made, and a day had been set for a vote upon the guilt or innocence of the accused, under the charges as preferred.

That day, May 15, 1868, was fateful. There had been none such in nearly a hundred years of the history of the Government. It was to determine judicially a question of varying phases which had never before been brought for solution in the courts—what should constitute "high crimes and misdemeanors in office" on the part of the National Executive; what latitude should be allowed him in the expression of personal opinion in his differences with co-ordinate branches of the Government; how far he might lawfully go in the exercise of his personal judgment in the administration of the powers and duties of his great office; whether his oath of office permitted him to interpret the Constitution for himself in the absence and anticipation of judicial determination, or whether he should be governed by Congressional interpretation of that instrument. In a large sense, the independence of the executive office as a co-ordinate branch of the Government was on trial.

The situation was rendered more grave by the fact that, with reference to the guilt or innocence of the President, the members of both Houses of Congress were divided somewhat rigidly on partisan lines. Every member of the dominant party in the House of Representatives save one had voted for the adoption of the Articles of Impeachment, and every member of the minority had voted against their adoption. Furthermore, throughout the country the people were divided thereon substantially as were their Representatives and Senators in Congress.

A feeling of indignation against Mr. Johnson permeated quite the entire party in control of Congress. The country was scarcely out of the throes of the great civil war. Its wounds were still fresh and rankling. The bitterness of the struggle yet burned. The blood of the conqueror was still hot. The lenity of Mr. Johnson toward those so lately in rebellion was readily accepted by many as proof of disloyalty, not alone to the party which had made him its official representative, but as well to the whole country, in that he was unmindful of the logic of the war and indifferent to the integrity of its results. The dominant party of the nation seemed in this spirit to take and occupy the position of public prosecutor, and it was scarcely in the mood to brook delay for trial or to hear defence.

It was under these conditions that the great trial commenced and was carried to conclusion. Yet it must be presumed that all the established forms

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of procedure were adhered to, and that the accused had a fair trial.

Upon the closing of the hearing, even prior thereto, and again during the few days of recess that followed, the Senate had been carefully polled, and the vote of every member — save one — ascertained and authoritatively registered in scores of private memoranda. Two-thirds of the Senate were necessary to convict. There were fifty-four members, all present. According to these private memoranda the vote would stand eighteen for acquittal, thirty-five for conviction—one short of two-thirds. What would the one vote be, and could it be had? were queries asked one of another in all manner of places and at all hours of the day and night, more especially among those who had set on foot the impeachment and staked their all upon its success. Given for conviction and upon sufficient proofs, the President must step down and out of his place, the highest and most honorable and honoring in dignity and sacredness of public trust known in the constitution of human government, a disgraced man and a political outcast. If so cast upon insufficient proofs and from partisan considerations, the office of President would be degraded, cease to be a co-ordinate branch of the Government, and ever after subordinated to the legislative will. Before this accumulating power even the judiciary must sooner or later, in its turn, have declined in equality and dignity. It would practically have revolutionized our splendid political fabric into a partisan Congressional autocracy. A tremendous political tragedy was imminent.

On the other hand, that one vote given for acquittal, if warranted by the testimony, would free the office of President from imputed stain of dishonor and strengthen and solidify our triple organization and distribution of powers and responsibilities. It would preserve the even tenor and courses of administration, and effectually impress upon the world a conviction of the strength and grandeur of republican institutions in the hands of a free and enlightened people—institutions rendered vastly more substantial and enduring by reason of having passed successfully and safely through the fiery ordeal of partisan prejudice and turmoil into which they had been cast.

The city of Washington was a seething cauldron. Thousands of people had been drawn thither from all parts of the country, many by their anxious interest in the trial and its result, many in the hope of having an opportunity to aid in some way the side on which their sympathies were enlisted, others from curiosity and for the enjoyment of the excitement of the occasion; but many more by the expectation of political preferment on the anticipated removal of the President and the resulting change of partisan dominancy in the executive office. Throughout the country, and in all walks of life, as indicated by the correspondence of members of the Senate, the condition of the public mind was not unlike that preceding a great battle, the issue of which was to be determined by the one unregistered vote.

Rumors of plots and counterplots were rife. It was stated that large sums of money were sought to be used to influence votes, that intimidation and violence were threatened and intended, and there was better foundation for those rumors than the general public then knew. Where partisan fealty was likely to fail to control the action of Senators, one or the other of these agencies was resorted to—sometimes both—but in ways that, while perfectly understood, were so guarded as not to afford sufficient ground to warrant bringing the offenders to the bar of the Senate. Even the tongue of scandal was employed as a weapon of coercion. But those who stooped to that base device mistook their intended victims, as did those who acted on the equally erroneous presumption that poverty predisposes to venality. But the most astonishing and startling of all was the fact that demands were received by telegraph from constituents of members of the court, brazenly dictating the nature of the verdict they should render.

A notable instance of this method of procuring the hoped-for conviction of the President, was a telegram received

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on the day preceding the first vote. It was as follows:

LEAVENWORTH, May 14, 1868.
SENATORS POMEROY AND ROSS:
Kansas has heard the evidence and demands the conviction of the President.
(Signed) D. R. ANTHONY and 1,000 others of our truest and best men.

To this the following answer was returned the same day:

I do not recognize your right to demand that I shall vote either for or against conviction. I have taken an oath to do impartial justice according to the Constitution and laws, and trust that I shall have the courage and the honesty to vote according to the dictates of my judgment, and for the highest good of the country.
(Signed) E. G. ROSS.
To D. R. ANTHONY and others.

The hours seemed to pass with oppressive tedium awaiting the time for the assembling of the Senate and the beginning of the vote. It came at last, and found the galleries thronged to their utmost with a brilliant and eager auditory. Tickets of admission were at an enormous premium. Every chair on the floor was filled with a Senator, a Cabinet officer, a member of the President's counsel, or a representative, for the House had adjourned and its anxious members had at once thronged to the Senate chamber. Every foot of available standing room in the area and about the senatorial seats was occupied.

A profound sensation was apparent on the entrance of Senator James W. Grimes, of Iowa, the war Governor of his State and a great leader of his party, now stricken with a fatal illness and supported to his seat on the arms of employees and officials of the Senate. Inspired by a stern sense of duty, characteristic of the man, he had insisted on being taken from a bed of sickness at the imminent risk of his life to record his vote.

William Pitt Fessenden, a former Secretary of the Treasury, later Chairman of the Senate Committee on Reconstruction, and a wise, trusted, and conspicuous leader on the dominant side of the Senate, was in his place, pale and haggard, yet ready for the political martyrdom which he was about to face, and which not long afterward drove him to his grave.

Lyman Trumbull, the distinguished jurist of Illinois and Chairman of the Senate Committee on Judiciary; John B. Henderson, of Missouri, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs; Joseph S. Fowler, of Tennessee—and P. G. Van Winkle, of West Virginia—all these were in their seats, ready to record their several verdicts, foreshadowed in Senate caucus, that the charges against the President had not been sustained by the evidence, and that therefore they should not vote for conviction.

Pages were flitting from place to place with messages to and from Senators and members. Little groups were gathered here and there in subdued conversation, discussing the situation and the probable result and its attendant consequences. The intensity of public interest was increased by the general impression that the entire official incumbency and patronage of the Government in all its departments, financial and political, had been pledged in advance and on condition of the removal of the President.

The stake was enormous, and it is no wonder that the expectant beneficiaries of the proposed change were sorely anxious, or that there were, even on the floor of the Senate chamber, and at that late hour of the proceedings, repeated and unseemly efforts to secure an additional vote for the conviction of the President; that there was an eager determination to be present and witness the grand climax; that there was tiptoeing from place to place, and anxious converse and inquiry as to the probable nature of the one unregistered vote. Not only in the Senate chamber, but throughout the entire country, there was a palpable, ominous foreboding.

The occasion was sublimely and intensely dramatic. The President of the United States was on trial. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court was presiding over the deliberations of the Senate sitting as a High Court of Impeachment. The Board of Management conducting the prosecution on the part of the House was a body of able and

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illustrious politicians and statesmen. The President's counsel, composed of jurists among the most eminent of the country, had summed up for the defence and were awaiting final judgment. The Senate, transformed for the occasion into an extraordinary judicial tribunal, composed of the genius, the learning, the ability, and the statesmanship of all the States of the Union, was about to pronounce that judgment.

In the organization and conduct of the Court everything had been severely democratic. There were no liveried ushers, no armed guards, or heralds, or criers. There were none of the usual accompaniments or surroundings of royalty or exclusivism which are considered necessary under aristocratic forms to properly impress the people with the dignity and gravity of a great occasion. None of these were necessary, for every spectator was an intensely interested witness of the proceedings, who must bear, each for himself, the consequences of the verdict, whatever they might be, equally with every member of the Court.

If Andrew Johnson were clearly proven guilty and peacefully removed, as he would have been on conviction, that fact would illustrate a consistency and endurance in our political being which would be the wonder of all nations. If acquitted by a non-partisan vote (for no other could acquit him as the Senate was then constituted), America would pass the danger-point of partisan rule and that intolerance which so often characterizes the sway of great majorities and makes them dangerous.

The venerable Chief Justice, who had so ably and impartially presided through the many tedious weeks of the trial now about to close, was in his place, called the Court to order, and enjoined absolute silence on the part of spectators. The voting then commenced.

There was at once a subsidence of the shuffling of feet, the rustling of silks, the fluttering of fans, and of conversation. The call proceeded in alphabetical order. The responses of the Senators voting were given standing at their desks. Though it was well understood what the first half-score or so of these responses would be, there was no abatement of the anxiety to hear them, and each was noted down on many a printed roll by the audience.

As the name of Senator Fessenden was reached the interest was intensified. He had, a few days before, in Senate caucus, delivered a strongly logical, constitutional argument against the conviction of the President. Of long and useful public service, he had for years been accepted on all sides as one of the ablest, most considerate, and most thoroughly self-poised members of the body, and a safe counsellor under the gravest conditions. His declaration against the conviction of the President had manifestly and not unnaturally had the effect of strengthening others in their view of the correctness of his and their position. Being the first of the anti-impeachers called on to vote, the influence of his example was feared, and every effort had been made to induce him to favor conviction. It was in that sense that his vote might be to a degree decisive of the result. There yet seemed to be on the part of the impeachers some hope that the onslaughts which had been made upon him by his political friends and associates might have modified his determination, and the cause of impeachment thus be saved.

But it was in vain. Though a political opponent of the President, the logical conclusions he had reached far outweighed all considerations personal to himself, and the martyrdom he had provoked and knew he must suffer, had no weight in the scale against what he deemed his duty to the cause of justice and the welfare of his country. His was the first vote against conviction.

Then followed, in the order fixed, the name of Senator Fowler. A radical Republican from an ex-slave State, he had entered the Senate the year before, imbued with the prejudices and antagonisms toward the President peculiar to the time. A comparatively young man, without extended experience in the higher range of public affairs, he, too, had been subjected to the then usual appliances—the party lash, personal detraction, and attempted personal intimidation—in the hope of secur-

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ing a reversal of his previously announced determination to vote against conviction. But his courage and his keen sense of public propriety and personal honor were proof against all assaults, and he voted "not guilty."

Then, in the order of the vote, came Senator Grimes. As he rose to his feet, supported by friends on either side, the scene became at once pathetic and heroic. Raised up from the more modest walks of life by his inborn ability, and the faculty to command conditions, he had reached the undisputed eminence of a national, broad-brained statesman, and a wise and trusted leader of his party. In his then physical condition, and in view of the personal and public enmities which the vote he was about to give would inevitably engender, it was apparent that he was about to perform the last important public act of his life—that a long and conspicuous career of usefulness to his country must now close. But though physically enfeebled by the fatal illness that was upon him, there was no sign of hesitancy or weakness. His vote was "not guilty."

The next of the anti-impeaching Republicans was Senator Henderson. He had the advantage, in this controversy, of representing a State whose people were largely opposed to the conviction of the President; yet this fact had not saved him from the unsparing anathemas of his political constituents and associates. Independent and fearless, and habitually actuated by a strong innate sense of justice and patriotic devotion to his convictions, he also voted "not guilty."

The call then went on down the alphabet with unvarying responses of "guilty," till the name of the uncounted Senator was reached. The monotony of these responses had relaxed somewhat the intensity of the interest which had so far marked the proceeding, it having been well known in advance what the vote of each of these Senators would be; and the low hum of conversation and the little confusions incident to great throngs of people had begun to prevail.

But on the call of the name of that Senator, the great audience became again hushed into absolute silence. It was as though conscious of an impending crisis. Every fan was folded, not a foot moved, not the rustle of a garment, not a whisper was heard.

They who have been out alone on the great plains of the West will recall the absolute, profound silence which prevails there on a bright, still day, when there seems to be a lull even in the forces of nature, and the absence of sound becomes intensely oppressive. That was the silence that pervaded the Senate chamber as the Senator arose to his feet at the call of the Chief Justice. His powers of hearing and seeing seemed developed in an abnormal degree and in every direction. On either side, in front and rear, in the galleries and on the floor, every individual in that great audience seemed distinctly visible, some with lips apart and bending forward in anxious expectancy, others with hand uplifted as if to ward off an apprehended blow, half-opened fans held in momentary abeyance awaiting a dreaded or wished-for denouement, and each peering with an intensity that was almost tragic upon the face of him who was about to cast the fateful vote.

What that vote was to be no other knew, not even the President or any of his friends—not even the most intimate associates of the Senator about to cast it. It was understood that, on whichever side that vote should be cast, so would be the result of the count. Upon it seemed to depend at once the end or continuance of the existing administration and its policies, and the realization or the crushing of the hopes and plans of those who desired to see the institution of a new, and as they undoubtedly believed, a better order of things. It was a tremendous responsibility, and it was not strange that he upon whom it had been imposed by a fateful combination of conditions should have sought to avoid it, to put it away from him as one shuns, or tries to fight off, a nightmare.

The vote was being taken on the eleventh and last article of impeachment. It had been ordered by a majority of the Senate, that the vote should not be taken on the first article in its

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order, as two conspicuous Senators classed with the majority had previously announced in a caucus of the Senate that they could not vote for the conviction of the President on the charges contained in that article, but would so vote on others. So it was ordered that the vote be taken first on the eleventh article or count in the indictment.

The Chief Justice, with apparent emotion, propounded the query, "How say you, Senator Ross, is the respondent, Andrew Johnson, guilty or not guilty under this article?"

At this point the intensity with which the gaze of the audience was centred upon the figure then on the floor was beyond description or comparison. Hope and fear seemed blended in every face, instantaneously alternating, some with revengeful hate predominating as in the mind's eye they saw their dreams of success, of place, and triumph dashed to earth; others lighted with hope that the President would be relieved of the charges against him, and things remain as they were. Not only were the occupants of the galleries bending forward in intense and breathless silence and anxiety to catch the verdict, but the Senators in their seats leaned over their desks, many with hand to ear, that not a syllable or intonation in the utterance of the verdict should be lost.

Conscious that I was at that moment the focus of all eyes, and conscious also of the far-reaching effect, especially upon myself, of the vote I was about to give, it is something more than a simile to say that I almost literally looked down into my open grave. Friends, position, fortune, everything that makes life desirable to an ambitious man, were about to be swept away by the breath of my mouth, perhaps forever. Realizing the tremendous responsibility which an untoward combination of conditions seemed to have put upon me, it is not strange that my answer was carried waveringly over the air and failed to reach the limits of the audience, or that a repetition was called for by distant Senators on the opposite side of the chamber. Then the verdict came —"Not guilty"—in a voice that could not be misunderstood.

The die was cast. The best, or the worst, was known. The historic trial of the age was practically ended. American institutions had successfully endured a strain that would have wrecked any other form of government. The resumption of low conversations, of the flutter of fans, and scraping of feet, mingled with guarded expressions of satisfaction or disappointment, according to the predilection of the speaker, all the little confusions of a crowded audience, were resumed, until order and silence were somewhat forcefully enjoined by the presiding Chief Justice.

The call went on down the alphabet. Two additional votes were cast for acquittal.

The first of these was by Senator Trumbull, the great constitutional lawyer of the Senate, and the compeer of Lincoln and Douglas. The other was by Senator VanWinkle, who died at his home in West Virginia, not many months afterward.

These constituted the seven Republican votes against the conviction of the President.*

As the end was reached the Chief Justice announced that the President was acquitted of the charges contained in the eleventh article.

An adjournment of the Court was then taken for ten days, when votes were had on the second and third articles, still omitting the first for obvious reasons; but, as had been generally anticipated, the result was the same. The remaining eight articles of the impeachment were never put to test of vote.

* The following is the vote in detail. All those voting "guilty" were Republicans; of those voting "not guilty" the Democrats are indicated by *italics*, the "Conservatives" by Roman, and the Republicans by SMALL CAPITALS.

GUILTY.—Messrs. Anthony, of R. I.; Cameron, Pa.; Cattell, N. J.; Chandler, Mich.; Cole, Cal.; Conkling, N. Y.; Conners, Cal.; Corbett, Oreg.; Cragin, N. H.; Drake, Mo.; Edmunds, Vt.; Ferry, Conn.; Frelinghuysen, N. J.; Harlan, Iowa; Howard, Mich.; Howe, Wis.; Morgan, N. Y.; Morrill, Me.; Morrill, Vt.; Morton, Ind.; Nye, Nev.; Patterson, N. H.; Pomeroy, Kan.; Ramsey, Minn.; Sherman, Ohio; Sprague, R. I.; Stewart, Nev.; Sumner, Mass.; Thayer and Tipton, Neb.; Wade, Ohio; Willey, W. Va.; Williams, Oreg.; Wilson, Mass.; Yates, Ill.—35.

NOT GUILTY.—Messrs. *Bayard*, Del.; *Buckalew*, Pa.; *Davis*, Ky.; Dixon, Conn.; Doolittle, Wis.; FESSENDEN, Me.; FOWLER, Tenn.; GRIMES, Ia.; HENDERSON, Mo.; *Hendricks*, Ind.; *Johnson*, Md.; *McCreery*, Tenn.; Norton, Minn.; Patterson, Tenn.; ROSS, Kan.; *Saulsbury*, Del.; TRUMBULL, Ill.; VAN WINKLE, W. Va.; *Vickers*, Md.—19.

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THE POINT OF VIEW.

THERE was a man once, as everyone will remember, who expressed himself as indifferent to the necessaries of life if he could only have its luxuries. It is a mere subdivision of his sentiment to say, "Give us our spare time, and we don't care what becomes of the rest."

It must seem sometimes to everyone who accomplishes anything, that whatever he does that is really worth while has to be done in his spare time. It seems to be the intention that what a man does in the way of a regular task shall just about keep him alive and enable him to hold his own; and that whatever progress he makes, if he makes any, is to result from his use of his leisure. Of course there is no particular fun in plodding, every-day task-work, and of course there is a great deal that is exhilarating in progress; so it is reasonable enough for anyone to value the half-hours he gets ahead in, more than the hours he spends in merely keeping up. There was an excellent illustration of the superiority of the fruits of leisure in the story that was lately told (in this Magazine) of Lowell's grateful reply to the young man who thanked him on his seventieth birthday for what he had done as a teacher. "I am glad you said that; I've been wondering if I hadn't wasted half my life." He might have been sure, though, that his teaching time had not been wasted even if the taught had made no sign; for teaching was his task, and without a task there is no such thing as spare time, and the things a man can only do in spare hours never get done at all.

It was complained at the New York Horse Show last fall that the horses could not jump properly because there was no chance to warm them up. A horse who has it in him to jump seven feet isn't going to do it off-hand as he comes from his stall. He is more likely to do it after reasonable exercise at five and six feet. The less jumps don't tell in his record, but they do in his legs. Of course there can be too much of a good thing, and it is possible to get all the jump out of him over four-foot hurdles. In like manner it is possible for clever people to drudge away their wits. "No task no spare time; no spare time no progress," is the rule; but it has to be remembered that, so far as progress is concerned, too much task may prove, at least, as bad as none.

Of course, being human, we all want the benefits of spare time without the trouble of hoarding it. Most of us grumble about the strength we waste over unprofitable tasks, and think with greed of the enormous progress that we would make if we could afford or dared to put in all our time in doing what was really progressive. Some of us, having the courage of our convictions, do achieve increased leisure, and put it to good use; but I suspect that most of us need some sort of compulsion to put our machinery in motion, and find that when our other tasks have been abandoned our spare time becomes a task itself and loses its character, so that its products are not the same. A case that is familiar is that of Charles Lamb, eminent among the conservators of spare time, who longed so ar-

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dently for his release from his clerk's desk, and finally found his increased leisure so troublesome a boon.

Novels have been written in the spare time of their authors, but people who get very far into novel-writing are apt to make that their task and find other occupation for their leisure. Novel-writing is rather too continuous to be an ideal spare-time employment. It isn't one of those things, like religion, in which people often seem to make better progress by working odd half-hours than others who devote their whole time to it.

A razor doesn't need as much grinding as a broad-axe, and it appears that a very moderate task is sufficient to put some people in perfect condition to use spare time to the greatest advantage; which amounts to the same as saying that practically all the work of such persons is directly progressive. When a man reaches the point when he requires no tasks, can improve only three or four of his spare hours daily, and can conscientiously loaf and invite his soul the rest of the time, he has attained an enviable pitch of human felicity. Old men are that way sometimes; particularly aged poets. There is a theory that the imagination thrives on leisure, and that imaginative writers profit better by being very moderate in their daily demands on their wits. A favorite illustration of this theory is the reported case of a New Jersey novelist, of high contemporary renown, who writes two hours a day, and has the rest of his time to spare. Nature furnishes a parallel case in the geysers of the Yellowstone, some of which take twenty-three hours to get ready and only spout fifteen minutes.

But spare time, when it comes in such bulk, ceases to be a luxury, and it usually happens that men who have no set tasks make tasks for themselves, and burden themselves with horses, or the care of property, or politics, or yachts, or hunting, or courtship, or flirtation; being willing to endure some pretence of a regular occupation, for the sake of its blessed intermissions.

At the close of a dinner given the other day by the friends of an eminent railroad president, to celebrate his completion of a quarter of a century of railroad work, the beneficiary got on unaccustomed legs and told how it was that he happened to be a railroad man at all. He had been a lawyer, he said, with decided leanings toward political life, and prospects of political success, when two eminent railroad men, a father and his son, approached him. The son said: "We want your services." The father said: "Politics don't pay. The business of the future in this country is railroading." The upshot of it was that he dropped politics in great measure, and became the attorney for the railroad of which he afterward became president. The moral of Mr. Depew's story seemed to be that he was a brand snatched from the burning, and that Commodore Vanderbilt's word fitly spoken had turned him from certain disappointment and sorrow to a success that was worth while.

The fable teaches, or at least suggests, how very much we Americans expect of our politicians. Nine-tenths of us are ready to admit that Commodore Vanderbilt's observation was accurately truthful, and to consider Mr. Depew's present position many times more felicitous than it could have been if he had not accepted the Commodore's dictum and taken his advice. We, too, believe that politics don't pay, and we do our best to make the facts justify that opinion. We take it for granted that if a man can do anything else, he had better keep out of politics, and that if a man of ability does go into politics he is wasting his opportunities and is probably something of a rascal as well. We not only believe that our contemporary politics are dirty work, but by our attitude toward them we insist that they shall be dirty work. If there is anything in public life that is worth attaining we want to see it go to someone who is not a politician. We want our collectors and postmasters to be business men who have proved their competence by sticking close to business. We want our foreign ministers to be gentlemen of polish, skilled in letters and languages, and uncontaminated with too much familiarity with electioneering methods. We know that governors and presidents cannot be elected without organization, but we insist that the proper men for those offices are men who are not subject to the sordid influences of a "machine." Our ideal public officer is a person who reluctantly permits himself to

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be dragged from the consideration of his private affairs to serve the public. Sharing Commodore Vanderbilt's frank opinion that "politics don't pay," we regard a young man who proposes any sacrifice of his pecuniary prospects to the hope of a public career with much the same sort of pitying contempt that is accorded to the business man who neglects legitimate sources of emolument for the disastrous excitements of the bucket-shop. We believe that a system by which the politicians get the offices is a corrupt system, and yet we are aware that the offices and the consciousness of duty done are the only rewards that political industry can honestly attain; and we know, besides, that political endeavor takes time, and that the consciousness of duty done will not support mundane life. If a man neglects his chances of worldly well-being to carry the Gospel to the unconverted, we think he is a saint; but if he neglects them to carry the ward, we think he is a fool, or if not, a knave anyhow; and yet a country's political salvation is hardly less important than the salvation of its individual citizens, nor should politics be much behind religion in the opportunities they offer to a devoted soul.

Of course there is some excuse for us. The rapid development of the resources of a great country, with concurrent accumulation of great fortunes and multiplication of opportunities for money-making, have thrown the political profession into the shade. It has been found, especially in the cities, that offices as a means of livelihood have had attractions chiefly for second- or third-rate men, who have done much to justify our low opinion of politicians in general. In the country districts, where money-making has been slower, office-holding has charms for a better class of men, and has kept in better repute. But both in and out of cities there is reason to believe that the professional politician does a great deal better by us than we have any title to expect.

We scorn his avocation, and are always ready to believe that he follows it from the lowest motives. We don't want to do his work ourselves; that would take too much time and be too much trouble. We are willing that he should do the work, but if there are any legitimate office-holding emoluments of the work done, we want some "respectable person" in whom we have confidence to have them. Verily, the professional politician, when he comes to consider what we think of him, what we expect of him, and what we are willing that he should get, must be amazed at our assurance.

But perhaps politics will pay better presently; if not absolutely better, at least relatively, because other things don't pay so well. And of course when politics pay as well as law, and medicine, and dry-goods, and the wholesale grocery business, we shall be able, without self-reproach or a loss of reputation, to take to them ourselves, and drive the politicians out.

THE tragedy of Guy de Maupassant's sudden insanity has been inevitably the subject of a general discussion, so repugnant in many ways that one only reluctantly acknowledges its value. The acutest judgment sometimes disgusts like a platitude when its subject is another man's misfortune, and the Arch-Pharisee himself might have shrunk from "improving" the case of so noble a Publican; moreover, it seems by no means certain that the breakdown of this brilliant mind is not a simple and isolated one, with nothing typical about it. Yet there are points in the debate it has suggested which any man may rightly set himself to consider—any man interested in the problems which chiefly interested Maupassant—because they bring him face to face squarely with fundamental questions.

First, as to limitations. For — setting aside all the discussion as to the spurring of his nerves with drugs and excess, which any pathologist would probably say was a symptom rather than the disease itself— Maupassant, with all his restraint (a very different thing from limitation) is a high type of the artist who accepts no limits for art other than these self-imposed for the purpose of the moment. *Accepts* none, I say advisedly; for Maupassant himself speaks (in a passage quoted only recently by a writer in the *Figaro*, to whom I owe it) of "that impenetrable domain which every artist seeks to enter," and of "those whose brains succumb in the effort, Heine, Baudelaire, Byron wandering in search of

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death, inconsolable for the unhappy lot of being a great poet, Musset, Jules de Goncourt," and the others "crushed by the effort to overthrow this material barrier which imprisons the human mind." It is a great and ominous list, to which Maupassant, perhaps, must now be joined. They saw the barrier as plainly as he did; he accepted it as little as they. Are they really the Promethean martyrs of art, or did they just fail of the highest by as much as they misconceived its functions, and failed to see where their conception of it set its own boundaries?

Then, too, there is the question whether the reproduction of sensation alone — taking it as including all the physical forms of observation and experiment—is the one and only direction in which art can work, or even the highest? If it is, there is thorough consistency in the method of Maupassant's master, Flaubert, and in that of Maupassant himself; and in the culmination of it in his case there is, as the *Figaro's* writer says, little matter for surprise, unless, indeed, in the completeness with which the logic is relentlessly worked out. Here is a man with the native susceptibility of a poet, who cultivates it until his infinitely delicate sensitiveness to a sensation so far surpasses even his masterly powers of expression that he can only hint at it through fantastic sketches where the strongest (sane) imagination toils after him in vain; who is in doubt whether he does not breathe music; whether he does not hear a perfume. It is the direct deduction from the premises of his theory of art. But apart from the first obvious question of its truth—since it takes no account of the fact that a man cannot abolish atmosphere and environment, that he does not go about skinless or look dry-eyed at the sun—is it not possible that the mere reproduction of sensation may be a false form of art because of simple inadequacy? Because, even in the hands of a master, what *is* and has been cannot alone be brought to any degree of truth or quintessence of artistic value that will satisfy us? How is it with the somewhat antiquated notion of the light that never was on sea or land?

Finally, there is the question of the relative significance of things—a question much too large to be even stated here in its most elementary shape; and whether by persistent dwelling on the things that are *not* the most highly significant to the normally constituted human being, however highly developed, a man may not distort his view and his art out of the clear sight which constitutes genius, even when the capacity for that sight is in him?

These are all fundamental questions. Whoever debates them with complacent dogmatism, or believes he can answer them out of hand with a little hoard of maxims about ethical purpose on the one hand, or "sincerity" on the other, may be trusted to know little of the

> "Subtle ways
> They keep and pass and turn again."

But they are fundamental, nevertheless, and therefore good things to think about, for artists and for other men.

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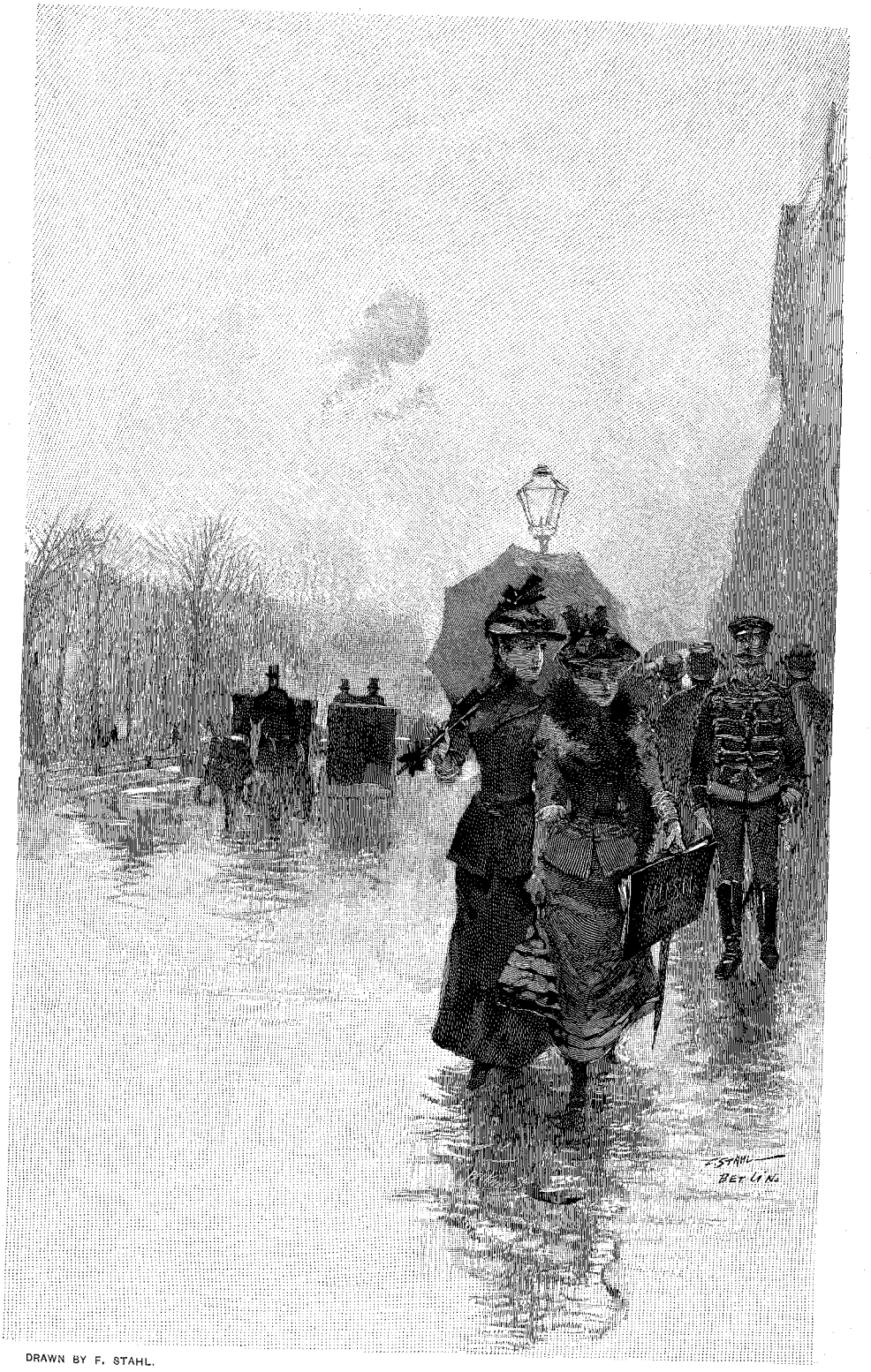

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"UNTER DEN LINDEN."

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